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TO THE FEW WHO ARE NOT OUR CUSTOMERS

Continuing to use the same flour you now have prevents obtaining all that is possible in baking

And it will be so until you make a change

Until you buy GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, we cannot help you

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR helped our customers make twenty-seven hundred million loaves last year — every loaf beautiful, creamy white with a golden bloom on the crust

Make a change and use Gold Medal Flour -- because it will bring results and results are what you want and we want

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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OLD WORLDS FOR NEW

BEING THE TRANSLATION OF AN EDICT BY ZENO, EMPEROR OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE, A. D. 483.

"We command that no one may presume to exercise a monopoly of any kind of clothing, or of fish, or of any other thing serving for food, or for any other use, whatever its nature may be; nor may any person combine or agree in unlawful meetings, that different kinds of merchandise may not be sold at a less price than they may have agreed upon among themselves. . . .

"And if any one shall presume to practise a monopoly, let his property be forfeited and himself condemned to perpetual exile. . . .

"And in regard to the principals of other professions, if they shall venture in the future to fix a price upon their merchandise, and to bind themselves by agreements not to sell at a lower price, let them be condemned to pay forty pounds of gold. . . .

"Your courts shall be condemned to pay fifty pounds of gold if it shall happen, through avarice, negligence, or any other misconduct, that the provisions of this salutary constitution for the prohibition of monopolies and agreements among the different bodies of merchants shall not be carried into effect."

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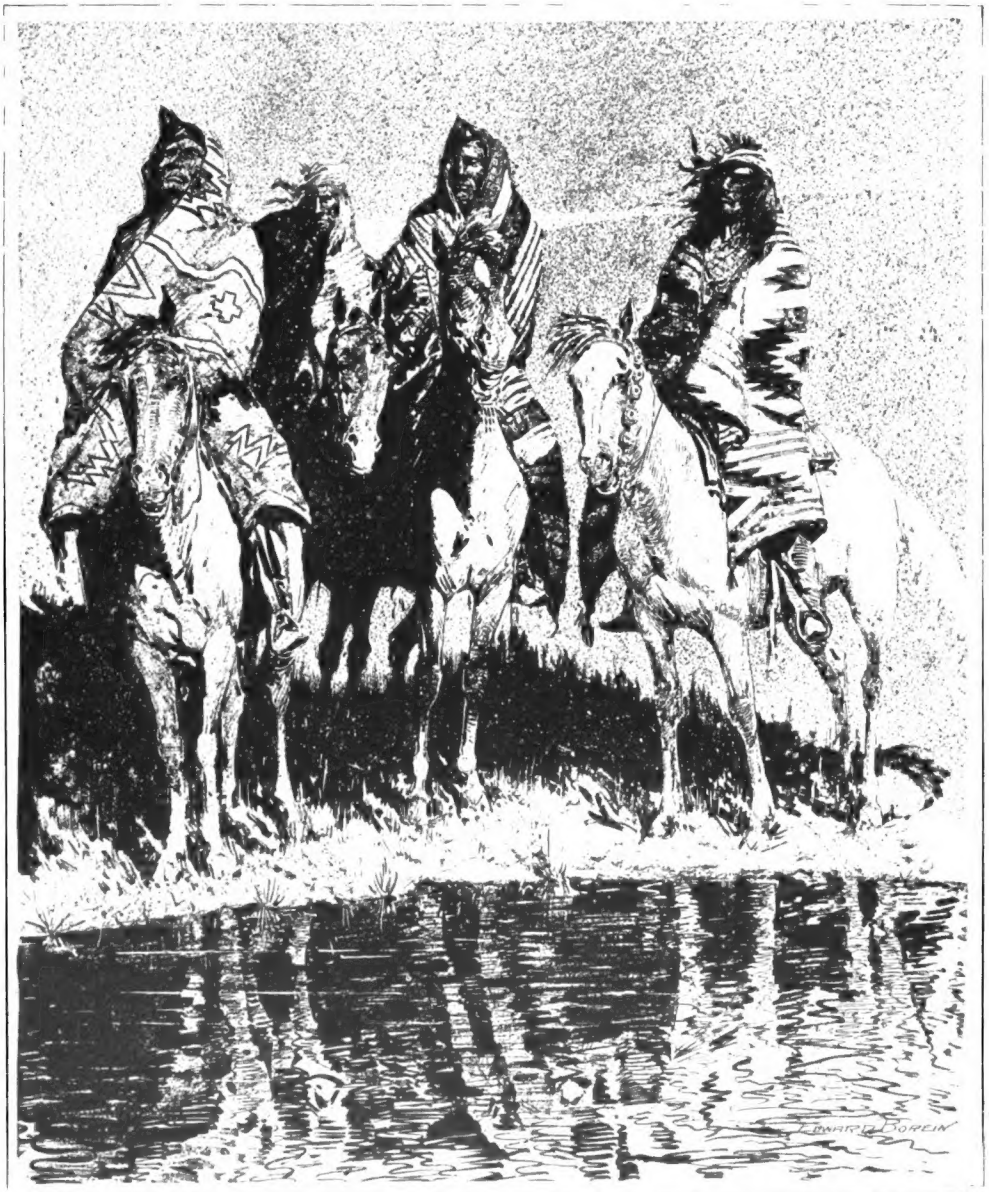

TO THE INDIAN, LIFE IS A SIMPLE MATTER OF FACING THE UNIVERSE LIKE A MAN, FIGHTING TO THE LAST DITCH FOR ONE'S BLOOD, THEN DYING WITHOUT A WHIMPER.

—"*We Die! We Die! There is No Hope!*" *Page 337.*

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VOL. XXVI
NO. 3

Everybody's Magazine

MARCH
1912

BIG BUSINESS AND THE BENCH

The Part the Railways Play in Corrupting our Courts

BY C·P·CONNOLLY

II

Editor's Note—In the first instalment of this series Mr. Connolly laid down the scope of his inquiry and the character of his conclusions. The main points he promises to prove are: that the number of judges in almost every state of the Union who are actually corrupt is a terrible indictment against the bench as a whole; that the influence of big corporations over all classes of courts approaches control; that this influence, creeping from state to state, from decision to decision, is affecting the whole system of jurisprudence.

The first article included some examples of judicial miscarriage in the state of Washington. Cases were used to illustrate the dominance of the Great Northern and allied railways over decisions affecting their interests, and the instalment closed with a vivid story of the shameful manipulation of the law in the notorious Sullivan case. In this number Mr. Connolly shows how the railways have worked to get certain points of law decided to their advantage. The casuistry of the courts in their endeavor to meet the wishes of the roads should shock both the common sense of the layman and the learning of the lawyer.

THOSE honest folk who do not yet realize what has been happening to our courts, found a natural and an obvious reply at hand when they read, in the opening article of this series, a month ago, the exposure of judiciary conditions in the state of Washington. It is the same answer that has been made to me many a time in the course of my investigations when I have shown to the citizen of one community the corruption of a court in another community.

"You have come upon an isolated instance," he protests. "You are dealing with a sporadic condition. You are considering a state where education is less advanced, where standards are lower, where society is less highly organized than it is with us. Things could not be so where we live."

The honest ones who make such rejoinder are entitled to respectful hearing and to a reply, and before this series of articles is ended they shall have it piece by piece. It will be more interesting if the others answer in like fashion—those who know how widely the corruption by direct and indirect corporate influence has extended. Them I challenge to such retort.

It will be my own pride and my own obligation, both as citizen and lawyer, to call attention to certain states where the standards of judicial integrity have been most nearly maintained. But I shall make

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my acknowledgments to integrity, as I make my arraignment of impropriety, in what sequence seems best.

Meanwhile, for a sharp contrast of locality, let us turn from certain courts and corporations of the state of Washington discussed in the February EVERYBODY'S to other states in other parts of the Union. We shall find that the Great Northern Railway in the courts of the far Northwest was neither pioneer nor monopolist in the form of its contact with the courts. It is the most obvious of metaphors to say that in many a state litigants who approach the court-house find that there is a railway side-track leading into the court-room, and that the locomotive blocks the door to justice.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC AND THE SUPREME COURT

The control of the Supreme Court of Missouri is believed to have caused more factional wars in that state than any other political question. The Missouri Pacific Railway got its charter in Missouri, and all suits against the road in which the plaintiff is a Missourian must, therefore, be brought in the state courts. Accordingly, it behooves the Missouri Pacific to look to the complexion of the Supreme Court of Missouri. The lower courts lay down no written law that guides or controls any case save the one on trial; but the Supreme Court in effect exercises legislative as well as judicial functions, and its decisions are the law of the state for all future cases as well as for the present.

"Bill" Phelps, who said that he and Senator Stone "both sucked eggs, but Stone hid the shells," was for years the Missouri Pacific lobbyist and *ex officio* the political boss of the state. Martin L. Clardy, attorney and friend at court of another railway, finally got more of his friends on the Supreme bench of Missouri than Phelps had there. Whereupon Clardy got Phelps's job as lobbyist for the Missouri Pacific, the political scepter passing with the office.

For honesty, integrity, and reform, Phelps now became a shining leader. He got elected to the legislature, and took with him to Jefferson City an assortment of well-pointed rapiers. While Phelps was acting as a reformer in the Missouri legislature, a year ago, the state capitol was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. There is a good deal of the old time orthodoxy still left in Missouri, and they say that there are thousands of Missourians who see a connection between the events.

Indeed, the people of Missouri still have a capacity for righteous indignation that sometimes overtakes injustice and manifests itself. The case of Rube Oglesby is a fine example of the work of the Missouri courts and the Missouri humanities. Don't let the date of its beginning make you think it is an old story: it was many a year before the end was reached. And it is as good as any fiction tale you can find.

Rube Oglesby was a brakeman on a Missouri Pacific freight train which left Kansas City on the morning of December 11, 1892, at about 9.35. There were eighteen cars on the train. Oglesby was at the time nineteen years old, with less than one year's experience as a brakeman. An hour after it left Kansas City, the train was descending Little Blue Hill, a long, steep, winding stretch of track near Independence, Missouri, at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

Behind the engine was a Union Line car, No. 7919, loaded with flour. The car was old and no longer roadworthy; its sills were worm-eaten. The freight had to head in on the side-track at the foot of the hill to allow a passenger train to pass. Just at the foot of the hill, as the ninety-ton engine slowed down to make the siding, the rotted sills in the car back of the engine buckled and the car snapped in two. The front part of the car remained with the engine, the rear plowed into the ties and toppled over, forming a barrier against which the other seventeen cars behind it beat and broke.

THE STORY OF RUBE OGLESBY

Oglesby, while setting his brakes, was hurled among the débris, with the car he was on piled on him. The thermometer was at zero. At the end of three hours they rescued him. His right leg was crushed (afterward they amputated first the foot, then the leg to within seven inches of his hip joint); from his left leg the flesh was torn from knee to ankle, leaving the bone exposed. All that remained of him was a helpless cripple. It was eighteen months before he was able to do anything.

He never got from the road enough to pay even his hospital expenses.

Oglesby sued the Missouri Pacific. He

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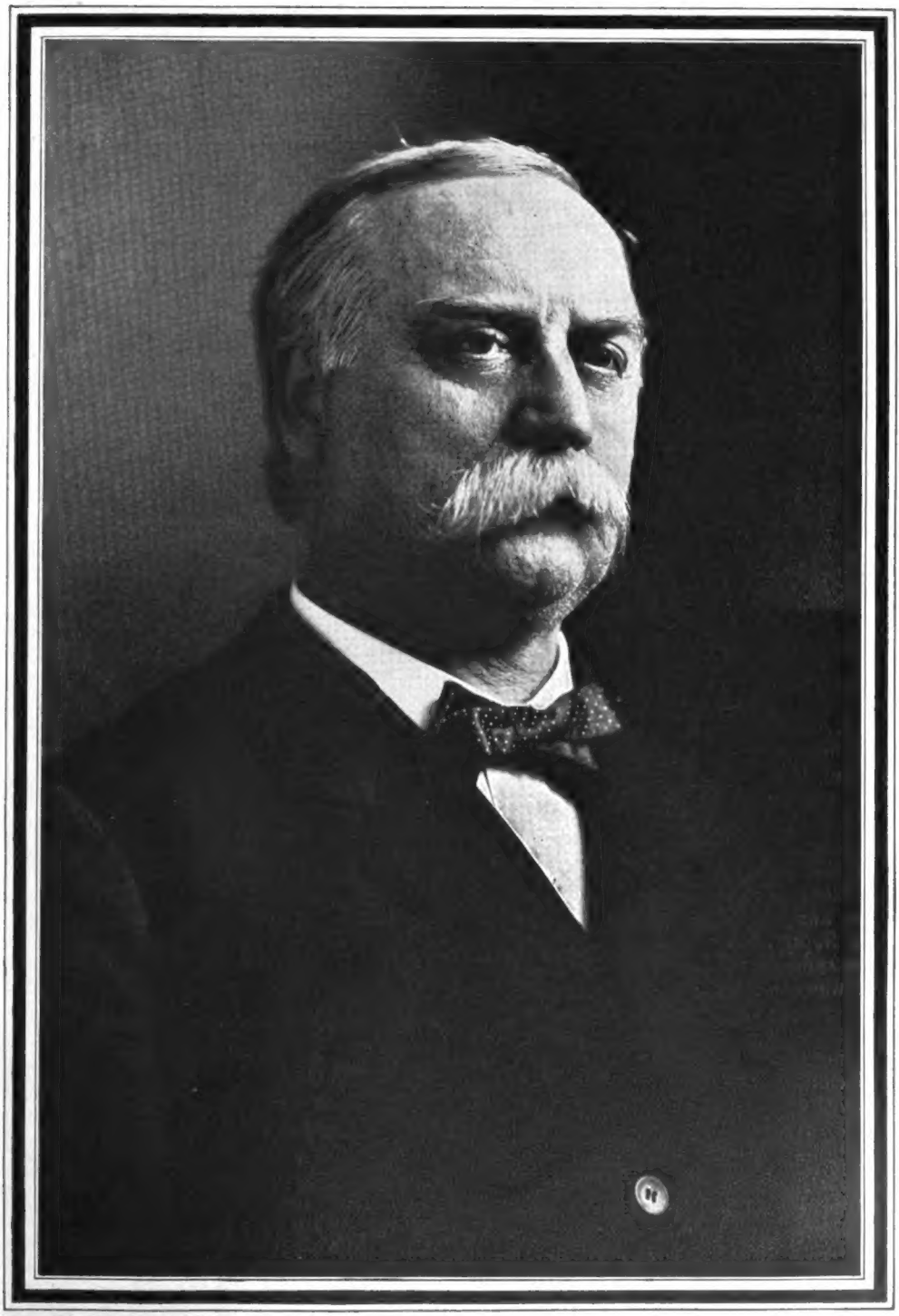

Photograph by J. C. Strauss, St. Louis.

MARTIN L. CLARDY, SUCCESSOR OF "BILL" PHELPS AS LOBBYIST FOR THE MISSOURI PACIFIC, AND *EX OFFICIO* THE POLITICAL BOSS OF MISSOURI.

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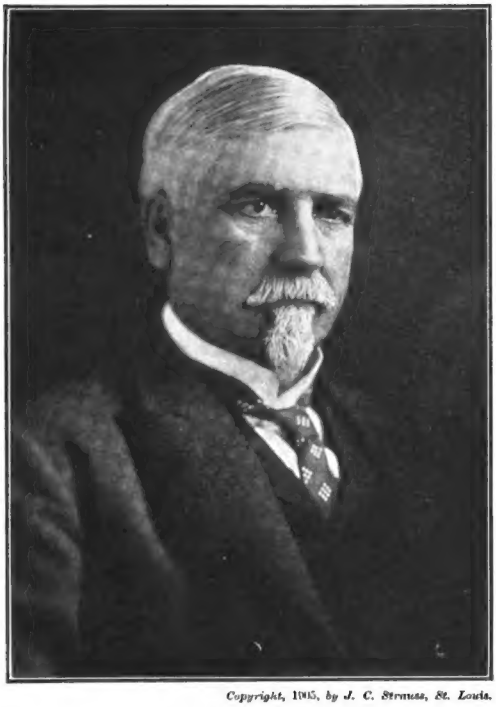

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"BILL" PHELPS.

FOR YEARS MISSOURI PACIFIC LOBBYIST, LATER TURNING UP AS REFORMER IN THE MISSOURI LEGISLATURE.

got a judgment for $15,000 in July, 1894. In December, 1896, after the Supreme Court had considered the case for eight months, the judgment was affirmed, six judges out of seven concurring. Four months later, on March 30, 1897, the court granted the Missouri Pacific a rehearing. In the following May, after three oral arguments, and after the case had been before the Supreme Court for more than a year, the same six judges again agreed that Oglesby was entitled to his $15,000. Seven months later, the court reopened the case anew. It was reargued, and now, after twenty months of consideration, the court again decided against the Missouri Pacific. Five months later, they gave the railway another throw in the game of chance, and granted a third rehearing.

A year later, on May 30, 1899, after the case had been before the court for more than three years, after it had been orally argued five different times before the same court, after it had been three times decided in Oglesby's favor, it was decided against him, and sent back for a new trial.

The case was again tried, in a different county from the one where it had before been tried, and Oglesby got another judgment of $15,000. On June 15, 1903, nearly eleven years after his injuries were received, seven years after the case had been first submitted to the Supreme Court of Missouri, that court decided against Oglesby, and refused to allow him another trial. The Missouri Pacific had asked, and received, three rehearings. The Supreme Court now refused Oglesby one.

Twenty-four jurors, none of whom was from Oglesby's own county, two circuit judges, and eight judges of the Supreme Court had decided for Oglesby. Four of the Supreme Court judges now decided against him, and their decision was final. All but sufficient judges to turn the decision had gradually gone over to the railway, and an election had brought the required reenforcements.

The Supreme Court of the United States had already held that it was the duty of a railway company to use reasonable care to see that its cars were in good condition, and that it owed this duty to its employees as well as to the public. The Missouri Pacific did not want to have the doctrine laid down in Missouri by a state court. That was why it fought this case so long and so relentlessly.

Two years before the final decision in Oglesby's case, the state Supreme Court had said in a judicial opinion that "free speech is as inevitable a concomitant and adjuvant of personal liberty, as necessary to the latter's existence as vital air to the lungs, or locomotion to the body." J. M. Shepherd, the editor of the Warrensburg *Standard Herald*, published at Oglesby's home, seems to have construed this dictum literally and liberally; for on June 19, 1903, four days after the Supreme Court had finally decided the Oglesby case, he expressed his opinion of the court as freely as he breathed:

"The Supreme Court has, at the whipcrack of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, sold its soul to the corporations, and allowed Rube Oglesby to drag his wrecked frame through this life without even the pitiful remuneration of a few paltry dollars. Learned men of the law say that Rube Oglesby had the best damage suit against a corporation ever taken to the Supreme Court. . . . Each election has seen the hoisting of a railway attorney to the Supreme bench, and when that body was to the satisfaction of

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the Missouri Pacific the onslaught to kill the Oglesby case began. . . .

"The victory of the railroad has been complete, and the corruption of the Supreme Court has been thorough. It has reversed and stultified itself in this case until no sane man can have any other opinion but that the judges who concurred in the opinion dismissing the Oglesby case have been bought in the interest of the railroad. . . . The corporations have long owned the legislature, now they own the Supreme Court, and the citizen who applies to either for justice against the corporation gets nothing. . . .

"The quivering limb that Rube Oglesby left beneath the rotten freight car on Independence Hill, and his blood that stained the right of way of the soulless corporation, have been buried beneath the wise legal verbiage of a venal court, and the wheels of the Juggernaut will continue to grind out men's lives, and a crooked court will continue to refuse them and their relatives damages, until the time comes when Missourians, irrespective of politics, rise up in their might and slay at the ballot-box the corporation-bought law-makers of the state."

After that, naturally, Shepherd was requested to appear before the Supreme Court. The court devoted sixty printed pages in the Missouri Reports to explaining why they fined Shepherd five hundred dollars and costs, "the defendant to stand committed until the same is paid." One brand from this burning is worthy of rescue. The court said that "when the temples of justice become polluted and are not kept pure and clean, the foundations of free government are undermined and the institution itself threatened." That truth was worth the labor of all the other fifty-nine pages.

Sentence was pronounced on Shepherd at ten o'clock in the morning. One hour after the news reached Warrensburg, the citizens made up the five hundred dollars and costs, and wired the amount to Jefferson City in time to be paid before the court met at two o'clock. Then they turned out at the railway station with a brass band, welcomed Shepherd home, and made speeches in the public square applauding him.

L. S. Hickman, a Warrensburg merchant, took Oglesby out of a livery barn and groomed him for the office of State Railway Commissioner. Oglesby was nominated, and led his ticket in the state by seven thousand votes more than the next highest man. Then his associates on the commission elected him chairman of that body.

I haven't the slightest doubt that if Rube Oglesby had been a lawyer, the citizens of Missouri would have elected him justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri; for embedded in the tiles of the floor in the entrance to the Supreme Court building in Jefferson City, are the words, "The Welfare of the People is the Supreme Law."

RUBE OGLESBY.

HIS SUIT FOR DAMAGES WAS FOUGHT BY THE MISSOURI PACIFIC FOR NEARLY ELEVEN YEARS.

The story of Rube Oglesby happens to have in it a human appeal that reaches the heart, but it is intrinsically no more significant than much of the whole course of railway litigation in the state of Missouri.

One judge of the Supreme Court of that state incorporated in a decision, a few years ago, a budget of statistics, prepared by railway agents, which had not been introduced as evidence in the case; he quoted a newspaper dispatch showing the amount of damages annually recovered by liti-

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gants against railways. In that particular case a man lying on the railway track within the city limits of Kirksville had been struck and killed. He was seen by the engineer in ample time to have stopped the train.

This judge pointed out in defense of the railway that it required, according to statistics, seven minutes on an average to stop and start a train and to recover its full speed; that he had ascertained that each freight and passenger train on the Wabash system was required to stop at least once every thirty days in order to avoid injury to some one on its tracks. He pleaded that the interests of commerce required the protection of the railways against this nuisance, and he embodied in his opinion this language:

"The time is not far distant, I dare say, when the courts will require the company to furnish beds, electric fans, ice water, and mint juleps to all who imbibe too freely and who wish to sleep off their stupor upon the tracks of the great arteries of commerce."

The opinion included no censure for the railway company which had failed to guard its crossings. Its trains might run amuck through cities, towns, and villages without ringing a bell or blowing a whistle, in violation of both law and ordinance, and without responsibility to the victims of its recklessness—for this is the law according to many of our Supreme Courts. However, not content with this corporate indifference, the judge in this case was willing to write into permanent place in judicial history his clumsy, heartless sarcasm.

"EMBROIDERING" THE CALIFORNIA CONSTITUTION

Good citizens have found much encouragement of late in certain victories for decency in California. The last state election was won by Governor Johnson practically as a result of his promise to put the Southern Pacific out of politics. But one victory does not complete the housecleaning; and even now it is to be doubted if the people elsewhere realize the extent of the railway influence from which California had to purge herself.

I attended one evening, two or three years ago, a banquet given by the citizens of San Francisco to James Bryce, England's ambassador to the United States, the clearest observer of passing events that the modern English-speaking world has produced. Mr. Bryce said that the times called for "unflinching rigor against wrong-doers." He spoke playfully of the way in which the Supreme Court of California had "embroidered the constitution of 1879." One of the things he had in mind, because it was the subject of an address by a judge of the Supreme Court who had preceded him, is a matter of judicial history in California.

One of the provisions incorporated in the California constitution of 1879 provided that "whenever a railroad corporation shall, for the purpose of competing with any other common carrier, lower its rates for transportation of passengers or freight from one point to another, such reduced rates shall not be again raised or increased from such standard without the consent of the governmental authority in which shall be vested the power to regulate fares and freights."

The San Joaquin Valley Railroad was a competitor of the Southern Pacific between San Francisco and Fresno. The Southern Pacific passenger rate between these points was $5.90. The San Joaquin Valley road made a rate of $3.75. The Southern Pacific met the San Joaquin Valley rate. Then the Southern Pacific compromised with the San Joaquin Valley road, and thereupon promptly put its passenger rate back to $5.90. Suit was brought to compel the Southern Pacific to restore the $3.75 rate. The case was tried before Judge George H. Bahrs in San Francisco.

Judge Bahrs decided against the Southern Pacific, whereupon the Southern Pacific reached out and got Judge Bahrs. It nominated and elected Frank H. Kerrigan in Bahrs's place. Kerrigan was one of the group in that famous photograph of Southern Pacific politicians, in which Ruef is shown in the center, taken at the Republican State Convention which nominated Governor Gillett. Gillett had been selected for governor of California six months before by E. H. Harriman, at a dinner given by Mr. Harriman in New York. After the election of that machine-made ticket, some wag in California said that if he believed the voice of the people was the voice of God, he would be an atheist.

The Supreme Court of California reversed Judge Bahrs, and sent the Southern Pacific case back for retrial before Judge

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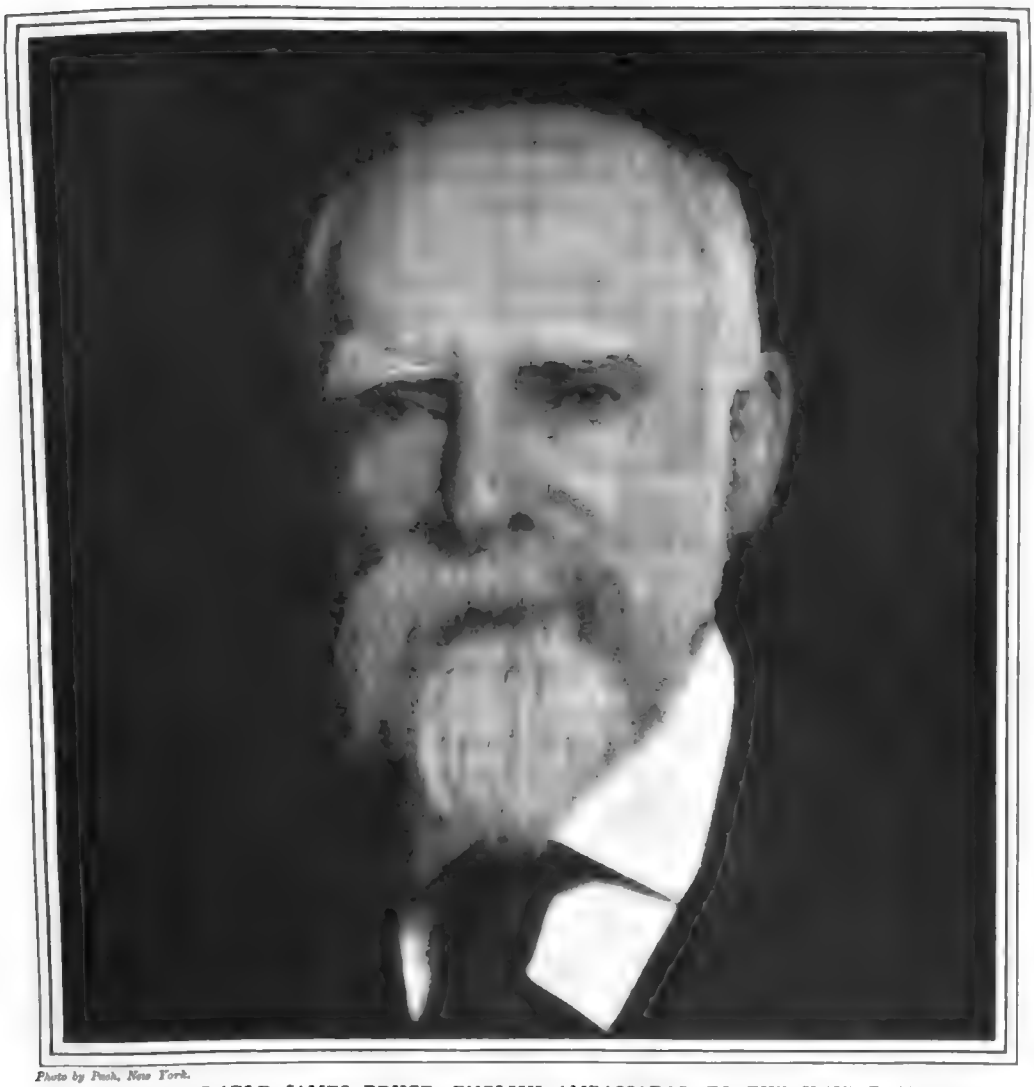

Photo by Pach, New York.

THE HONORABLE JAMES BRYCE, ENGLISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.
A keen observer of American affairs, he has commented on the way in which the Supreme Court of California has "embroidered the constitution of 1879."

Kerrigan. Kerrigan decided that the $3.75 rate was not a reduction or a substitution for the $5.90 rate, because, as this sapient judge remarked, the $5.90 tickets were on sale all the time, had any passenger asked for them. But this logic was too much even for the Supreme Court of California. That court decided that the fare had been reduced, but that in considering the matter they should look for the motive and not at the act itself.

"The whole object of the provision," said the court, "was to foster legitimate competition by preventing destructive competition. Its framers evidently anticipated that a more powerful corporation, for the purpose of securing a monopoly of traffic, might sometimes be tempted to lower its rates to a point where they would cease to be remunerative, and keep them there until its weaker competitors were driven from the field, after which it would raise its rates above the point at which they could be sustained in the presence of legitimate competition. It was no part of their design to punish a corporation for merely lowering its rates in self-defense to meet a lower rate inaugurated by a rival carrier, and that is

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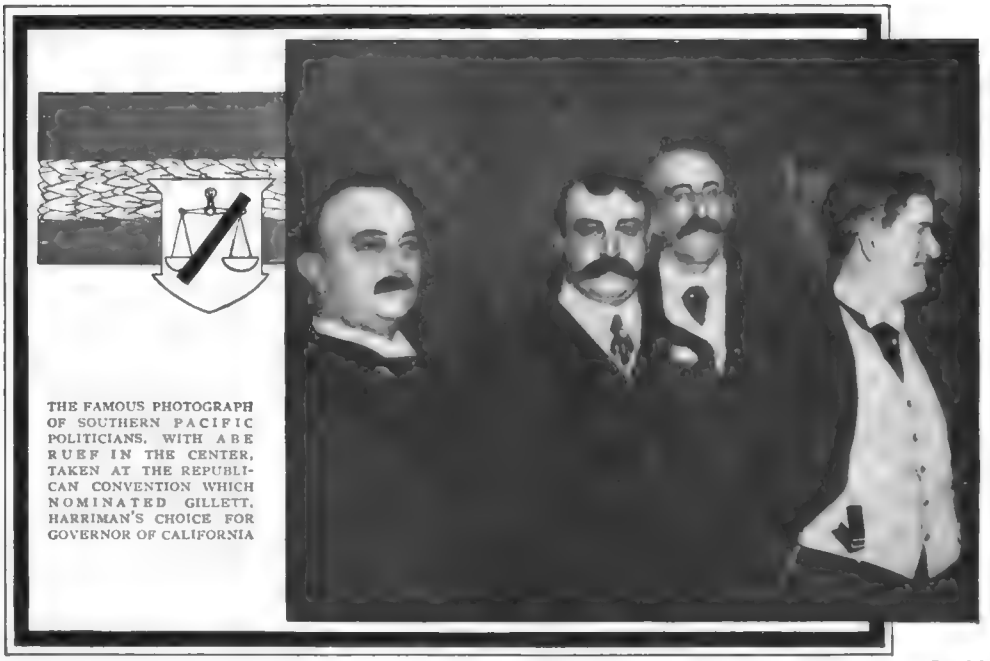

THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC POLITICIANS. WITH ABE RUEF IN THE CENTER, TAKEN AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WHICH NOMINATED GILLETT, HARRIMAN'S CHOICE FOR GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA

From Left

STANDING: SUPREME JUSTICE F. W. HENSHAW; RUDOLPH HEROLD; J. W. McKINLEY, CHAIR-
JUDGE F. H. KERRIGAN, NOW JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS; CON-

all that the Southern Pacific Company is found to have done in this instance."

In other words, the San Joaquin Valley road, being beyond the reach of the court, was shouldered with the blame, and the Southern Pacific was presented with a certificate of good character and commended for its patriotism. "This case," the court went on to say, "is the best illustration of the injustice and evil which might result from adhering to the literal terms of the Constitution in disregard of the broad policy it was designed to promote."

It is hard to conceive a stronger case of judicial casuistry than this. Here is a court, not rewriting, as most courts assume the right to do, the laws passed by legislatures so as to make them read as the judicial mind thinks they ought to read; but a court taking a constitution and rewriting it to make it say just what the people said it should not say.

This decision had one effect: it gave the people of California to understand that constitutional provisions were as transitory as bill-board advertisements which are put up to-day and torn down to-morrow. There are to-day in California many constitutional provisions intended to protect the public which are openly violated. The public realized the uselessness of trying to enforce them while court control remained where it was.

One other case which I think accurately photographs the Supreme Court of California may be chosen from among many. The little five-year-old boy of poor parents living on Tenth Street, in the city of Oakland, was playing in the street. A street-car ran him down and killed him. The evidence showed that the motorman had time to stop his car before striking the boy. The parents recovered judgment in the lower court for $6,000.

Now the law is such that, no matter how precious the love of a parent for his child may be, the only award for its death through the negligence of another is based upon the probable amount of money the child might have earned for its parents before attaining the age of majority. No account is taken of the probability of the child's giving voluntary support to its parents after attaining majority, though the legislatures of many of the states have provided that parents may recover for the death of their adult

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to Right

MAN; GEORGE HATTON; JAMES N. GILLETT; WALTER F. PARKER; WARREN R. PORTER; GRESSMAN J. R. KNOWLAND. SEATED: ABE RUEF, MAJOR FRANK McLAUGHLIN.

sons and daughters where other relatives have no priority of claim.

The Supreme Court of California set aside the verdict in this case on the ground *that the child would most likely follow the occupation of the father, and that as the father's occupation was rather unprofitable, therefore the child might have proved more expensive than gainful to its parents.* It quite disregarded a much more common fact, familiar to all of us, that the children of the poor actually contribute an important part of the family earnings, and that in every part of the country poor families have lifted themselves out of poverty by taking advantage of the public schools for their children and the wage opportunities that follow.

Nevertheless, the feudal and un-American theory propounded by this court is not the law of California alone, but of most of the other states as well.

Not satisfied with depriving the parents of this boy of their verdict, the Supreme Court of California added in its opinion this comment on poverty. Quoting from a law-writer, whose sentiments, let us hope, will not be perpetuated with his law, it said:

"It has been held that poor parents of infant children are not negligent if they do not prevent their children from straying into the public streets, or upon the lines of highways. Judgments in those cases seem to have been largely influenced by the sentimental reflections of the judges upon the poverty of the plaintiffs and their consequent inability to employ servants to watch their children, and the hardship of requiring them to keep those children within doors when they could not safely go abroad. But those learned judges fail to give due weight to the consideration that the railway was not responsible for the acts of the parents in bringing the children into the world, nor for that degree of misfortune which retained those persons in a condition of more or less want, and that *there is no rule of law nor principle of justice which compels railways to insure the public against the necessary incidents of poverty, nor which entitles people, either poor or rich, to make, at the expense of railways, profitable speculations out of the deaths of the children whom their own negligence of parental duty has exposed to peril.*"

The term of the judge who wrote the opinion in this case shortly afterward expired. He was renominated by Southern

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Pacific influence, and defeated, although his associates on the ticket were elected.

He retired from the practise of the law, but the Southern Pacific did not long let him remain in obscurity. A new federal district was created for California, and the entire California delegation in Congress, reputedly at the instance of W. F. Herrin, the Southern Pacific lawyer and lobbyist, recommended this judge for the place. He got it, and is still holding it. It seems conservative to say that the corporations feel no threat from his presence on the bench.

Since 1895, out of seventy-nine cases in which the Southern Pacific was a party, the Supreme Court of California has decided all but twenty-two in favor of the railway. This result might, of course, mean that the Southern Pacific had had a remarkable run of judicial luck, but a close examination of these decisions will show an amazing preference on the part of the court for the rights of the railway. It is not necessary to run through the decisions. A court which, in order to help the Southern Pacific help its friends, decided that a trial court in San Francisco could not take judicial notice of the fact that Eugene Schmitz was mayor of San Francisco, after it had held that the same trial court might pick up an almanac and determine for itself when the moon rose on any night, furnishes a sufficient declaration of its own character.

HOW TO WIN IN CALIFORNIA

After years of bitter denial by certain members of the Supreme Court of California that this court was owned by the railway, a significant letter turned up unexpectedly in a Los Angeles court-room. It was dated March 28, 1910, at San Francisco, and was signed in the name of W. F. Herrin, chief of the legal department of the Southern Pacific Railroad, though dictated by Frank Shay, one of Herrin's assistants. It was addressed to J. W. McKinley, chief of the Southern Pacific legal staff at Los Angeles. There was a case coming on for trial in the lower court at Los Angeles in which the Southern Pacific was a party. Shay wrote to McKinley in Herrin's name:

"The Supreme Court justices, in conversation with me to-day, all seemed to be of the opinion that this paragraph [referring to a certain pleading in the lower court] should be amended so as to state the facts. . . . The justices, without exception, were of the opinion that the appointment of the receiver would be reversed by direct appeal, although it might not be subject to collateral attack."

Here was the Supreme Court of the state, the final arbiter in a dispute, advising the litigant how to proceed in order to win.

After this survey of the intimacy of California courts and railways, one naturally recalls that sentence in Roosevelt's letter to Vice-President Sherman, dated October 8, 1906: "You informed me that he [Harriman] told you that he could buy . . the judiciary."

THE "RIGHT" OF PERSONAL EXAMINATION

But these cases that we have been discussing as examples of railway and kindred corporate contact with the courts are Western cases, you say, and not typical of what may be found in other sections of the country. Let us then follow the trail of some Western-made laws into Eastern courts where they have been adopted.

Prior to an Iowa decision in 1877, there was no law, judge-made or legislative, whereby a defendant in a suit for damages might demand a personal examination of the plaintiff. Every one knows that in a case involving a refined woman the compulsory submission of her person to the gaze of strangers generally means the surrender of her right to sue. As an alternative, she will waive any possible compensation.

In 1866, in a special term of the New York Superior Court, an action had been brought against a surgeon to recover damages for an alleged unskilful operation performed by him on the body of the plaintiff, a child about seven years of age. The defendant physician moved the court that he, with other skilful surgeons, be allowed to make a personal examination of the affected hip of the plaintiff; and this was allowed. It was the first case of the kind in an American court. This case was later overruled by the higher courts of New York state.

In 1873, Judge W. B. Napton, one of Missouri's great jurists—a judge who needed no judicial gown to give him dignity or to command the respect of the multitude—said in a Supreme Court decision that the compulsory examination of a plaintiff's person was unknown to the law. In 1877, four years later, the Supreme Court of Iowa, a state then notorious for its railway

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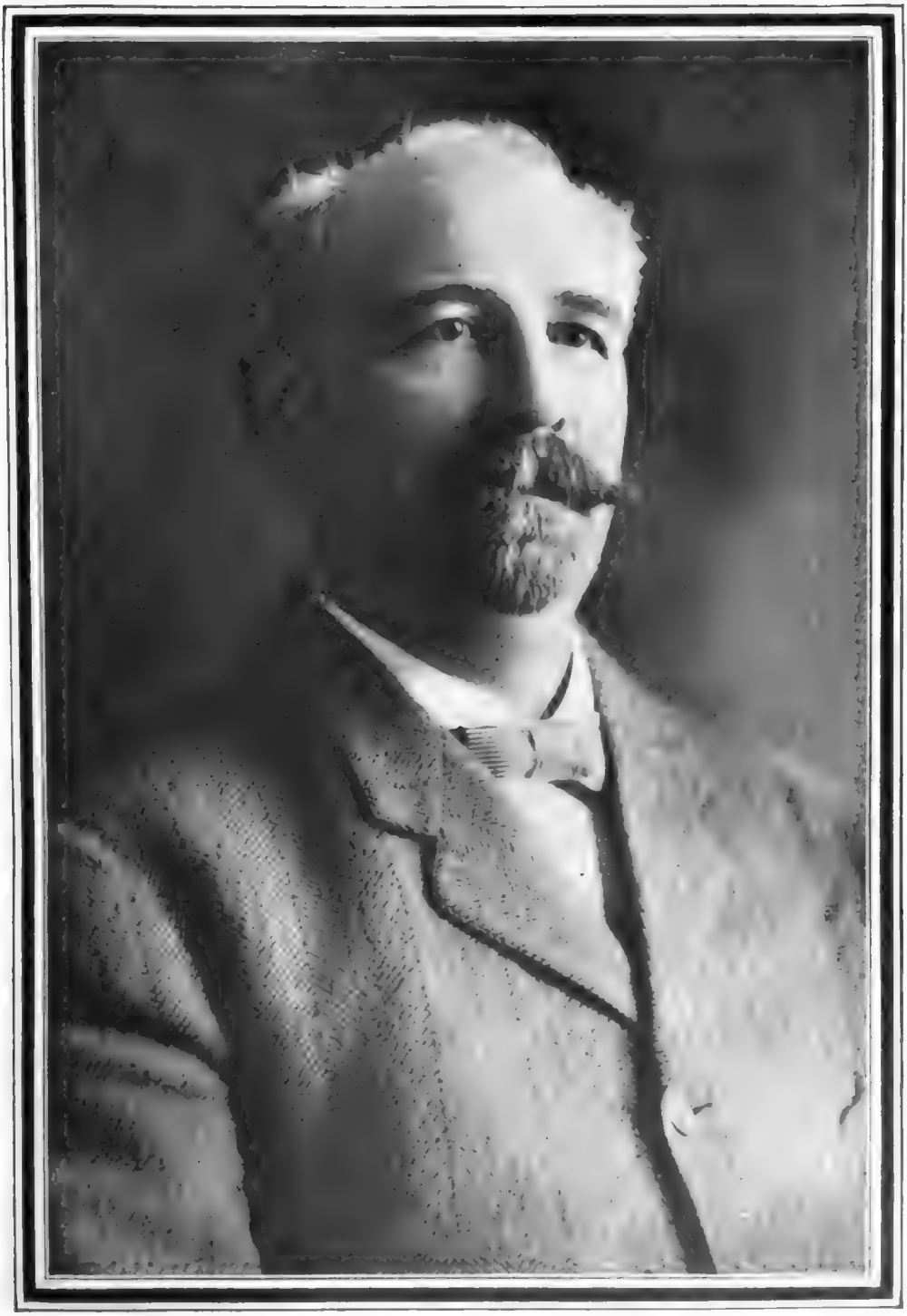

FORMER JUDGE GEORGE H. BAHRS, WHO DECIDED A CASE AGAINST THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC AND THEREAFTER LOST HIS PLACE ON THE CALIFORNIA BENCH.

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judges, laid down the doctrine, for the first time in an appellate court in America, that the court, *without legislative sanction*, might order a plaintiff to submit his or her person to be examined by the defendant's witnesses, and, on refusal of the request, *might dismiss the plaintiff's action for damages*. This was in the case of Schroeder against the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company.

In 1883 Kansas followed Iowa. And let me repeat that this has been the course of all of this new law favoring a certain class of powerful litigants. They procure one controllable court to adopt the new principle. They then take that decision to another court, which they are in the habit of manipulating through political favors and social attentions, if not by downright bribery, and procure its adoption by this second court. It is easier for the second court to adopt the rule because of the fact that this second court can point to the first decision, and, by hiding behind it, escape suspicion of its own motive. In each succeeding case, the feeling of reluctance on the part of a court to accept doubtful rulings grows less, because of the increased number of precedents established by oblique courts.

In 1884 Wisconsin followed the other two states as to the right of physical examination, quoting the lower court's decision in the case of the New York physician, but *making no reference to the fact that the higher courts in New York had reversed it.*

In 1885 Nebraska followed the others, although the year before the Supreme Court of that state, when they were aware of the Iowa decision, and evidently unaware of the Kansas and Wisconsin decisions, had dodged the issue by saying they didn't know what to think of the Iowa decision.

JUDGE FRANK H. KERRIGAN.
SELECTED BY THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC TO SUCCEED JUDGE BAHRS.

In 1893, the question came before the Supreme Court of the state of Washington, and Chief Justice Gordon—who resigned his place on the bench to accept the attorneyship of the Great Northern Railway Company, and who subsequently figured prominently in the judicial scandals of that state—wrote the opinion, following the courts I have mentioned.

When he wrote it, he had before him a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, concurred in by seven of its nine justices, in which that court, holding against this power of personal examination, had said:

"No right is held more sacred, or is more carefully guarded, by the common law, than the right of every individual to the possession and control of his own person, free from all restraint or interference of others, unless by clear and unquestionable authority of law. . . . The inviolability of the person is as much invaded by a compulsory stripping and exposure as by a blow. To compel any one, and especially a woman, to lay bare the body, or to submit it to the touch of a stranger, without lawful authority, is an indignity, an assault and a trespass; and no order or process commanding such an exposure or submission was ever known to the common law in the administration of justice between individuals, except in a very small number of cases, based upon special reasons, and upon ancient practise, coming down from ruder ages, now mostly obsolete in England, and never, so far as we are aware, introduced into this country."

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I am aware that many law writers uphold this right of personal examination, and I will concede that there are arguments which favor it, just as there are arguments against many other constitutional rights which we refuse to surrender. But that the law-writers uphold it is not conclusive evidence of its justice.

THE "FELLOW SERVANT" DOCTRINE

The rules of law under which an employee who is injured in the course of his work seeks compensation from his employer have been worked out by the judges themselves from the old body of common law principles. The judges have done grievous injustice by literal application of antiquated ideas which have been growing constantly more inapplicable to modern conditions.

It may have been right in the old days, when employees were all of them essentially personal servants, that the servant who became a coachman should "assume the risk" of being kicked by his master's horse. The judges have carried that doctrine over into an age of machinery. It is farcically tragic that the employee who goes into a modern steel mill should "assume the risk" of being asphyxiated by the gas from a blast furnace.

In the days of our industrial development the interpretation of the doctrine of the master's liability to a servant for injuries received through the negligence of a fellow servant became of increasing importance. Men saw first only the benefits of industrial extension, and even though accidents multiplied and a crop of dangerous doctrines and decisions began to spread through the fields of the law, most people were slow to realize what was happening.

The first American decision that formulated the application of the "fellow servant" rule to modern industrial conditions was that of the distinguished Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts in 1842. It held that the employer was not liable for any injury inflicted on his employee through the negligence of another engaged in the same employment. This decision has been supplemented and broadened in many respects.

These decisions assume that the employee accepts as a part of his contract of employment practically every risk incidental to the business. Remember, these decisions which became the governing rule were not laws

By courtesy of Collier's Weekly.

WILLIAM F. HERRIN.
THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC LAWYER AND LOBBYIST, AND UNTIL RECENTLY POLITICAL BOSS OF CALIFORNIA.

passed by legislators as representatives of the people, but judge-found law laid down by courts to become the mandate of justice.

The "fellow servant" doctrine is now gradually being abolished by legislative enactment, because of the enormity to which the doctrine has grown and the wrongs perpetrated in its name. But the difficulty of obtaining better conditions against the attitude of the courts is easily shown. For example, the legislatures have attempted to change the rule by which even when the employer is negligent he can avoid paying damages by proving that the employee was guilty of contributory negligence. "But," as has been pointed out by Roscoe Pound, a distinguished professor of law in Harvard University, "the courts show a tendency to read the doctrine of contributory negligence back into the statutes, even when the legislature has plainly tried to get rid of it."

In the celebrated Narramore case, President Taft, while a judge on the Federal bench, laid down a humane doctrine, which, because of the way it has been neglected, condemned, flouted, battered, and outlawed, illustrates the contempt of the courts for the rights of the helpless. The case is

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Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coburn, New York.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

WHILE FEDERAL JUDGE, PRESIDENT TAFT MADE A HUMANE DECISION, IN THE NARRAMORE CASE, RELIEVING A RAILWAY EMPLOYEE OF "ASSUMPTION OF RISK" WHEN INJURED THROUGH THE RAILWAY'S VIOLATION OF THE LAW.

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clear and simple in its justice. The legislature of Ohio passed a law to compel all railways to fill or block their frogs and switches so as to prevent the feet of employees from being caught. It made a violation of the law punishable by a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars. The railway companies ignored the law—first, because the fine was a matter of indifference to them; secondly, because they controlled the machinery which nominated judges and prosecuting attorneys.

JUDGE TAFT'S DECISION FOR THE EMPLOYEE

Narramore, a yard switchman in the employ of the Big Four Railroad, had his foot caught in an unblocked frog and was injured. Judge Taft held that the fact that the railway company violated the law in failing to block its frogs relieved Narramore from the assumption of risk which he would otherwise be compelled to assume.

The Federal Court of Appeals overruled Judge Taft's decision. And the rule, almost universally, is that the workman, being aware of such a law, as he is presumed to be aware of it, knowing it is being violated, and yet continuing to work, becomes, equally with the corporation, a violator of the law, so far as his right to compensation is concerned. This is purely a refinement of reasoning in the interest of the corporation. If a brakeman fails to couple his cars speedily, without thought for his own safety, he receives a blast of profanity from his immediate superior, possibly his discharge. If he is injured in obeying orders, he finds himself outside the protection of the law.

In Massachusetts, where a boy fourteen years of age was injured in a factory by unprotected machinery, the courts of that state held that it made no difference how dangerous was the place of employment, nor how safe it might be made, even at slight expense—the boy waived these considerations by accepting employment. If we follow this doctrine to its logical conclusion, any one, forced by necessity to work, might be compelled to work at machinery as dangerous as dynamite, which might, at slight cost, be made as harmless as thistle-down, yet have to accept the risk.

I know of no more monstrous doctrine than this, nor one that is so apt to fire the hearts of the poor with rebellion against the courts. I have run across this decision time and again. It has spread its iniquity everywhere on the pages of our law-books.

In Ohio they have a statute prohibiting the employment of minors in dangerous occupations; yet the courts held that where such a child was injured, the unlawful employment was not to be considered the proximate cause of the injury. Such decisions defy the higher law. They harden the heart and deaden the conscience of the poor.

A peculiar case in Massachusetts was that of the brakeman who was evidently struck by ice hanging from a railway culvert, and thrown from his train. His body was found beside the track. If he had lived but the fraction of a minute after being struck, and had suffered pain, the brakeman himself would have had a cause of action against the railroad. Had his estate won such a suit, the damages would have accrued to his mother, who was his heir. But Massachusetts law decreed that a mother could recover nothing for the death of a son, though he might be her sole support. In this case the burden of proving that her son had lived after being struck, was on the mother; but of course, she could not prove this, and therefore the law assumed that the son was killed instantly, and the mother was unable to recover damages.

SOCIAL BRIBERY

How do we account for these decisions? Is it bribery? I am free to say that bribery, in the sense that we use that word, is not the rule, though I think that the number of times it occurs would, if they could be proved, shock the sense of the American people. I do not have particular reference to these decisions that I have just cited, because they are mere samples of the leanings of courts. I do say, however, that a more insidious form of bribery than that of the actual passing of money is practised almost universally.

A leader of the Illinois bar was traveling one day on a train between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis with a judge of one of our Supreme Courts. As the conductor came along, the judge, busy with some other duty, handed his friend his pass-book, requesting him to search for the pass over the road on which they were traveling. The lawyer told the judge he was surprised to find him

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riding on a pass. The judge insisted that the giving of the pass was a mere courtesy, and entailed no obligations. His friend told him he was mistaken; that he would not be the recipient of the various passes in his pass-book unless the senders of them expected favors in return.

A year or two later these two friends went into partnership. They accepted a case against a certain railroad. Promptly came a letter from one of the former judge's associates, then still on the Supreme Bench, stating that a high official of this railway had expressed his surprise that the former judge should have taken a case against the railway company after accepting its passes for years.

In a very recent case in Montana, the Supreme Court of that state commented on the fact that state and county officials, from the highest to the lowest, had been for years furnished by the railway companies with passes, in open defiance of law.

Federal Judge John W. Philips, of Kansas City, until his recent retirement from the bench, used to call for the directors' car on the Rock Island road, which was always turned over to him, cooks, porters, and all. If he wanted to ship freight over that road, he did it without cost.

If a poor suitor should send to a judge a sack of flour, or a knuckle of veal, undoubtedly the judge would publish that fact to the world, and properly make an example of the litigant. But the railway company gives to judges passes and free rides in private cars, which they accept, not only without resentment, but with a smiling grace. The result is that the scales of law are always favorable to the private car, and against the sack of flour and knuckle of veal.

However, there have been judges who were not thus susceptible to the allurements of hospitality. While Allen G. Thurman was a justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, a litigant with a case pending before the court tendered a dinner to the judges. They had already made up their minds against the litigant, but had not made public their decision. The propriety of accepting the invitation arose, and after much spirited discussion, Thurman said: "Let's go to his dinner, and then give him hell."

More striking examples of the intimacy of the courts with Big Business can be shown in Pennsylvania, possibly, than in any other state of the Union.

A chief justice of that state once resigned to accept the attorneyship of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as Chief Justice Gordon resigned in Washington to accept the attorneyship of the Great Northern Railway Company.

The Standard Oil Company has dominated the decisions of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for forty years.

The ablest judge of that court in his day was Chief Justice Henry W. Williams, who died about fifteen years ago. He made a large fortune in oil, and had close relations with the Standard Oil Company. He wrote marvelous decisions. They favored the corporations, but so skilfully were they written that they never became the subject of discussion or attack. Lawyers regarded them as prime examples of what a cunning judge may do for the corporations without arousing feeling or giving scandal.

I shall in a later number return to this state for some startling instances of judicial corruption.

Every well-informed man in Pennsylvania looks upon the Supreme Court of that state as the friend of the Standard Oil, the steel interests, and the railway interests. It would make little difference whether the present court were actually dominated or not. It is yoked to a corrupt past. It is following the precedents laid down in the days of sweeping corporation control. Those decisions govern its decisions to-day.

A Philadelphia lawyer, recently arguing a case before a Massachusetts court, cited as authority one of the decisions of his own state. He was interrupted rather cavalierly, and told by the judge to pass on to some other case. Later he privately asked of the judge an explanation.

"Why, every body knows," said the Massachusetts judge, "that the decisions of your courts have been so corrupt that no self-respecting court pays any attention to them."

In the next instalment of "**Big Business and the Bench**" Mr. Connolly will discuss the partnership of political rings and powerful corporations for the control of courts in various states.

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In the Presence

by RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSSELL FLINT

"SO THE matter," the Regimental Chaplain concluded, "was correct—in every way correct. I am well pleased with Rutton Singh and Attar Singh. They have gathered the fruit of their lives."

He folded his arms and sat down on the veranda. The hot day had ended, and there was a pleasant smell of cooking along the regimental lines where half-clad men went back and forth with leaf platters and water goglets. The Subadar-Major, in extreme undress, sat on a chair, as befitted his rank, the Havildar-Major, his nephew, leaning respectfully against the wall. The Regiment was at home and at ease in its own quarters in its own district, which takes its name from that great Muhammadan saint revered by Jehangir and beloved by Guru Har Gobind, sixth of the great Sikh Gurus.

"Quite correct," the Regimental Chaplain repeated.

No Sikh contradicts his regimental chaplain who expounds to him the Holy Book of the Grunth Sahib and knows the lives and legends of all the Gurus.

The Subadar-Major bowed his gray head. The Havildar-Major coughed respectfully to attract attention and to ask leave. Though he was the Subadar-Major's nephew and though his father held twice as much land as his uncle, he knew his place in the scheme of things. The Subadar-Major slightly shifted one hand with an iron bracelet on the wrist.

"Was there by chance any woman at the back of it?" the Havildar-Major murmured. "I was not here when the thing happened."

"Yes! Yes! Yes! We all know that thou wast in England eating and drinking with the sahibs. We are all surprised that thou canst still speak Punjabi." The Subadar-Major's carefully cherished beard bristled.

"There was no woman," the Regimental Chaplain growled. "It was land. Hear, you! Rutton Singh and Attar Singh were

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the elder of four brothers. These four held land in—what was the village's name?—oh, Pishapur, near Thori, in the Banalu Tehsil of Patiala State, where men can still recognize right behavior when they see it. The two younger brothers tilled the land, while Rutton Singh and Attar Singh took service with the Regiment, according to the custom of the family."

"True, true," said the Havildar-Major. "There is the same arrangement in all good families."

"Then, listen again," the Regimental Chaplain went on. "Their kin on their mother's side put great oppression and injustice upon the two younger brothers who stayed with the land in Patiala State. Their mother's kin loosened beasts into the four brothers' crops when the crops were green; they cut the corn by force when it was ripe; they broke down the water-courses; they defiled the wells, and they brought false charges in the law-courts against all four brothers. They did not spare even the cotton seed, as the saying is.

"Their mother's kin trusted that the young men would thus be forced by weight of trouble and further trouble and perpetual trouble, to quit their lands in Pishapur village in Banalu Tehsil in Patiala State. If the young men ran away the land would come whole to their mother's kin. I am not a regimental schoolmaster, but is it understood, child?"

"Understood," said the Havildar-Major grimly. "Pishapur is not the only place where the fence eats the field instead of protecting it. But perhaps there was a woman among their mother's kin?"

"God knows!" said the Regimental Chaplain. "Woman, or man, or law-courts, the young men would not be driven off the land which was their own by inheritance. They made appeal to Rutton Singh and Attar Singh, their brethren who had taken service with *us* and so knew the world, to help them in their long war against their mother's kin in Pishapur. For that reason, because their own land and the honor of their house was dear to them, Rutton Singh and Attar Singh needs must very often ask for leave to go to Patiala and attend to the lawsuits and cattle-poundings there.

"It was not, look you, as though they went back to their own village and sat, garlanded with jasmine, in honor, upon chairs before the elders under the trees. They went back always to perpetual trouble, either of lawsuits, or theft, or strayed cattle, and they sat on thorns."

"I know it," said the Subadar-Major. "Life was bitter for them both. But they were well-conducted men. It was not hard to get them their leave from the Colonel Sahib."

"They spoke to me also," said the Chaplain. "'*Let him who desires the four great gifts apply himself to the words of holy men.*' That is written. Often they showed me the papers of the false lawsuits brought against them. Often they wept on account of the persecution put upon them by their mother's kin. Men thought it was drugs when their eyes showed so red."

"They wept in my presence, too," said the Subadar-Major. "Well-conducted men of nine years' service apiece. Rutton Singh was drill-Naik, too."

"They did all things correctly as Sikhs should," said the Regimental Chaplain. "When the persecution had endured seven years, Attar Singh took leave to Pishapur yet once again (that was the fourth time in that year only), and he called the persecutors together before the village elders, and he cast his turban at their feet and besought them by his mother's blood to cease from their persecutions. For he told them earnestly that he had marched to the boundaries of his patience, and that there could be but one end to the matter.

"They gave him abuse. They mocked him and his tears, which was the same as though they had mocked the Regiment. Then Attar Singh returned to the Regiment, and laid this last trouble before Rutton Singh, the eldest brother. But Rutton Singh could not get leave all at once."

"Because he was drill-Naik and the recruits were to be drilled. I myself told him so," said the Subadar-Major. "He was a well-conducted man. He said he would wait."

"But when permission was granted, they took four days' leave," the Chaplain went on.

"I do not think Attar Singh should have taken Baynes Sahib's revolver. He was Baynes Sahib's orderly, and all that sahib's things were open to him. It was, therefore, as I count it, shame to Attar Singh," said the Subadar-Major.

"All the words had been said. There was need of arms, and how could they use

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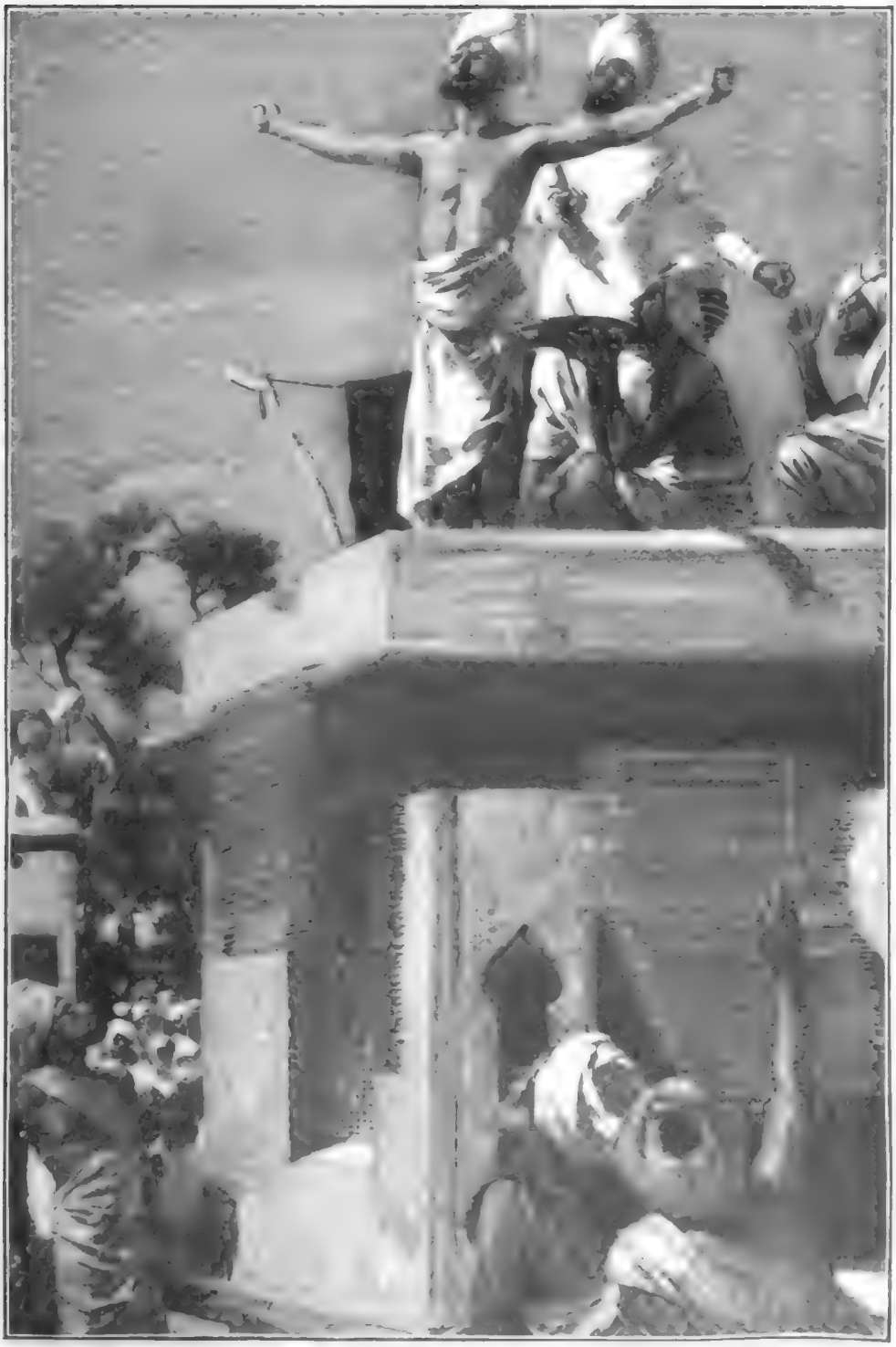

SO ATTAR SINGH ABANDONED HIS BODY, AS AN INSECT ABANDONS A BLADE OF GRASS.

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Government rifles upon mere cultivators in the fields?" the Regimental Chaplain replied. "Moreover, the revolver was sent back, together with a money order for cartridges expended. *'Borrow not; but if thou borrowest, pay back soon!'* That is written in the Hymns.

"Rutton Singh took a sword, and together they went to Pishapur, and, after word given, together the four brethren fell upon their persecutors in Pishapur village and slew seventeen, wounding ten. A revolver is better than a lawsuit. I say that these four brethren, the two with us and the two mere cultivators, slew and wounded twenty-seven—all their mother's kin, male and female.

"Then the four mounted to their housetop, and Attar Singh, who was always one of the impetuous, said: 'My work is done,' and he made *shinan** in all men's sight, and he lent Rutton Singh Baynes Sahib's revolver, and Rutton Singh shot him in the head.

"So Attar Singh abandoned his body, as an insect abandons a blade of grass. But Rutton Singh, having more work to do, went down from the housetop and sought an enemy whom he had forgotten—a Patiala man of this regiment who had sided with the persecutors. When he overtook the man, Rutton Singh hit him twice with bullets and once with the sword."

"But the man escaped and is now in the hospital here," said the Subadar-Major. "The doctor says he will live in spite of all."

"Not Rutton Singh's fault. Rutton Singh left him for dead. Then Rutton Singh returned to the housetop, and the three brothers together, Attar Singh being dead, sent word by a lad to the police station for an army to be dispatched against them that they might die with honors. But none came. And yet Patiala State is not under English law and they should know virtue when they see it!

"So, on the third day, Rutton Singh also made *shinan*, and the youngest of the brethren shot him also in the head, and *he* abandoned his body.

"Thus all was correct. There was neither heat, nor haste, nor abuse in the matter from end to end. There remained alive not one man or woman of their mother's kin which had oppressed them. Of the other villagers of Pishapur, who had taken no part in the persecutions, not one was slain. Indeed, the villagers sent them food on the housetop for those three days while they waited for the police who would not dispatch that army.

"Listen again! I know that Attar Singh and Rutton Singh omitted no ceremony of the purifications, and when all was done Baynes Sahib's revolver was thrown down from the housetop, together with three rupees, twelve annas; and order was given for its return by post."

"And what befell the two younger brethren who were not in the service?" the Havildar-Major asked.

"Doubtless they are dead, but since they were not in any regiment, their honor concerns themselves only. So far as we were touched, see how correctly we came out of the matter! I think the King should be told; for where could you match such a tale except among us Sikhs? *Sri wah guru ji ki Khalsa! Sri wah guru ji ki futteh!*" said the Regimental Chaplain.

"Would three rupees, twelve annas pay for the cartridges?" said the Havildar-Major.

"Attar Singh knew the just price. All Baynes Sahib's gear was in his charge. They expended one tin box of fifty cartouches, lacking two which were returned. As I said—as I say—the arrangement was made not with heat nor blasphemies as a Mussulman would have made it; not with cries nor caperings as an idolater would have made it; but conformably to the ritual and doctrine of the Sikhs.

"Hear you! *'Though hundreds of amusements are offered to a child it can not live without milk. If a man be divorced from his soul and his soul's desire he certainly will not stop to play upon the road, but he will make haste with his pilgrimage.'* That is written. I rejoice in my disciples."

"True, true! Correct! correct!" said the Subadar-Major. There was a long, easy silence. One heard a waterwheel creaking somewhere and the nearer sound of meal being ground in a quern.

"But he—" the Chaplain pointed a scornful chin at the Havildar-Major—"he has been so long in England that——"

"Let the lad alone," said his uncle. "He was but two months there and he was chosen for good cause."

Theoretically, all Sikhs are equal. Practically, there are differences, as none knows better than well-born, land-owning folk,

Shinan=public purification.

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or long-descended chaplains from Amritsar.

"Hast thou heard anything in England to match my tale?" the Chaplain sneered.

"I saw more than I could understand, so I have locked up my stories in my own mouth," the Havildar-Major replied, meekly.

"Stories? What stories? I know all the stories about England," said the Chaplain. "I know that *terains* run underneath the bazaars there, and as for their streets stinking with *mota-kahars*—only this morning I was nearly killed by Duggan Sahib's *mota-kahar*—That young man is a devil."

"I expect Grunthi-jee," said the Subadar-Major. "You and I grow too old to care for the Kahar-ki-nautch—the Bearer's dance." He named one of the sauciest of the old-time nautches, and smiled at his own pun. Then he turned to his nephew. "When I was a lad and came back to the village on leave, I waited the convenient hour and, the elders giving permission, I spoke of what I had seen elsewhere."

"Aye, my father," said the Havildar-Major, softly and affectionately. He sat himself down with respect, as behooved a mere lad of thirty with a bare half-dozen campaigns to his credit.

"There were four men in this affair also," he began, "and it was an affair that touched the honor, not of one regiment, nor two, but of all the army in Hind. Some part of it I saw; some I heard; but *all* the tale is true. My father's brother knows, and my priest knows, that I was in England with my Colonel upon a certain business, when the King—the Queen's son—completed his life.

"First, there was a rumor that sickness was upon him. Next, we knew that he lay sick in the palace. A very great multitude stood outside the palace by night and by day, in the rain as well as the sun, waiting for news.

"Then came out one with a written paper, and set it upon a gate-side—the word of the King's death—and they read, and groaned. This I saw with my own eyes, because the office where my Colonel Sahib went daily to talk with Colonel Forsyth Sahib was at the east end of the very gardens where the palace stood. They are larger gardens than Shalimar here—" he pointed with his chin up the lines—"or Shahdera, across the river.

"Next day there was a darkness in the streets, because all the multitude were clad in black garments, and they spoke as a man speaks in the presence of his dead—all those multitudes. In the eyes, in the air, and in the heart there was blackness. I saw it. But that is not my tale.

"After ceremonies had been accomplished, and word had gone out to the kings of the earth that they should come and mourn, the new King—the King's son—gave commandment that his father's body should be laid, coffined, in a certain temple which is near by the river. There are no idols in that temple; neither any carvings, nor paintings, nor gildings. It is all gray stone, of one color, as though it were cut out of the live rock. It is larger than—yes, than the Durbar Sahib at Amritsar, even though the Akal Bunga and the Baba-Atal were added. How old it may be, God knows. It is the sahibs' most sacred temple.

"In that place, by the new King's commandment, they made, as it were, a shrine for a saint, with lighted candles at the head and the feet of the dead, and duly appointed watchers for every hour of the day and the night, until the dead King should be taken to the place of his fathers which is at Wanidza.

"When all was in order, the new King said: 'Give entrance to all people,' and the doors were opened, and, O my uncle! O my teacher! all the world entered, walking through that temple to take farewell of the dead. There was neither distinction, nor price, nor ranking in the host, except an order that they should walk in fours.

"As they gathered in the streets without—very, very far off—so they entered the temple, walking in fours; great and small; sick and sound; the child, the old man; suckling, virgin, harlot, trader, priest; of all colors and faiths and customs under the firmament of God, from dawn till late at night. I saw it. My Colonel gave me leave to go. I stood in the line, many hours, one *koss*, two *koss* distant from the temple."

"Then why did the multitude not sit down under trees?" asked the priest.

"Because we were still between houses. The city is many *koss* wide," the Havildar-Major resumed. "I submitted myself to that slow-moving river and thus—thus—a pace at a time—I made pilgrimage. There were in my rank a woman, a cripple, and a lascar from the ships.

"When we entered the temple, the coffin itself was as a shoal in the Ravi River, splitting the stream into two branches, one on

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either side of the dead; and the watchers of the dead, who were soldiers, stood about It, moving no more than the still flame of the candles. Their heads were bowed; their hands were clasped; their eyes were cast upon the ground—thus. They were not men, but images, and the multitude went past them in fours by day, and, except for a little while, by night.

"No, there was no order that the people should come and pay respect. It was a free-will pilgrimage. Eight kings had been commanded to come—who obeyed—but upon his own sahibs the new King laid no commandment. Of themselves they came.

"I made pilgrimage twice; once for my Salt's sake, and once again for wonder and terror and worship. But my mouth can not declare one thing of a hundred thousand things in this matter. There were *lahks* of *lahks*, *crores* of *crores* of people. I saw them."

"More than at our great pilgrimages?" the Regimental Chaplain demanded.

"Yes. Those are only cities and districts coming out to pray. This was the world walking in grief. And now, hear you! It is the King's custom that four swords of our armies in Hind should stand always before the Presence in case of need."

"The King's custom, our right," said the Subadar-Major curtly.

"Also our right. These honored ones are changed after certain months or years, that the honor may be fairly spread. Now it chanced that when the old King—the Queen's son—completed his days, the four that stood in the Presence were Goorkhas. Neither Sikhs, alas, nor Pathans, Rajputs, nor Jats. Goorkhas, my father!"

"Idolaters," said the Chaplain.

"But soldiers; for I remember in the Tirah—" the Havildar-Major began.

"*But* soldiers, for I remember fifteen campaigns. Go on," said the Subadar-Major.

"And it was their honor and right to furnish one who should stand in the Presence by day and by night till It went out to burial. There were no more than four all told—four old men to furnish that guard."

"Old? Old? What talk is this of old men?" said the Subadar-Major.

"Nay. My fault! Your pardon!" the Havildar-Major spread a deprecating hand. "They were strong, hot, valiant men, and the youngest was a lad of forty-five."

"That is better," the Subadar-Major laughed.

"But for all their strength and heat they could not eat strange food from the sahibs' hands. There was no cooking place in the temple; but a certain Colonel Forsyth Sahib, who had understanding, made arrangement whereby they should receive at least a little caste-clean parched grain; also cold rice maybe, and water which was pure. Yet, at best, this was no more than a hen's mouthful, snatched as each came off his guard. They lived on grain and were thankful, as the saying is.

"One hour in every four was each man's burden, for, as I have shown, they were but four all told; and the honor of our armies in Hind was on their heads. The sahibs could draw upon all the armies in England for the other watchers—thousands upon thousands of fresh men—if they needed—but these four were but four.

"The sahibs drew upon the *Granadeers* for the other watchers. *Granadeers* be very tall men under very tall bearskins, such as Fusilier regiments wear in cold weather. Thus, when a *Granadeer* bowed his head but a very little over his stock, the bearskin sloped and showed as though he grieved exceedingly. Now the Goorkhas wear flat, green caps——"

"I see, I see," said the Subadar-Major, impatiently.

"They are bull-necked, too; and their stocks are hard, and when they bend deeply—deeply—to match the *Granadeers*—they come nigh to choking themselves. That was a handicap against them, when it came to the observance of ritual.

"Yet even with their tall, grief-declaring bearskins, the *Granadeers* could not endure the full hour's guard in the Presence. There was good cause, as I will tell, why no man could endure that terrible hour. So for them the hour's guard was cut to one-half. What did it matter to the sahibs? They could draw on ten thousand *Granadeers*. Forsyth Sahib, who had comprehension, put this choice also before the four, and they said: 'No, ours is the honor of the armies of Hind. Whatever the sahibs do, we will suffer the full hour.'

"Forsyth Sahib, seeing that they were—knowing that they could neither sleep long nor eat much, said: 'Is it great suffering?'

"They said: 'It is great honor. We will endure.'

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"Forsyth Sahib, who loves us, said then to the eldest: 'Ho, father, tell me truly what manner of burden it is; for the one hour breaks up our men like water.'

"The eldest answered: 'Sahib, the burden is the feet of the multitude that pass us on either side. Our eyes being lowered and fixed, we see those feet only from the knee down—a river of feet, sahib, that never—never—never stops. It is not the standing without any motion; it is not hunger; nor is it the dead part before the dawn when maybe a single one comes here to weep. It is the burden of the unendurable procession of feet from the knee down, that never, never, never stops!'

"Forsyth Sahib said: 'By God, I had not considered that! Now I know why our men come trembling and twitching off that guard. But at least, my father, ease the stock a little beneath the bent chin, for that one hour.'

"The eldest said: 'We are in the Presence. Moreover *he* knew every button and braid and hook of every uniform in all his armies.'

"Then Forsyth Sahib said no more, except to speak about their parched grain, but indeed they could not eat much after their hour, nor could they sleep much because of eye-twitchings and the renewed procession of the feet before the eyes. Yet they endured each his full hour—not half an hour—his one full hour in each four hours."

"Correct! correct!" said the Subadar-Major and the Chaplain together. "We come well out of this affair."

"But seeing that they were old men," said the Subadar-Major, reflectively, "very old men, worn out by lack of food and sleep, could not arrangements have been made, or influence have been secured, or a petition presented, whereby a well-born Sikh might have eased them of some portion of their great burden, even though his substantive rank——"

"Then they would most certainly have slain me," said the Havildar-Major, with a smile.

"And they would have done correctly," said the Chaplain. "What befell the honorable ones later?"

"This. The kings of the earth and all the armies sent flowers and such-like to the dead King's palace at Wanidza, where the funeral offerings were accepted. There was no order given, but all the world made oblation. So the four took counsel—three at a time—and either they asked Forsyth Sahib to choose flowers or themselves they went forth and bought flowers—I do not know; but however it was arranged, the flowers were bought and made in the shape of a great drum-like circle weighing half a *maund*.

"Forsyth had said: 'Let the flowers be sent to Wanidza, with the other flowers which all the world is sending!' But they said among themselves: 'It is not fit that these flowers, which are the offerings of his armies in Hind, should come to the palace of the Presence by the hands of hirelings or messengers, or of any man not in his service.'

"Hearing this, Forsyth Sahib, though he was much occupied with office-work, said: 'Give me the flowers, and I will steal a time and myself I will take them to Wanidza.'

"The eldest said: 'Since when has Forsyth Sahib worn sword?'

"Forsyth Sahib said: 'But always. And I wear it in the Presence when I put on uniform. I am a colonel in the armies of Hind.' The eldest said: 'Of what regiment?' and Forsyth Sahib looked on the carpet, and pulled the hair of his lip. He saw the trap."

"Forsyth Sahib's regiment was once the old Forty-sixth Pathans, which was called—" the Subadar-Major gave the almost forgotten title, adding that he had met them in such and such campaigns, when Forsyth Sahib was a young captain.

The Havildar-Major took up the tale, saying: "The eldest knew that also, my father. He laughed, and presently Forsyth Sahib laughed.

"'It is true,' said Forsyth Sahib. 'I have no regiment. For twenty years I have been a clerk tied to a thick pen. Therefore, I am the more fit to be your orderly and messenger in this business.'

"The eldest then said: 'If it were a matter of my life or the honor of any of my household, it would be easy.' And Forsyth Sahib joined his hands together, half-laughing, though he was ready to weep, and he said: 'Enough! I ask pardon. Which one of you goes with the offerings?'

"The eldest said, feigning not to have heard: 'Nor must they be delivered by a single sword—as though we were pressed for men in his service,' and they saluted and went out."

"Were these things seen, or were they

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ALL THE WORLD ENTERED, WALKING THROUGH THAT TEMPLE TO TAKE FAREWELL OF THE DEAD.

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told thee?" asked the Subadar-Major.

"I both saw and heard, in the office full of books and papers where my Colonel Sahib consulted with Forsyth Sahib upon the business that had brought my Colonel Sahib to England."

"And what was that business?" the Regimental Chaplain asked of a sudden, looking full at the Havildar-Major, who returned the look without a quiver.

"That was not revealed to me," said the Havildar-Major.

"I heard it might have been some matter touching the integrity of certain regiments," the Chaplain insisted.

"The matter was not in any way open to my ears," said the Havildar-Major.

"Hmph!" the Chaplain drew his hard, road-worn feet under his robe. "Let us hear the tale that it is permitted thee to tell," he said, and the Havildar-Major went on.

"So then, the three, having returned to the temple, called the fourth—who had only forty-five years—when he came off guard and said: 'We go to the palace at Wanidza with the offerings. Remain thou in the Presence and take all our guards one after the other till we return.'

"Within that next hour they hired a large and strong *mota-kahar* for the journey from the temple to Wanidza, which is twenty *koss* or more, and they promised expedition. But he who took their guards said: 'It is not seemly that we should appear to be in haste for any cause. There are eighteen medals, with eleven clasps, and three Orders to consider. Go at leisure. I can endure.'

"So the three with the offerings were absent three hours and a half, and, having delivered the offering at Wanidza in a correct manner, they returned and found the lad on guard, and they did not break his guard till his full hour was ended. So he endured four hours in the Presence, not stirring one hair, his eyes abased, and the river of feet, from the knee down, passing continually before his eyes. When he was relieved, it was seen that his eyeballs worked like weavers' shuttles.

"And so it was done—not in hot blood, nor for a little while, nor yet with the smell of blood and the noise of shouting to sustain, but in silence, by day and by night, for a very long time, rooted to one place before the Presence among the most terrible feet of the multitude."

"Correct!" the Chaplain clucked.

"But the Goorkhas had the honor," said the Subadar-Major, sadly.

"Theirs was the honor of his armies in Hind, and that was our honor," the nephew replied.

"Yet I would one Sikh had been concerned in it—even one low-caste Sikh. And after?"

"They endured the burden until the end—till It went out of the temple to be laid among the older kings at Wanidza. When all was accomplished and It was withdrawn under the earth, Forsyth Sahib said to the four: 'The King gives command that you be fed here on meat cooked by your own cooks. Eat and take ease, my fathers.'

"So they loosed their belts and ate. They had not eaten food, except by snatches, for some long time; and when the meat had given them strength, they slept for very many hours; and it was told me that the procession of the unendurable feet ceased to pass before their eyes any more."

He threw out one palm upward to show that the tale was ended.

"We came well and cleanly out of it," said the Subadar-Major.

"Correct! correct! correct!" said the Regimental Chaplain. "In an evil age it is good to hear such things, and there is certainly no doubt that this is a very evil age."

UNSUNDERED

By Ethel Allen Murphy

Fate can not make the world so wide
  Nor lead thy steps so far,
But that my soul shall reach thy side,
  Spite of the body's bar.

Death can not send thy soul so far
  Upon its heavenly quest,
But I shall trace thee to thy star
  And on thy spirit rest.

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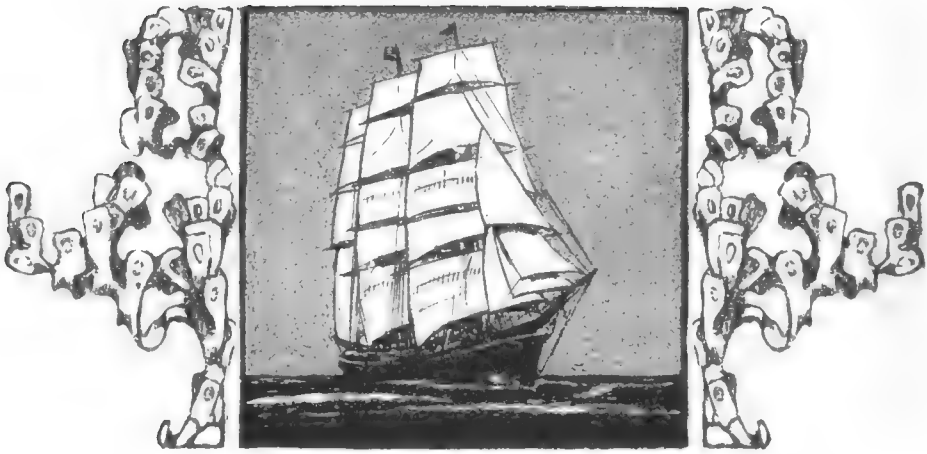

SHIPS *for* AMERICANS

by

JOHN L. MATHEWS

Author of "RE-MAKING THE MISSISSIPPI," "THE CONSERVATION OF WATER," etc.

DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

IT IS not so very long ago that, while clearing up some windblown newspapers from the veranda of a farmhouse in which I was living, my eye caught the short headline:

BANGALORE STILL MISSING

Hope has been abandoned for the ship *Bangalore*, now three months overdue.

That was all; merely a bulletin. But the name brought back a vivid memory of a small boy, sturdy and manly, whom I met four or five years ago in a Pullman car as he was traveling westward to join his father's ship.

"My name is Bill," he said. "Mama calls me Willie, and teacher calls me William; but my truly name is Bill—Bill of the *Bangalore*. The *Bangalore* is a deep-sea vessel, a full-rigged ship. My father is captain. I've been around the world in her. Mama and I are going aboard at San Pedro next Monday and then to Honolulu for sugar and around Cape Horn to Philadelphia."

Many things remarkable about the sea and the world Bill told me on that westbound journey; of albatrosses which he had captured; of adventures in many ports; of magazines traded to an English ship in Chile, and returned by a French ship three years later after a trip around the world—with Bill's name still on them. But most interesting of all for our present story was the incident which led to our acquaintance. I had offered him a copy of the *Youth's Companion* not yet officially issued, and he asserted that he had one.

"I was up there this morning to get my scroll-saw," he said, "and they gave me a paper. I got four subscriptions in Searsport."

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"You ought to be able to get more than four in Searsport," I said.

"Well—there were only four boys in Searsport who weren't taking it already." Then his face lighted up. "You wait till I get to Honolulu," he said. "There's a bully lot of American families there who don't take it. While the ship is loading I'm goin' to hustle around after them; and when we get to New York I'll have a phonograph for the cabin and a lot of other things waiting for me."

Bill had a quick eye for the sights that had been offered him; but, better still, he had a quick instinct for trade. I give his story because it shows clearly two things which we need in this inquiry into the question of our ships: the reason for the old sentiment which still clings about American-built ships; and the value to our enterprising youth of American vessels, under American conditions, voyaging about the world, offering them opportunity to learn about the people of other countries and their needs in trade.

In the old days at Searsport, when the *Bangalore* was laid down, and in a hundred other little coves along the New England shore, men built ships as good as any then in existence. Captain, mate, and crew-to-be, and all their neighbors, lent a hand at shaping the timbers, framing up, calking, rigging, and launching. The spars were cut in a pine lot within teaming distance of the cove, and dragged down to the shore by oxen. The scent of them as they were peeled and scraped mingled with the salty odor of the sea they were to master. For twenty miles about, every merchant and banker, every old maid and widow, every farmer and worker, "took a piece"—a few shares or a part of a share—in the new ship.

Romance, sentiment, affection, went with her into the Seven Seas. Swiftly outrunning her foreign competitors, spreading her white wings over every quarter of the globe, she bore the pride of a nation into the world of commerce. She carried with her many a little Bill, and many a big Bill grown up in the service as apprentice, seaman, master, to Asia and Africa and South America, where they learned to buy and sell the things which made up the foreign trade of the United States; the same boys and men who, inspired with our national ambitions and ideals, manned our suddenly created navies in the early wars. An entire literature was founded on this American ship; the tale of the Dreadnought's thirteen-day flight from New York to Queenstown was repeated in history and in fiction. Boys far inland were aroused and stimulated by accounts of the deep-sea clippers and of the lads who adventured in them.

So it was in the days that ended with the war; with the cruise of the *Alabama;* with the beginning of the high tariff régime; with the advance of cheap free ships, built of steel in free-trade countries; with the coming of marine insurance and the consequent lessening of the importance of efficiency in the forecastle and on the poop; with the freeing of slaves ashore and the abandonment of the seamen to a legalized slavery. The *Bangalore* in her later days was but a relic of the older times. Long since her race has vanished from the seas. And only in a few instances do occasional lumbering steel vessels of the present day which venture beyond the three-mile limits of our coast, still claim American register.

OUR FLAG A RARITY AT SEA

With a stunted but slowly increasing foreign trade, we are without ships of our own in which to carry it. The vessels of the world are engaged in doing business for us. Norwegian and Swedish tramps bring in our fruit from the West Indies, and take our manufactured products back. British ships, owned in England and chartered by Americans, carry our trade between New York and Brazil. German ships trade down the west coast from Puget Sound and San Francisco, bearing our freights to South America, and theirs in turn on to Hamburg. It is seldom upon those routes that the American flag greets the eye of the homesick traveler. Yet more than a million tons of these foreign ships carrying our cargoes to Asia, South America, the Indies—some of them among the most beautiful passenger ships and the most economical freight carriers—are owned by Americans. Their owners have repeatedly but vainly petitioned Congress for permission to put our flag upon them.

This lack is a vital lack in our expansion. No one element is stronger in developing the commerce of a nation among foreign countries than the regular arrival of ships bearing its emblem and transporting cargoes of its goods. To-day the United

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States has not such a condition in any part of the globe; and as a result we are lacking in the respect and confidence of other nations. We pay these other countries $200,000,000 every year for carrying our cargoes in their ships. Some little part of this comes into the pockets of American owners and charterers; but the bulk of it, with all the credit for the trade, passes to the other nations.

More than this, these foreign owners, for their own purposes, misuse and misdirect American trade, and distort its routes, not only upon the sea but in the interior of our own country. They have formed, entirely outside the jurisdiction of our government, a series of conferences, with headquarters in Germany, that cover all the main routes of the sea, making the rates at which they will do our business for us, and prescribing the manner in which they will do it. The whole purpose of these conferences is to drive independent ships from the market and to destroy fair competition upon the sea; and to do this, having fixed the rates at a high point, they return to the shipper (with whom they make a written contract) ten per cent. of all he has paid during each period of six months. This is, however, a deferred rebate, and if, during the six months of the contract or the two months following, he ships any cargo by an independent vessel, his overdue rebate is canceled. These conferences completely control the trade routes leading to and from America.

THE LONGEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS

Yet this sort of trustification of the shipping trade which strikes us in our ports, is not the worst feature of the foreign owners' mishandling of our commerce. They are able also to dictate to our railways, and to establish through rates from central Germany to Denver and Salt Lake which are lower than rates on similar articles from Cincinnati to those points. By a series of rebates under various names, they are able to direct practically all our South American traffic to New York, to which point manufacturers in the interior must ship in order to take advantage of the low rate offered. And they totally prevent the direction of trade from the central valley through New Orleans, where the whole Middle West would enter into sharp competition with the export commerce of the Atlantic ports.

Thus shoes, compelled to go to New York for export, must pay from St. Louis—the greatest producer of shoes in the world—nineteen dollars and twenty cents per ton. They could be floated down to New Orleans, in a modern river-barge, at a profit, for five dollars per ton.

How has this remarkable and unfortunate situation been brought about? How comes it that we have no ships; that our trade is mishandled; that our flag floats no longer upon the Seven Seas? In effect, very simply. It has been brought about by an attempt to carry obsolete laws, suited for primitive conditions, over to modern times; to attach the sentiment that surrounded the *Bangalore* to the unromantic freight-box of to-day; and, worst of all, to carry the doctrine of high protection into our foreign trade.

Instead of the sturdy New Englanders, hewing and shaping the timbers of some flying Dreadnought which they are to man, there are Hungarians who know no English, imported cheap labor, shoveling the loose brown ore from the pits of the Minnesota iron ranges; Slavs, little better than brutes, tipping the ladles of flaming metal into the ingot molds, and rolling the ingots into beams and plates; Scotch and English riveters, imported for their cheapness, fastening the frames and the plates. Foreign cheap labor may create everything about the ship. Every article in her make-up may be brought from abroad, and the immigrants may come in on the same ship with the separate parts, and shape the new vessel on our shores.

There is but one thing required to make her American: the profit of fastening her together must go to a domestic corporation.

The *Bangalore* was as full of native character as the men who built her, with all the grace, efficiency, and speed we expect New England workmen to produce. The steel ship is a wallowing box to carry cargo in, and nothing more; as sentimental, with as strong appeal to American pride, as a cattle-car on a siding.

Yet the passing of the *Bangalore*, and the attempt to carry over to this international factory product the romance and tradition of the wooden ship, have developed an economic problem so difficult to solve that it has engaged the attention of both national parties at every convention for the past

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twenty years, and has kept Congress in a turmoil some part of every session during that time.

There are two sorts of marine trade differentiated by our laws. The foreign trade is open to the ships of the world. The domestic trade is limited to ships under the American flag. No vessel can carry the Stars and Stripes unless she has our register; and she can not obtain that unless she is built on our shores, captured in war, wrecked and repaired here, or admitted to the privilege by some special act of Congress. The practise of reserving our coastwise trade for vessels which fulfil these conditions has never been severely contested; yet it is true that our largest shipyards are controlled either by the railways themselves or by their interested financiers; and that, on the Atlantic, nearly every important vessel in this trade, on a regular run, is owned and operated under railway direction.

A ship is, therefore, one of the three items upon the *Index Expurgatorius* in all our custom-houses—one of the three things we can not import and make American. These three are:

1. The President of the United States.
2. A Chinese coolie (unless he is a seaman).
3. A ship complete.

When we apply in the foreign trade these same restrictions as to registry, the situation rises to the height of absurdity, because of the conditions under which the attempt is made.

At the very moment when the steel ship was becoming prominent, we were emerging from the Civil War and endeavoring to pay our debts by imposing duties upon imports. From that, as the steel ship advanced in importance, the idea of revenue gave place to that of protection for labor; and to protection has now been added, quite openly, "an additional profit for the American manufacturer." So that, to-day, with a tariff for tariff's sake, we have high protection upon everything within our borders—upon every step in the building and operation of all our ships.

The market of the world is a free-trade market, open to all, and certain to be served by the cheapest ships, built and sold where they can be most cheaply made. Germany has learned this and builds hers wherever they cost the least. England has learned it, and wherever her traders find an effective vessel at a bargain they snap it up and put the Union Jack on it. Only America attempts to do business in a free-trade world with equipment secured under a heavy tariff.

At Belfast, Ireland, is the shipyard of Harland & Wolff, where in October, 1910, was launched the magnificent 45,000-ton ship—the first of that size—the *Olympic*.

At that time this yard, so overflowing with business that it had to send some to the Clyde, had under construction one more "biggest boat," for a German line, five handsome coastwise steamships for an English company to run from New York to Nova Scotia, and five equally fine and able freight and passenger steamships, of 5,500 tons each, for a corporation resident in Boston, the United Fruit Company, to run from our Atlantic ports to the West Indies and even from Colon to England. Let us look into the future of these vessels.

The giant, when it is completed in the Irish yard, will ply between Hamburg and New York. The Kaiser's colors, his officers and crew, German cooking and customs, the German tongue spoken by all on board—everything about it will be Teutonic, and its profits will remain in the Fatherland. Germany will have added, at the least possible cost, almost fifty thousand tons to her merchant marine.

The five coastwise vessels that run to Nova Scotia from New York are to be owned in England and fly the Union Jack. The

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other five, owned in Boston, running under American direction, but without an American officer or seaman aboard—these five will be registered in England, carry King George's flag, pay their taxes to him, and, wherever in the world they go, will be known as British ships. A magnificent opportunity to add to our merchant marine is lost, and all because of an obsolete law which prevents the United Fruit Company from doing with its vessels, as it is eager to do, what the Hamburg-American line does with others built in the same Belfast yard.

THE TARIFF AND THE COST OF SHIPS

There are only two ways open to us to get a merchant fleet: either we must adopt this simple way out of our troubles, open our gates, import these cheap ships, duty free, instead of shipbuilders and plates; put our men upon their decks, our cargoes in their holds, and our flag upon their jackstaves, and restrict them to the foreign trade—the most sensible, the most effective, eventually the only way out; or we must extend the tariff boundary thousands of miles so as to surround every American ship with artificial protection wherever she may go.

Such a plan to tax ourselves into prosperity would be as certainly doomed to failure as the attempt of a little girl I knew to stick herself like a fly upon the nursery wall.

It needs but a few items of comparative costs of vessels here and abroad to show why this is true—and true in spite of standardization, increased business, or any other step we may take under the tariff to remedy it. Two of these I give from my own recent experiences, when, having an inquiry from a correspondent in South America for a ship for the Gulf and Caribbean trade, and being at the same time in search of material for this article, I inquired, from port to port along both our coasts, about ships for sale.

In the office of Mr. T. H. Franklin, in New York, a broker from San Francisco, happening in, made a tempting offer: a brand-new freight ship of ten knots speed, of 7,000 tons dead weight carrying capacity, never used, lying at the dock in the Clyde, and, as he said, built to keep a yard running.

"You can have her for $185,000," he said.

Ships are bought and sold by their dead weight carrying capacity. This was at the rate of twenty-six dollars and forty-two cents per ton. It was the lowest price for such a ship I had ever heard quoted, for British ships cost usually thirty-two to thirty-eight dollars per ton.

The next day I visited the big shipyard at Newport News, Virginia, created by the owners of the Southern Pacific, and at that time engaged in building six big coastwise steamships at a cost of $500,000 each for the Harriman steamship lines. On the ways there was also an Ischerwood ship of 4,600 tons capacity—so designated because of a novel form of framing patented by Mr. Ischerwood, an Englishman.

"That is a bargain you could not duplicate in America to-day," said Mr. Post, the general manager. "You can have her, complete, for $285,000."

That is a cost of sixty-one dollars and ninety-five cents per ton, and for so well-built a ship it was not high—inside the tariff. The only advantage this vessel had over the English one was that she could carry between New Orleans and Galveston, as well as between either city and Cartagena.

I set down these figures for my correspondent, based on the coffee trade at four dollars per ton. The fixed charges are always estimated at fifteen per cent. per year, and include insurance, maintenance, and interest on cost, but no operating expenses.

	AMERICAN Foreign and Domestic Trade	BRITISH Foreign Trade Only
Cargo	4,600 tons	7,000 tons
Cost, per ton	$61.95	$26.42
Total cost	$285,000.00	$185,000.00
Earning, per trip	18,400.00	28,000.00
Fixed charges	42,750.00	27,750.00

It needs but a glance at this comparison to show how quickly the cheaper ship would sweep the field. This, of course, is an exaggerated comparison because of the unusual cheapness of the foreign vessel; yet I have here the price at which the *Pectan*, another Britisher, was sold, brand-new. She was a tank ship of a type which, in America, often costs seventy-two to eighty dollars per ton to build. Of 12,000 tons capacity, she cost in England $510,000, or forty-two dollars and fifty cents per ton; and on the same sheet of notes is the memorandum of another offer, by a reliable British builder, of a new, first-class 8,000-ton freighter with all modern improvements, at about thirty-seven dollars and thirty-nine cents.

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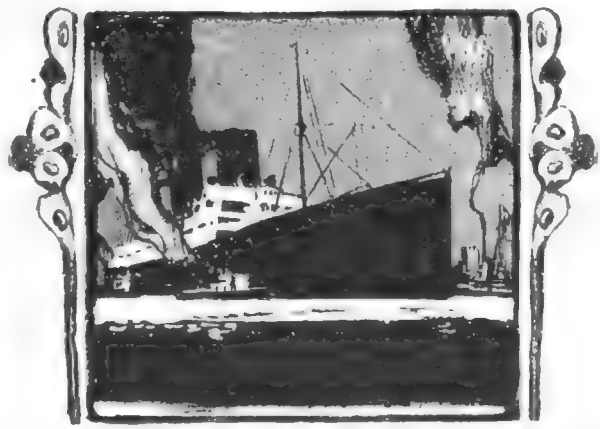
Recently I made a trip from Balboa, our Canal Zone post, to San Francisco, on the *Stanley Dollar*, an American freight ship of the steam schooner type carrying 2,100 tons. Her owner, Mr. Robert Dollar, had asked bids to duplicate her. The English bid was $100,000, our Atlantic Coast $200,000, and the Pacific $225,000.



Still more striking is the impossibility of operating our costly ships in the world at large when we consider the case of the *Shawmut* and the *Tremont*, two 12,000-ton vessels, built for a Boston company in an American yard (in anticipation of a subsidy which never came), at a cost of $750,000, and provided with passenger accommodations at an ultimate cost of $900,000 each. They were operated in the Oriental trade by Mr. Frank Waterhouse of Seattle.

Eventually Mr. Waterhouse sold these costly carriers to Uncle Sam for use between New York and Panama. Uncle Sam paid $550,000 for each of them. Mr. Waterhouse replaced them with British ships, and I have the figures to contrast one of these with the *Tremont*, the more economical of the American ships:

Nationality	Cost	Weighed capacity, tons	Measured tons	Speed Knots	Fixed Charges
American	$900,000	12,000	16,000	9	$135,000
British	400,000	14,000	18,000	10	60,000

The figures for the American ship are somewhat high, due to the fact that it was expensively equipped for passenger service. The totals $900,000 and $135,000 are thus somewhat greater than would ordinarily be found. But even then the broker reduced his fixed charges about $75,000 per year: for he has by the exchange more room for light, measured cargo, greater speed, and an economy of thirty tons per day in coal consumption.

I could list many more such instances, but there is only one worth while. On the Great Lakes they have accomplished by standardization the production of a special type of ore-carrier fitted for nothing else, at forty dollars per ton of cargo. Yet, even there, Mr. A. B. Wolvin, of Duluth, operating seaworthy vessels of Welland Canal size in the foreign trade—to Montreal—costing him $140,000 each, was confronted with a Swedish ship of the same size and capacity, brand-new, equally efficient, and offered to him for $90,000. He was forced to employ her.

With almost no exceptions, therefore, we do not build ships for our foreign trade. And yet we need them. We need them (and this is a frequently cited illustration in the arguments before the Merchant Marine Commission) just as a merchant needs his own wagons to deliver his goods, instead of entrusting them to his rival to deliver. But the subsidy adherents who repeat this fail to extend it to its logical conclusion. The merchant secures the wagons. But he does not build them for himself. He buys them where they are built strongest and cheapest, paints his name upon them, and advertises himself by circulating them with his goods.

Just so we should advertise ourselves by circulating carriers with our national emblem upon them. And as the grocer's boy calls upon the new tenants in each city flat and solicits patronage for his employer, so we require intelligent and patriotic delivery agents to do this for us. I have never heard this need better expressed than it was some years ago by Mr. Volney W. Foster, a gentleman who had prospered in trade with Venezuela. He was remarkable for the clearness with which he had retained his ideals of commerce and of Americanism through long years of business.

"We want, down there," he said, "to combat the Teutonic idea with our own—we need fine, stalwart, gentlemanly young men, trained not in jingoism, not in Yankee-

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ism, not in the qualities the foreigners discover in the foot-loose adventurers who stray among them, but in our finest idealism; so that these trade-ambassadors will affect the trend of thought wherever they are, and by persistent effort wipe out the sluggish, stubborn animosity against us which now prevails.

"But we need more. We must connect ourselves with those young men by established routes, by quick passenger and slower freight service; so that they may with pride in their patriotism identify the emblem of their country with the high type of commerce they are engaged in."

WHERE WE NEED OUR OWN SHIPS

South America was Mr. Foster's hobby, but we must have the same things in every part of the world in which we hope to sell our manufactures. To-day we are fairly well served in British passenger ships sailing from New York to Brazil and the river Platte, and accomplishing the journey as quickly as it is made from Hamburg. They do not compare, however, in speed or elegance, with the regular vessels from Liverpool to Brazil and the Argentine; and it is certain that, until they do, the best passenger travel, which is the only means through which two nations can come to know each other well, will set from South America to Europe.

Yet we have a wide advantage by natural location. South America lies east of the mouth of the Mississippi, and the shortest route to the Chilean coast is from New Orleans *via* Panama. If we had sixteen-knot ships on this route, with a transfer by Panama, letters from New Orleans would arrive in Buenos Aires *via* the Trans-Andean railway eight days quicker than a ship of the same speed could take them there from New York or Hamburg down the Brazilian shore.

Sending an order to St. Louis or Chicago or to any of the interior manufacturing centers, the merchant in Peru, Chile, or the Argentine would have his reply and his goods from twelve to eighteen days sooner than he can now get them from Hamburg or New York. Our share in the import traffic of those countries is now about fifteen per cent.; through these improved conditions it could easily be increased to more than fifty per cent.

We need our own ships.

How, then, are we to get them, if not by the simple and direct method of buying them in Belfast?

By a subsidy, says the recently dominant political party; and for two decades it has waged a campaign to increase the so-called subsidy that rests comatose within our statute books.

Literally, a subsidy is a sum of money paid, usually by a government, to an individual or corporation operating a losing venture, to enable him to continue in business. It is based upon the assumption that the business is of public importance, and that no other method of carrying it on appears feasible; and it is usually so graduated that as the business increases and becomes self-supporting the subsidy decreases and ultimately disappears.

That is the condition frequently found in the relation of Great Britain to her colonies, and of Germany to hers; and I do not find record of either country giving a subsidy on any other lines than those which run to her own possessions, to provide more frequent connection with them.

Thus the only German subsidies are one of $1,300,000 a year to the North German Lloyd line, and one of $300,000 to another line for service to the East Indian colonies. The Hamburg-American line, the largest ship-owning corporation in the world, draws no government subsidy whatever.

A very different thing, in its usual interpretation, is a subvention, which is a sum paid directly by the government to a shipbuilder to offset the equipping of the vessel with special and costly features required in a possible government emergency. For instance, Great Britain desired two big, swift, and powerful steamships, auxiliary cruisers, suitable for scouts, transports, or commerce-destroyers in time of war, and able to outrun the fleetest battle-ships.

For this purpose she made possible the construction of the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania*, having a speed of twenty-five knots an hour, and requiring a large shipload of coal to propel them on a round trip across the Atlantic; built very strong to support heavy, rapid-fire guns; and so costly to construct and operate that no commercial interest in the world could afford them as a business proposition. Therefore the British government frankly paid their entire cost, so that the company was re-

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lieved from all the usual fixed charges; and this payment, called an admiralty subvention, was charged up where it should be charged—to the naval appropriation.

These two sorts of aid for very different types of vessels are badly muddled in our existing Ocean Mail Act of March 3, 1891, under which our Government pays to the Ward Line the sum which it distributes to its stockholders as dividends. This act, which was produced after titanic cerebration by a Republican Congress, has had twenty years of trial and is a complete fizzle. It is an attempt to combine the two purposes of mercantile expansion and the creation of an emergency fleet in a single measure, and the whole is charged up to the Post Office department, which usually had a deficit.

As a matter of fact, it is neither a subsidy nor a subvention, properly considered, but is a bonus for slow ships, a prize for tortoises, and has produced nothing of the slightest value to the country.

It provides that the Postmaster-General may award mail contracts to vessels of certain classes built and owned in America, and equipped, under naval supervision and approval, with gun platforms and other paraphernalia for war. There are four classes: the first, of twenty knots; the second, of sixteen knots; the third, of fourteen; and the fourth, of twelve. First-class ships can run only to Europe. They get four dollars a mile outward bound; the second, two dollars; the third, one dollar; and the fourth class, sixty-six cents, on regular and frequent sailings prescribed by their contracts. And as a tariff law is stretched to favor the beneficiaries and not the people, so this subsidy is stretched an easy ten per cent. by remeasuring all the charts (which are printed in nautical miles) and paying the subsidy for land miles, which are shorter.

This is no more absurd, however, than the rest of the law. The pay is too much for the mail that is carried, and not enough to enable our ships to enter the foreign trade. Only the sixteen-knot ships have any commercial value; and none of them is of the slightest use to the navy.

Think of a whole fleet of these fourteen- and sixteen-knot "flyers" pursuing the *Mauretania* as she puffs along at twenty-five knots!

If we are to have sixteen-knot ships for the mail service, all naval features should be eliminated to make them as cheap as is consistent with good work, for commerce and nothing else. On the other hand, if we are to have, as Congressman Hobson urges, auxiliaries highly subsidized, two knots faster than our fastest battleship, then the Navy Department should pay for them without subterfuge, and remove them altogether from the proposed merchant marine which is to get us our foreign trade.

The American Line to Southampton is our largest beneficiary of subsidies, having four dollars a statute mile outward bound for its ships. The Ward Line to Cuba and Mexico has a dollar a mile, though its ships are second class—the result of active bidding. The Red D Line to Venezuela has second and third class subsidies; and the Oceanic Line, run by the Spreckels company in San Francisco, has one fourteen-knot steamship, the *Mariposa*, sailing for Tahiti every five weeks at a dollar a mile outbound.

A recent report has it that the three newer ships of the Spreckels fleet, tied up lately because too costly to operate even with our subsidy, are to resume service to Australasia with the aid of an additional subsidy from the colonial governments.

THE GOVERNMENT'S CANDY STORE

In the Sixty-first Congress, a bill was pushed to the point of passing the Senate, doubling the second-class subsidy to South American points below the equator; and a steamship line was in process of organization to put on fifteen ships in that service, at an expense to the Post Office of $4,000,000 a year. The leaders said they would pledge the party that the subsidy would never exceed this; but at the last moment they passed an amendment opening the gates, so that it would have cost us $20,000,000 per year at the outset.

This is only a beginning. Two years ago a bill was introduced into Congress providing for a subsidy between New York and Colon, and San Francisco and other ports and Panama, with the intention of thus craftily introducing a subsidy into the coastwise service between New York and the Pacific coast. The law failing, Postmaster Hitchcock in the summer of 1911 tried to accomplish the same end—that of creating a monopoly in this trade—by di-

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verting the foreign mail subsidy to this purpose, and actually advertised for a line from San Francisco to New York, and vice versa, to be paid two dollars a land mile from New York to Colon and the same from San Francisco to Panama.

Of course, entering at Cristobal, neither ship would touch Colon; and there is no harbor at Panama where ships can land. They touch at Balboa in the Zone. Mail from the coast goes quickly *via* New Orleans and would be delayed three days going in a subsidized sixteen-knot ship. The New York mail now takes six days direct, and that was the best they could do with a subsidy.

The favored line which was expected to secure the money failed to raise its capital and dropped out; the independent lines which have taken away from the railways one-fourth of the transcontinental traffic in the past four years, preferred to do business outside the limitations of a subsidy, and refused to bid. So the plan fell through.

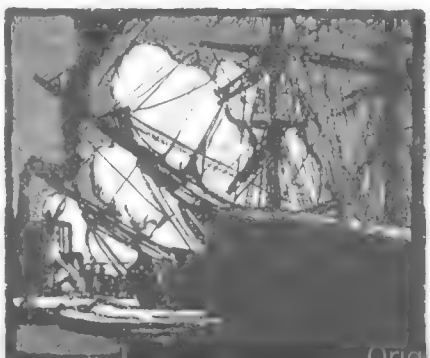
This was a good illustration of Uncle Joe Cannon's theory that the Government is a candy store to give away free sweets to children.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock intended to make some of the subsidy money by economies within the department; but before many years the General Treasury would be opened, and we should have a repetition of the history of the pension fund and of the tariff. The subsidy would be increased as the wool schedule has swollen and might soon become like that scandal in our national affairs. There would be, every year, larger ships, larger bounties—and with what result?

Only so long as the subsidy was paid would the ships remain under our flag; only so long as the builders could get something for nothing, on the free and easy give-to-a-favored-few basis that prevails at Washington. The tariff on steel will not be cut. The railway-owned shipyards will not give up their monopoly. And the same interests that now profit by the tariff and the obsolete shipping laws would divide between them all the bonus which the Government contributed.

In our foreign trade there is but one way we can get ships and keep them. That is the British way. It is the German way. The world over, it is the wise man's way. It is to buy them where they are cheap. It is to go to the man who can give us the best ship for the least money, pay him his price, and bring the vessel home. We must extend our immigration laws to the ships and wipe them off the *Index Expurgatorius*. As we have made mayors and governors out of Irishmen, so we must make instruments of commerce out of Belfast ships. It is a plan hard to reconcile with the tariff and with the big interests that run the shipyards now; but they are not the criterion by which we should shape our course.

We must be moved by the spirit which little Bill had in him. Our young boys are natural traders. The geography is a universal store for them, in which they may exchange American cotton for Chinese silk and rice, and barter shoes and hardware for coffee and hides in Brazil. Their trading is concrete and their cargoes bring equal return; but the spirit that lies in and back of them is the old sea spirit and commercial spirit of America. This essence we have lost or diverted as we have grown older. But Youth still has it, and there are thousands waiting impatient until we buy the ships for them, unbar the gateways of our country, and let them go bravely, eagerly, purposefully, out into the world with American cargoes in American ships, with the Gleam ever before them.



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The RIGHT of PEDRO BINNI

A Story of the Argentine Wheat Belt

by WILLIAM BULFIN

Author of "TALES OF THE PAMPAS," "EL RESERVAO," "LA QUEMAZÓN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

THE pampean wheat tracts were shorn of their yield, and the tall ricks bulked through the quivering heat haze over the stubbled immensities, baking in the glow of the pitiless midsummer day. The threshing machines were out, and their lazy welts of smoke, from the straw-fed engine fires, lay banked against the hot sky-rim, like the clouds from the funnels of hull-down steamers on a tropical sea.

It was cruel weather for a girl to work in, out there on the treeless plains, under the naked blue. But the stern law of life in the world around Dominga Echegaray decreed that each back should bear the burden of toil, and in apportioning to each its share it made no discrimination in favor of her sex. So she was hard at work in a blinding welter of chaff and dust, hauling the straw from the machine with a pair of horses, one of which she rode, sitting astride in the saddle, while she led the other by the

JUAN ECHEGARAY

halter. Her little brother attended to the hauling rope, passing it around the bundles and then lying upon them, to keep them balanced, while she cinched them away at a gallop, after the fashion set by the gaucho to the people who have tamed the wild earth of his inheritance to the service of the grain marts.

"Take your whip and give oil to your elbow, *muchacha*, and oblige these animals to travel," had been her father's injunction. "Look to it that the straw is cleared away, or I guarantee that you shall see the hair flying!"

The reckless, free-spoken men who were attending the machine hailed her boisterously with jest and compliment, after the audacious manner of their kind, as she rode to and fro among them. But to-day she

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gave them no heed; her laughter was silent. The blue eyes, usually sparkling with fun, were heavy; and the strong oval face, comely despite its depth of sun tan, was clouded. She threw many swift, furtive glances to the southward, and occasionally, as she readjusted the kerchief which shaded her head, she scanned the southern horizon keenly.

Suddenly a flush leaped into her face, and her eyes brightened. But almost as suddenly the look of sadness returned, and, as she whipped her horses to greater speed, her nether lip was pressed between her teeth. This happened when Pedro Binni rolled upon the scene out of a dust cloud, raised by the hoofs of his reeking horse and the wheels of his clattering *jardinero*.

She bent forward to her driving and turned her head away from him. But when he pulled up, he sprang from his seat and went to meet her.

"Wait!" he called sharply. "I have something to say."

She stopped and looked round. One quick, tremulous glance went to his face, and her eyes fell. Fierce anger burned in his olive-brown Italian face, which was flushed and distorted. His rough cotton jacket and collarless shirt were open, showing bulging veins on the bare, strong throat. The lips which she knew could smile so pleasantly were rigid and compressed; and the chin and jaw showed like iron under the short, curling beard. This was a different Pedro Binni from the good-humored, soft-voiced neighbor whom she had known for a year and a half, and for whose love her whole being secretly hungered.

"Where is your father?" he demanded curtly, without a word of salutation.

"He is at the house with a wheat buyer who came to see him just now," she answered timidly.

"Of course you know why I would speak with him," he said.

"I know," she replied sadly.

"And you?" he broke out passionately. "What have you to say to this vile thing that has been done to me?"

She was silent.

"We were neighbors and friends," he went on, "were we not? Yet you have been false to me, you people who call yourselves honorable! You have cheated me—with a foulness that is an infamy! And you think it is all very fine and clever, no?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, and hung her head, "I do not say that."

"What do you say, then?"

She did not reply. Her cheeks were burning, and her face was bent over her hands, which were nervously fingering the reins.

"You have nothing to say about it. But I am not so. And what I have to say is for all the world to hear. It is this: such friends are for to treat in one way only—so!" and he spat upon the ground. Then he turned on his heel and left her.

She put back, listlessly, the tresses of chaff-laden hair which the wind had loosened over her damp forehead, and for a few moments she sat there as if dazed; then she turned to her work again, rushing at it wildly, seeking relief from the pain with which his words had smitten her.

Meanwhile, Pedro Binni stood beside the fire-box of the big American traction-engine, gesticulating threateningly, and shouting lurid profanity about his grievance, in a curious medley of Genoese Italian and Pampa Spanish, at Karl Weilmart, the Austrian mechanic, who was the engine driver and general foreman of the outfit.

"You try to sell me, eh? You figure to yourself that I am a child or a fool to suffer it, perhaps? Ah, but attend to me! I am here to teach you what it means to make an agreement with a man. You hear that!"

Karl Weilmart shrugged his heavy shoulders until they rose to the level of his ears, and oiled a bearing with deliberate care. Then he said in fluent Spanish, laden with guttural flavorings of the throaty German speech: "The agreement was that your wheat should thresh itself first, yes. But see: I come to your place this morning at sunrise, all ready to begin, and you are not there——"

"It was that I did not expect you so soon," interrupted Pedro Binni. "You said you would arrive to-day or to-morrow, but *Madonna!* no hour was named; and I had to go to El Rincon to see the buyer of my wheat; and Juan Echegaray knew it, for I told him. He knew I would return."

"That is very holy and good, my son, for you. But I am no railroad with a schedule, understand? I come as the good God wills. When I finish one job, it is up camp with me and full steam ahead to the next. You are vanished when I come to you. *Bueno.* I then pass on to the Basque here, whom I find in full preparation, and I begin with

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HE WOULD HAVE PASSED HER WITHOUT A WORD HAD SHE NOT DRAWN REIN DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM.

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him. That is all. What more would you? This is no season to lie up idle, is it?" and he waved the beak of his oil-can at the array of harvest wealth which waited along the level distance.

But Pedro Binni was not out after such a discussion. What he wanted, to begin with, was the steam-thresher; and he vociferated his intention of taking it, or, in lieu thereof, dire vengeance on certain nefarious persons not specified by name.

Karl Weilmart filled and lighted his pipe with philosophic calm. His Teutonic mind extended a large toleration to the emotionalism of the Latin races. "Listen," he said at length, raising a blackened forefinger to command attention. "I have no time to dedicate to making the discourses, so this is my last word to you on the matter. This haggard will be finished in the afternoon some time, if all goes well. It is much the same to me whether I go next to thresh for you or go on to another of the Basque's haggards. You can understand that, of course?"

"You come to me this evening, then?" asked Pedro Binni, somewhat mollified.

"If Juan Echegaray has no objection, certainly. But, naturally, you have to arrange about it with him."

"Arrange with him? Never!" and he stamped indignantly, raising dusky puffs of ashes around the legs of his heavy top-boots. "I have nothing to arrange with him but the question of starting to thresh this morning with the machine which he knew was promised to me!"

"Let that be as it may, my child, here comes the man himself, and perhaps you would make me the kindness to shout some at him, for a change, as one might say."

Karl pointed to a sulky just then approaching, in which Juan Echegaray, with his *boina* pulled over his left ear, was sitting beside the grain buyer, smoking a rank Tuscano cigar and talking hilariously. They had made a deal for the wheat, and the bargain had been solemnized by a bumper or two of strong Priorato wine.

"Ho! he is of the good humor, then!" said Pedro Binni aggressively. "But we shall soon change that tune, yes!"

The Basque's jovial expression certainly faded the instant he read the storm signals in the face of his Italian neighbor. His conscience pricked him for a moment sharply, and he felt ashamed of what he had done. But he quickly disposed of his squeamishness.

"*Qué Diablo!*" he thought, "it is this way: when the hurry of the threshing time comes on, there is an end of friendship—the whole world knows that." And a resolve to face the crisis defiantly looked out of his steel-blue eyes. Wherefore, he waxed mightily wrathful as the tumultuous greeting of Pedro Binni smote the welkin.

"*Santa Maria!*" he exclaimed, while he climbed out of the sulky, "this is an outrage! What do you mean by insulting the people, friend Binni?"

"You are no friend of mine, and I am no friend of yours. I want no cheat for a friend."

"Beware of what you say!"

"I know how to respond for what I say. You take the machine from me and you call me friend! It is a crime. I spit on such friendship!"

"It is a lie that I take any machine from you. I take the machine that offers itself to me at my own haggard. When it is a question of the threshing, every son of a neighbor takes care of himself. If I do not take the machine when it offers itself to me, I lose my turn, like you, and then we are two fools instead of one."

"Ah! You think I lose my turn, then, and that I am a fool. But you shall see! The machine comes to thresh for me after it has finished this haggard."

"Who says it?" demanded Juan Echegaray, turning to the Austrian, who, with his elbow on the side of the cab, and his chin on his hand, was listening impassively to the conversation. Knocking the ashes from his pipe, he answered, unconcernedly:

"I say nothing, señores, nothing at all. This is a question for yourselves to decide."

"Then I decide it," said the Basque. "The machine does not leave me until she has threshed the last of my six haggards. The wheat is sold and the first troop of carts to load it will be here to-morrow. The buyer is present and can explain why the work must go forward without delay."

"Certainly," agreed the person alluded to, who until then had been standing by, idly flicking straws with his whip in apparent absence of mind. "I need the wheat for immediate delivery. If I can not have it at once, I must cancel the purchase."

"That is nothing to me!" cried Pedro Binni, now livid with passion. "My wheat

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is sold since last night, and this is the machine I engaged to thresh it. Do you think that I am going to wait for a week, or even a day, and run the risk of broken weather and damaged grain? No. I have not so much virtue as that."

The only reply Juan Echegaray saw fit to make was to walk off with a shrug toward the scales. He had the machine, and he meant to hold it. Further speech about the matter he considered useless.

But Pedro Binni was not yet done. In point of fact, he was only beginning.

As soon as the Italian had whirled away to the southward, the corn buyer approached Karl Weilmart and said, with evident anxiety in his look and tone: "It appears that the situation might be of a certain gravity, no?"

Karl nodded. He was decidedly of the same opinion. "Tell me," he said, "you were figuring about having this wheat in time, I think?"

"If it costs me a dozen of teeth I must stick to it, *por Dios!*" was the prompt reply.

There were commercial intrigues and rivalries, as well as business interests, involved; and competition between buyers in the district was keen and unscrupulous.

"Then, if you want the wheat at once, you should take action without delay," urged Karl. You should drive straight to La Villa and explain the circumstances to the authorities. But in secrecy, eh? With the prudence, understand? Not a word about it to these tigers here, or we shall have them shooting at one another, and at me, for it is clear that they respect not the law."

"Oh, you are preaching to the convinced. I know them. No fear that I shall tell them."

"And see to it that the police come here as soon as possible. There is not a moment to lose."

"That is the idea!" said the dealer, stepping nimbly into his sulky.

As Karl Weilmart blew the whistle to stop for the midday meal, he noticed a dusky speck on the horizon which grew larger at every moment.

"It will be that *loco* of an Italian," he mused despondently.

It was.

And at the same moment, Juan Echegaray came back from his house with the stock of a revolver showing above his waist sash, in front, while the haft of a sheath knife peeped over his right hip.

Karl, who was immeasurably disgusted at this lawless ostentation of hardware, asked irritably: "What the devil do you mean by fooling around my machine in this way, armed to the teeth?"

"To protect my interests," was the answer. "You call it fooling, eh? I call it foolish to be unprepared in certain circumstances."

"It is pure barbarism, this!" protested the Austrian, who had brought with him from the haunts of disciplined civilization some strong notions of law and order.

"It is how a man should do justice to himself," rejoined the Basque, speaking out of the strident individualism which the life of the wilderness had fostered to the intensity of a cult.

Dominga was near the engine at the time, throwing a pile of the straw to the stoker. She saw and heard all, and it sent a chill of dread through her. For a few moments she swayed in the saddle, nerveless and benumbed, almost on the point of falling. But soon the strong young heart leaped to its work again, forcing the blood to drum in her ears and pound at her temples. With the rapidity of a pulsation, she resolved to meet Pedro Binni and speak to him, before he reached the machine.

She threw the halter of her led horse to her brother and unhooked the hauling rope from the cinch ring. "Take this one home and unsaddle him," she said quietly. "I am going to shut in the others to catch a fresh pair."

It was a good excuse to get away, because noon was the hour for her to change her team. Ten minutes afterward, she was galloping in the direction of the corral, driving the troop of saddle-horses before her at right angles to the direction in which Pedro Binni was going. Her kerchief had blown back upon her shoulders, leaving her head bare, and the wind had twisted her hair into a shapeless tangle. But she was unconscious of this and paid no heed to the blazing sun which burned the flush of excitement on her cheek to a hotter red. She was regardless of everything but the purpose which underlay the wild whirl of her thoughts; and it was strong enough to have

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sent her through leagues of living fire into the presence of the man she loved.

When they met he would have passed her without a word had she not drawn rein directly in front of him and motioned to him to stop.

"What is it?" he asked coldly, as he pulled up.

"I want to speak to you about this bad business," she said, appealingly, searching in vain for some gleam of hope in his face, which was dark with sullen anger.

"There has been too much speech about it already," he said with a sneer. "Something else is needed now."

"Say not that," she pleaded. "It is a calamity, if you like. But make it no worse, for the love of God!"

"It is no calamity of my making. It was made by those who wronged and deceived me. Preach to them. It is they who will make it worse if they stand between me and my right. They should think of that instead of sending you to ask me to give up."

WEILMART WAS NOW ENGINEERING MORE THAN A THRESHING-MACHINE. HE HAD TAKEN CHARGE OF AN INTERNATIONAL IMBROGLIO.

"But I was not sent. I have not spoken to any one about it, and not a soul knew I was coming. I come to you because—oh! because it would kill me if this thing were to go any farther!"

"Then it is to your father you should have gone, or to that dog of an Austrian. They began this question. Let them end it. All I want is my right, and my right I will have, though ten like them try to take it from me."

"I would go to my father on my knees if I thought it would change him. But he is so obstinate that he would not listen, or if he listened it would only be to punish me for interfering. It is only to you I can turn, and I ask you to have consideration."

"What consideration has been shown to me? I give what I get."

"Ah, give more, Pedro! Give what I ask as a favor—as a favor to me." With a quick, supple movement, she wrenched herself out of the saddle and ran to him, laying her hand on his arm. "It is as if I asked for my life from you; and you will not refuse, will you?"

He shook her off roughly, and laughed in bitter scorn. "You think still that I am a fool," he said, "but you are mistaken. You must know that I am now turned sensible. Go to some one else to ask favors. I have none to give you."

"But you owe me one," she persisted, choking down the generous shame which would tie her tongue. "I nursed your mother for weeks, last winter, and her hand was in mine when she died. Mother and I closed her eyes. The last thing she said to us was that you would pay us some time. You were there and heard; and you promised to remember her behest. I ask you to remember it to-day. I ask you to pay us now."

His face changed, but only to an expression of deeper anger and scorn. "God!" he cried, "the meanness of bringing up the name of the dead in such a way. You throw my mother's words in my face as the reason why I should allow your father to treat me like the mud. It is what might be expected from the daughter of Juan Echegaray. But look"—and, placing one forefinger athwart the other in the form of a cross, he kissed them fiercely—"I swear that all your deceit will not save him from accounting to me should he dare again to cheat me of my right."

"Oh! you do not understand," she sobbed, wringing her hands, as he drove away from her. She looked at him imploringly, reproachfully, through tears of despair and humiliation.

"I understand well enough to know this question will not rest as it is because of a woman's artful whine," were his parting words to her; and he flung her a glance with them which hurt her like a blow.

He was beginning to see red in every di-

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rection—he was caught in the clutches of a madness that had its origin in the long, bitter years of his struggle with the soil. Death had taken from him his father and mother, worn out with fatigue and the sorrow of defeat; and his brothers and sisters had fallen away from him, one by one. He had fought on alone, keeping a brave, gay face to the world, through misery and want, scraping together every available cent, and denying himself even some of the necessaries of life, in order to pay his men, while he took his place beside them, month by month and year by year, working himself to the bone. A splendid harvest had at length brought him to the threshold of emancipation from his cares. The delivery of his wheat would mean victory at long last. Now, thwarted at this climaxing moment, Pedro Binni had leaped out of bounds.

"With blood in the eye for all the world! That is how he comes, the Italian subject!" was the expressive comment made by the thresher gang as he halted at a short distance from the van in the shade of which they were squatted on the stubbles, eating.

"Will you not come and join us in whatever is going?" they asked him cheerily.

But he declined their proffered hospitality with a silent shake of the head, and, pulling the leaf of his hat down over his forehead, doubled himself up on the seat of his *jardinero* and—waited.

Juan Echegaray, who was sunning himself on the pyramid of bags beside the scales, appeared to take no notice of his neighbor. He too had declined an invitation to the van, and, although he seemed to be merely killing time in lazy contemplation of the landscape, he held himself at the disposal of events, vigilant and ready. But it was only when Dominga returned to the machine with her fresh horses that he gave evidence of reawakened interest in his immediate surroundings. He had seen her with Pedro Binni on the open plain, and he resented it. Her very air of dejection he regarded as a kind of disloyalty to himself. Beckoning her to him, he asked her sharply in Euskara:

"Why were you gossiping yonder with that animal there?"

Her eyelids, swollen with the tears that had scalded them, dropped. But a flash shot from beneath them, and the next instant she was looking him in the face, self-possessed and unafraid.

"I was gossiping with no animal," she replied quietly. "I was speaking with one who has always been our friend."

"Let me find you speaking with him again," he said, "and you will have a thonging from me that will teach you to know my enemies in future. Now go!"

She turned her horses away from him in silence and took her place beside the machine, wishing she were dead.

Pedro Binni, huddled up on the seat of his *jardinero*, more than fifty yards away, had been watching them from under his hat. "She has told him how her deceit could not fool me," he muttered. "My curse upon her and him and them all! They shall learn more about me before long."

At two o'clock the corn dealer returned. He had changed horses and driven like the wind all the way.

"They will be here at sundown," he said quietly to Karl Weilmart.

"No sooner?" asked Karl in blank dismay. "Why, man, we shall need them in an hour!"

The last rick was more than half finished. By three o'clock there would not be a straw of it left, and then the crux would come. Pedro Binni had established himself close to the engine, and wore the air of a man who had a vested interest therein. Juan Echegaray was already making preparations to concentrate on the next haggard.

"It looks serious," said the dealer, when the situation was explained to him. "Had you not better stop the work?"

"And bring the two of them down on my back! And have my men, who are paid so much per *quintal*, going on strike! No, thank you."

The dealer shifted uneasily in his seat, and said haltingly, after a pause: "I have an appointment some leagues away—business of importance—must leave you now—I hope it will be all right."

"*Adiós*," replied Karl, scornfully, and went back to his engine. He was at his wit's end. The machine was tearing through the butt of the rick at a savage rate, bringing him every moment nearer to a dilemma fraught with the most robust possibilities of disaster. What was to be done? While he was pondering the question in deep tribulation, his glance chanced to fall upon his assistant, who, neglecting duty, was yelling pleasantries to the gag-

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gers at the grain spouts; and quick as lightning a Metternich idea flashed into the Austrian's mind.

"It is an inspiration!" he said to himself, with a mighty uplifting of the spirit; and he resolved to take a hand forthwith in the game of minor statecraft.

"Give her oil! Give her oil, *idiota apestado!*" he shouted to the startled assistant. "We shall have an axle going on fire while you stand there with the mouth open."

He placed his hand on the cylinder bearing, and snatched it away at once, shaking it as if in pain.

"Stop her! Stop her!" he cried, signing frantically to the stoker, who leaped upon the foot-plate and shut off the steam.

"There we are—planted! held up! and because there are imbeciles at large who should be in their cells," he continued, as the machine stopped. He swung himself to the platform, from which position he hurled scathing selections of anathema at his assistant, calling at the same time for a bucket of water, emery-paper, the oil-can, a spanner, and a file.

"What is wrong?" asked Juan Echegaray, pausing in his work.

"What is wrong, indeed! Make me the favor to admire what comes from having men about a machine who play the clown instead of attending to duty. This axle is nearly white hot—that is what is wrong!"

It was a flagrant over-statement of the case. The bearing was at a temperature perfectly normal, considering the tremendous heat of the sun's rays to which it had been exposed all day, and the speed at which the cylinder must necessarily be driven to overcome the resistance of the straw. But Karl Weilmart was now engineering more than a threshing-machine. He had taken charge of an international imbroglio, and was determined to keep the peace by stratagem until such time as he should be in a position to do it by force.

He would allow no one to touch that bearing; and he knelt over it, guarding it zealously from the hands of the ignorant and curious. Occasionally he flicked it lightly with the tips of his fingers, to test its temperature, while he poured water upon it carefully, so as not to wet the interior of the machine. At length, he went to work with a spanner and removed the upper part, exposing the gleaming shaft, over which he threw an oil-damped cloth.

"Will it delay you much?" asked Juan Echegaray, anxiously.

"There is no knowing," was the reply. "Maybe half an hour, maybe an hour—just according, eh?"

This statement was greeted with variegated Basque profanity. Juan Echegaray was not born to have much patience with machine bearings that heated nor with assistant folks who neglected to oil them. He cursed them both roundly, and added a few reserve phrases to the performance when he saw the men flinging themselves on the ground in the shade of the machine to rest and chat.

Pedro Binni made no sign. He was still lolling in his *jardinero*, with his hat pulled over his eyes, waiting. His time for action would not come until the thresher was ready to leave the haggard. Dominga stole a glance at him and drew a breath of relief. A respite of even half an hour was welcome to her.

But it was a full hour before Karl Weilmart was ready to start again. He washed the bearing cap with water, filed it, gouged the dregs out of the oil groove, and polished the smooth metal until it shone in the sun like a mirror; and for every one of these operations he gave detailed technical explanations to the impatient Basque. As he screwed the piece home into its place over the axle, he expressed the hope that it would now work as well as before.

"But of course," he added, "there is always the danger of its heating itself again—which is the worst of a case like this."

A fresh start was made immediately, and in a short time the assistant, who had been left on guard at the platform, equipped with a water kettle and a wad of damped bagging, was making signals of distress. The bearing was heated despite all he could do to keep it cool. It was already so hot that it could scarcely be touched by the bare hand. Juan Echegaray placed a finger upon it for a moment, and broke at once into curses. He had received palpable proof that the axle was on the point of going on fire. Karl Weilmart had done his work with consummate mechanical skill, and the excursion into the regions of minor statecraft was giving results.

Another long stoppage resulted, during which there were filings and washings and oilings, and applications of emery-paper, and congested profanity. Another start

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was followed by a second delay. The afternoon wore on, and when the shadows were lengthening in the sunset crimson, the understudy of Prince Von Metternich was scrubbing the bearing-cap with emery-paper for the fourth time.

As he was making a fresh start, there was a flash of accouterments in the level sunbeams, and presently three members of the Policia Rurale galloped up and dismounted.

He was delighted to see them, and mentally slapped himself on the back for having played the game so well in the interests of the higher civilization. When he had explained the state of affairs to them he added: "There you have the situation. I have had it on my hands all day, and, if you will believe me, I am weary of it. With your permission, I now hand it over to you."

The *sarjento*, a battle-scarred veteran of the frontier Indian wars, who had carried into the service of the police the rough-and-ready methods of his trooper days, went at once to Pedro Binni and called him to order.

"I am told, *amigo*," he said, "that you are here with the intention to act with violence and break up the tranquillity of the people. Is it true?"

"I am here to defend my right," was the answer, spoken in no apoiogetic or diffident tone.

"And the police are here to defend the peace, *sabe?*" went on the *sarjento*, making a sign to his two subordinates, who advanced to his side. "And I tell you this, which you will do well to heed: You are to leave here at once or you will oblige us to make you a prisoner, charged with disorder and disobedience to authority. Are you going?"

Pedro Binni looked into the faces of the three armed men who confronted him, and then at their weapons—carbines, revolvers, and sabers.

"I am going," he said, and touched his horse with the whip. As he drove off, he turned to Juan Echegaray and Karl Weilmart, who had been silent witnesses of the scene, and added: "Bah! ye were not the men to cheat me a second time to-day, and stand against me alone, so ye sent for aid, no? Felicitate yourselves—for the present!"

"It is a lie that I sent for any help to keep you in order," cried the Basque indignantly. "I could have accounted for a whole team of your kind myself. And if——"

"*Basta*," interrupted the *sarjento* gruffly. "If there is any shooting to be done in this neighborhood, the police will do it. Give me up that revolver you are wearing."

But Pedro Binni did not hear this, nor did he hear the angry protest with which Echegaray surrendered the weapon.

"Cowards and cheats!" he said to himself, bitterly, as he took his way across the plain through the evening glory. "First a girl's deceitfulness to put me off, and then the police to bully me. But it is all the same. They shall see whether I am frightened any more than I was fooled."

He halted when the short twilight was fading, and listened. Down the evening winds came the hum of the distant thresher, still at work. He turned his horse and went slowly back. It was about the same time that Karl Weilmart was saying to the police:

"Nothing like being resolute with these people! They comprehend force. They need to be managed with the firmness! We have given them a lesson, and there will be peace here now."

The guardians of the peace received these remarks in noncommittal silence. They had dealt too often with such peacefulness to be oversanguine.

Having vindicated law and order to his entire satisfaction, the Austrian was bent upon hurrying on the work. In view of the altered aspect of the international situation, he had made another adjustment of the cylinder bearing; and, needless to say, the axle had now ceased to give trouble.

"It is that the metals contract and normalize themselves after the heat of the day when the sun goes down," he explained to Juan Echegaray in his Metternich terminology; and signified, at the same time, his intention of continuing operations into the night, so as to finish the rick and be ready to move out early next morning, thus making up for the Metternich hours of the afternoon.

The *sarjento* called his men aside and said to them: "It is clear that this machine man here is a kind of idiot, eh? His talk about peace, and of the lesson we have given, is all lyrical—mere poesy, no? Did you mark the face of that Italian as he took himself away? Peace! Oh, yes! As much peace, my friends, as you shall find me any

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HOW HE REACHED HER; HOW HE SNATCHED HER UP AND CARRIED HER THROUGH THE SUFFOCATING SMOKE AND HEAT—IT COULD NEVER, NEVER BE TOLD!

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day in a bag of cats. I am thinking we shall hear more of his peacefulness to-night, and it is, therefore, necessary to be prepared."

They quietly took up strategic positions on the verge of the scattered straw, and the orders of the *sarjento* were brief and precise:

"Give him the word to stand the moment you see him; and if he disobeys, shoot."

Darkness fell, and the machine still droned and thundered on. Every time Dominga drew away a pile of the straw now, she made a wide circuit when returning for a fresh load, going at the utmost speed to which she could whip her lagging horses. She, too, was expecting that Pedro Binni would return, and she knew what awaited him. She meant to warn him.

When at last she met him, he had just secured his horse, and was approaching the thresher on foot. She pulled at the reins with all her force and stopped close beside him.

"Pedro," she called in a low voice, "listen to me, before it is too late."

"Spying!" he hissed, and a foul name hurtled through the gloom.

"Go back!" she implored in a terrified half-whisper. "For the love of Heaven and Maria Santisima, go back. The police are waiting yonder to shoot you."

He would have passed on, but she threw herself from the saddle and stood before him, tugging at the collar of her bodice.

"If you go on, you go to your death," she urged desperately, "and you must first kill me, for not until I am dead shall you pass. And if it is revenge you must have, then kill me all the same, but go back and save yourself—oh, man, man! I can say no more—Strike quick, if it is to be that, and go!"

Even through the storm which raged around his untutored soul, some of that cry of love penetrated. For a few moments he stood silent and irresolute, and a long, indrawn breath shook him as if a knife blade had cut into his flesh.

"I go back, then," he said, and without another word glided away into the darkness.

"He is saved!" she cried softly to herself, and could have screamed for the joy of it. She raised her arms above her head and looked with streaming eyes into the starry blue. "Oh, God, but you are so good!" she whispered. "And guard him always, eh? For he is better than them all here; and they have wronged him. You know it."

Then, remembering her work, she dragged her tired limbs into the saddle again, and hurried back to the machine.

But Pedro Binni did not go away. He paused with his foot on the step of his *jardinero* and ground his teeth; for the demons which had been driving his thoughts all day were talking to him once more.

"Baffled! Cheated, cheated, and taking it like a cur? Nothing for it now, forever and ever, but to lie down under the feet of any man in quest of some one upon whom to wipe his boots? Turned back from revenge by a girl who warned me of the police! Or is it that I was afraid? And did she mean all she said? Oh, curse her, curse her! What do I care?"

He retraced his steps. No woman's pleading should stand between him and the demand of his manhood. And he cursed her again—cursed her because he loved her, and because in the love of men of his stamp there is at times a streak of hatred that can slay.

"I will pay off those who have cheated and insulted me," he said hoarsely, "or there will be no Pedro Binni to-morrow for the people to scorn as a coward."

The *sarjento* crouched in the straw and waited until he was sure that the figure advancing toward him stealthily out of the shadows was the man for whom they waited.

"Halt!" he shouted, with his finger on the trigger.

Pedro Binni sprang back; and a long, blue-white flash leaped out upon the night as the bullet sped. Two more flashes quickly followed, one from the right, the other from the left.

Then, and almost as quickly, something happened that had not figured in the calculations of the police. The straw, which had been bleached to the inflammability of tinder by the heat of the sun, lapped up the flame from the carbines and took fire in three different places. The evening wind had freshened considerably, and the blaze leaped before it with an appalling swiftness. The men at the thresher deserted their work and ran from the spreading conflagration for their lives. There was no need to warn them of the danger, terrible and lightning-footed, of such a fire. They ran from it

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pell-mell, leaving their belongings behind.

Karl Weilmart sprang to the emergency-coupling chain and made it fast; but before he could get the engine to back away, a great surge of the blaze tumbled him under the thresher, and went curling and bounding upward through the interior. In a few seconds it was a mass of tossing flame, fed by the bone-dry woodwork and the oil soaked dust. The traction gear came into play too late. Red sheets of fire rolled upon the engine, from the straw and débris scattered around; and after manfully staying at his post, while there was a fighting chance left of driving clear, the Austrian was forced to leap at last from the cab through the fiery smother which had enfolded him.

The straw had been thrown about the ground loosely, as is the custom in the Argentine wheat belt, where it is never ricked, but simply burned to get it out of the way, when the threshing season is over. It covered more than an acre; and the long tongues of fire were stabbing it into flame in nearly every direction. It was a fearful sight; and suddenly, from the very heart of it, rang the cry of some one in peril. A strong gust of wind hit the billowing smoke and tore it asunder, and for one vivid, awful moment, in the ruddy glare of destruction, Dominga and her brother were revealed amidst the tangled straw, where the outbreak of the fire had caught them. She was helping the terrified boy to mount on the led horse, and was herself, for the moment, on foot.

When the black smoke closed round them again, it was as if the hand of Death had covered them with a pall. But soon it parted once more, showing the lad already out of reach of the blaze, and riding into safety —alone. Dominga's horse had fallen over a pile of the loose straw, throwing her heavily on her face. She lay there prone and motionless, while a great crackling shroud of flame lapped high above her, as if about to swoop down and wrap her in its folds.

As the smoke rolled in and hid her, there was a shout from the windward, and when the swing of the next gust lifted the murk from the still prostrate form of the girl, a man, in his shirt-sleeves, with a rough cotton jacket thrown over his head, was seen rushing to her through that seething hell.

How he reached her; how he snatched her up and carried her through the suffocating smoke and heat; how he fought his way through the straw, whipped by the circling tentacles of fire which appeared to sear the very sky; how he fell and rose again, blackened and scorched and half blinded, yet still holding her in his arms; and how after minutes of agony that crawled like cycles, he stumbled out with her at last into the open—oh, it could never, never be told!

But it was Pedro Binni who did it.

They cheered him frantically and ran to relieve him of his burden. And when he had given her to them, he reeled for a moment or two, like a drunken man, and fell senseless at their feet.

"If I live to be as old as the north wind, señores, I shall thank God, every time I think of it, that we missed our aim tonight!"

It was the *sarjento* who spoke, and his words were the first that Pedro Binni heard when he came back to consciousness. Juan Echegaray took his neighbor's hand and wrung it, swearing penitently the while, with impressive and whole-hearted vigor.

"After I had treated you so, friend Pedro!" he cried. "After I had been the means of—of—*vamos*, *hombre*—of having the lid nearly lifted off your brains! How did you find in your heart the nobleness to do it, eh?"

"Oh, bah! It was *propriamente* this way," explained Pedro Binni, carelessly, "When that machine made smoke of itself, I began to laugh, is it not? For I felt the consolation—the relief. Because as there was now no thresher left to fight about, there was no more question of who should have it. And then—then—when I saw some one falling from her horse in the middle of the blaze——"

He broke off suddenly and looked around him in the light of the waning fire.

"But where is she now?" he asked.

Dominga, who was seated beside him, nestled closer, and laid her cheek against his, answering for herself.

"I am here."

"*Ecco!*" he said, and encircled her with a blistered arm.

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"We die! We die! There is no hope!"

BY HONORÉ WILLSIE

Author of "OLD KE-MAH OF THE DESERT," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD BOREIN

ONE day an editor said: "Why do you waste your time writing about Indians? No one is interested in the Indian."

"But," urged the writer, abjectly, as befitted a writer, "that is because only a few know about the Indian."

"Certainly!" agreed the editor, comfortably. "No one knows and no one cares! Come now! What is there worth hearing about Lo that we didn't hear and forget in the grades?"

The writer stared out of the window. What about Lo, indeed! What, except that he is dying!

From the editorial window one saw ocean liners steaming majestically up from quarantine. One saw bridges and skyscrapers, ferries and thousands of black specks of humans. The whole new world, new life, new hope, in miniature! What could be said that would make the dying Lo worth even a passing sigh?

There is a picture that haunts the writer with an unmitigable poignancy:

Early morning on the desert. The desert floor, yellow, translucent, evanescent, merging into blue on the far horizon. The desert sky, a brooding bronze violet, silent and palpitating. Then a chant, at first so faint, so wholly natural, that it seems only a harmony of the throbbing sky, the shimmering sand. Through the infinite space of the desert moves a long, slow line of scarlet, and the chant rises clearer and clearer:

"Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!
Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!"

The dead, slung in a canvas hammock from a pole borne by two scarlet-girdled bucks; the medicine-man, long hair floating in the wind, lean, ascetic face lifted to the sky; squaws with red *toma-kwiches* tossing;

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bucks with muscles rippling under their white gauze shirts—a long, slow line plodding across the endless sand to the funeral pyre. Then the leaping flames, the wavering thread of smoke, melting into the brooding sky, faces distorted with grief, sobs of the world-old agony, and the chant:

"*We die! We die! There is no hope! Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!*"

It was one of the last steps in a tragedy that the world has not consciously perhaps witnessed before—the utter extinction of a race. The tragedy was taking place in a setting of unparalleled splendor of color. The race was dying with stoicism, watching its own death-throes day by day with the philosophy of the eagle over its nest tragedy. And it seems a tragedy as deep, as significant, as any that has appeared in literature.

And yet the world finds neither in the Indian nor in his death anything picturesque, anything tragic, or of the least value.

One of the hardest things in life is to get the other person's view-point; to appreciate the ideals of another who has been reared under a code not our own; to realize that the other's code may demand sterner self-denial, be more rigorously observed, than our own.

Just suppose that the white race had dwindled down until only a few thousands of us were left. Just suppose that you had fought, that your father's father's father had fought; but that the yellow race had crowded you to the wall, was tilling your ground, navigating your streams, seducing your wives and daughters, ramming down your throat its ideals, its morals, its mode of eating, of rising up, of sitting down; that, even to the manner of cutting your hair, you must live as the yellow man dictated!

Well, that is what we have done to the Indian. A race that he loathes and despises is wiping him out. It has not been content with subjecting him. It has destroyed his individuality, subverted his moral code, and demolished his religion, and it is of these outrages more than all else that the Indian is dying.

Of course, if the Indian has nothing to contribute to life, it is better that he should die. But Nature has a queer little way of making nothing without its useful purpose. If we miss the purpose, the fault lies in our own bigotry, and we pay the piper. Take

DRUMMERS OF THE PUEBLO SANTA CLARA

the fact that the Indian is what we once were, intimate with the soil and the sky; that Nature still speaks to him directly; that he still is unafraid to face the pitiless inevitability of Nature's methods. Can we get nothing of value from the philosophy he has evolved from these facts?—we who have evolved our own complicated ideals of life from the same facts?

Life on its philosophical side is to the Indian what it has long ceased to be to the white—a simple matter of facing the universe like a man, fighting to the last ditch for one's blood, then dying without a whimper. Such a simple matter, life, to the Indian's philosophy! One's own race is the best of earth's conceptions. Therefore, to keep alive one's race is the whole of man's duty. To do this he must keep his blood untainted, must let nothing but war interfere with the propagation of his family, the unit of the tribe. A man who has no children is a failure. If, the Indian says, life is

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INDIANS, WHO FURNISH THE MUSIC FOR THE CEREMONIAL DANCES.

not all a chimera, then the great primal purpose of life is to reproduce itself, and man, failing to do this, is renegade to the Grand Movement.

A few years ago three Chemehuevi Indians were coming up the Colorado River on the little side-paddle steamer that puts into Needles every so often. There were Ah-kah, his squaw Mary, and a very young squaw, Veeda. It was a June day, and mid-afternoon, with the river sliding black and sullen between the prismatic cañon walls that towered on either side to the very blue of the vivid desert sky. The missionary who accompanied the Indians was in a prayerfully triumphant mood. After months of effort, she had converted Ah-kah to Christianity, and Ah-kah was the most influential man in his tribe. She had great hopes now of Mary. Mary was such a dear old woman!

But as for Veeda, despite the missionary's honest Christianity she could but share the dislike that Ah-kah and the other Chemehuevis had for the girl. They accused her of witchcraft—of being a liar and a thief. In the missionary's opinion, Veeda had a sneaking, low, unwholesome personality; she was young and strong, but her influence in the tribe was as evil as old Mary's was good.

How it happened no one knew, but as Ah-kah and the missionary stood in the prow of the boat, they heard a scream from the stern and, rushing back, saw Veeda and Mary struggling in the water. Mary's red *toma-kwich* blew up in the wind for an instant like a scarlet sail, then dropped back, disclosing her black head. There were shouts from the whites on board, then the engines were reversed. No white could live in the June current of the Colorado here.

For an instant Ah-kah stood, his beautiful old face distorted with agony. Then with incredible speed he stripped to his breech-clout, and the missionary heard him

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Photograph by Honore Willsie.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL. THE LEAPING FLAMES FROM THE FUNERAL PYRE LIGHT UP THE BROODING FACES OF THE MOURNERS.

whisper in his own tongue—"Love of my young manhood! Love of my young hope!" She knew that he was speaking of Mary.

Then he dived into the sullen black water that was whirling the two dark heads far down-stream.

But, to the amazement of all on board, he swam past Mary to Veeda, who had disappeared far beyond. He brought her up, gave her a blow that made her free his neck, and struck out feebly for the plank the captain had thrown over. By the time he had reached the plank with the senseless Veeda, Mary had disappeared forever. Ah-kah himself had known that but one squaw could be saved.

Haled on board, Ah-kah refused all assistance, gave no heed to the white men's praise. He stood in his dripping loin-cloth, water running from his hair into his eyes, watching the river where Mary had gone down. His face worked with anguish. The missionary thought she understood,and was astonished at the depths of the Indian's new Christianity. She put a hand on Ah-kah's wet arm.

"The Lord will reward you!" she cried softly. "You knew that Mary was more fit to die, that we must get Veeda back till we could save her spirit!"

The old Indian turned on the white woman eyes in which all the tragedy of his race was speaking. "Veeda's spirit!" he exclaimed in Chemehuevi. "Veeda's spirit!" —contemptuously. "No! Veeda's body! She is young and strong. Mary was past child-bearing. The tribe needs Veeda. She will have to marry a young buck. But Mary—! Oh, the Great Spirit wants only the children!—But Mary! Mary! My bosom will be cold and my heart is dead. Go away, white woman! You can't understand!"

And Ah-kah turned again to the black river.

Such a simple matter, life, to the Indian's philosophy! Ah-kah was unafraid to face the First and the Last Law: Bear children or die!

Quaint idea, eh?

Yet it is the idea that you and I had when we were close to the sod that bore us. It is the idea that, combined with our favoring environment, has made us the sturdy, conquering race that we are; and it is the loss of this philosophy that eventually will endanger our vigor.

Surely we are losing something with the Indian. I am not speaking of the Christianized, socialized, amalgamated Indian. I mean the Indian left alone on his reservation to preserve his own traditions, to live

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and love untainted by white men's ills and evils. Isn't he worth preserving so, just as a standard with which to compare our distorted ideals? We have wandered so far from our old instincts. We are so afraid to strip life of the veneer we have put on it; to acknowledge Nature's inexorable ruling and conform.

What if we were to take the Indian's idea that your life and mine are just for the next generation, anyhow? Wouldn't it relieve our days of their useless complications and make the world rather a fine place in which to live?

Old Ke-mah says: "Injuns aren't smart like whites. But they for a long time have listened to what desert, *mesa*, sky, say about life, about death. Whites, they no have time to listen. Man lives just to make tribe live. Live, have children, die. If children not good, that's your fault, you must pay. It doesn't matter about one man. All that matters is that tribe lives. Each man must have a child or tribe dies. Bad if tribe die. No matter about one man. If he isn't strong enough to live he better die; go find out what the matter is from the Great Spirit."

Old Ke-mah said many other things. It was a hundred and ten in the shade of his adobe, and the old Mohave was airily clad in a gauze shirt and a loin-cloth. I wore a

AN INDIAN BLANKET WEAVER BEFORE HIS LOOM, WORKING OUT A DESIGN OF STRANGE BEAUTY AND PATHOS: THE INDIAN STORY OF THE DESERT.

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khaki skirt, high-laced boots, and a starched blouse. We eyed each other with considerable disapproval.

"How long did it take you to make your waist?" asked Ke-mah in Mohave.

I looked at the heavy embroidered design. "Perhaps two weeks," I answered.

"Are you happy in it?"

"No," I replied; "it's too hot."

"Why do you wear it?"

I veered. "The law says you Indians must wear trousers, Ke-mah. Why don't you?"

"Heap hot here," answered Ke-mah. "Clothes make Injuns feel sick. Big Sheriff at Washington says bucks must wear pants, squaws wear skirts to cover up their legs. Are you whites ashamed of your legs?"

"No—o—" I answered.

"Then if it's so hot that clothes make you sick, why do you wear them? Why don't you cover the horses' legs, cover the coyotes'? You say your God made me, made the coyote. Why are you ashamed of my legs, not of the coyotes'?"

"Ke-mah," I said, "whites think they look better with clothes on."

"No, they don't think so," answered the old Mohave. "When Ke-mah goes to Los Angeles he goes to the white men's shows. Always there are many whites watching women dance in no skirts. Always in the windows are pictures and carvings that have no clothes on. When the Indians wear clothes in the desert it makes them get consumption. Then the whites send a doctor. Why not let the Indians go without clothes and not have to pay the doctor?"

"Whites think clothes are beautiful," I suggested feebly.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Ke-mah in wonder. Suddenly he pointed a lean brown finger at my blouse. "What does that say?" He touched the embroidery.

"Say? Why, nothing. It's just a design."

The old Indian looked at the embroidery long and earnestly. Then he shook his head. "To Indians all things say something that makes them beautiful or ugly. Why do you say something is beautiful?"

I could not answer.

"Look!" cried Ke-mah, pointing to the scarlet girdle about the waist of a passing buck. "That red belt, it looks beautiful to me. That's because red is the sun frightening away the night. So it is the color of the Great Spirit and everything He made strong. Red, it means the strong, overcoming the bad; it means joy, happiness. That's why I like red. Maybe it's why you do; only you are white and don't understand things like an Indian."

"Do you like the embroidery, Ke-mah?" I asked.

"No!" he answered. "It don't speak to me. That," said Ke-mah, pointing to a great cross on an olla, "speaks to me. It tells of the four world quarters where the winds come from and where the spirits that make the wind and the rain live. Those little squares are the stars that belong to rest and peace. Perhaps those lines on your waist say something like that, only you are white and can't understand."

No, a white can't understand, fully; but we may wonder; wonder whether, if we eliminated from our ornamentation all that did not speak to us, beauty would not be more real and full of meaning to us. Perhaps the Indian ideal of art is very near to fundamental beauty itself!

When I see an Indian olla with the four world quarters on it, or a blanket of scarlet with gray wind lines and black bird-flights across it, or a willow basket with the delicate green tracery of the rain spirit through it, it seems to me that I am glimpsing the simple, honest yearnings of our own race infancy. It seems to me that I can hear the stone's whisper, the cloud's message, the wolf's warning, the star's song, and once more I am intimate with the earth, with the common source of life. And the thought is purging. Through it, one loses touch with artificiality. One becomes simple and clean again, with sane ideals and with a readjusted wholesomeness of view-point.

Here is another picture:

It is of an Indian blanket weaver at work before his loom, looking out across the awful depth of cañon before his door to the scintillating distances of the desert. The blanket grows a perfect thing from the very start. Wool cut from the desert-bred sheep, dyes from root and bark and cactus stem, fashioned together into a design of strange beauty and pathos: the Indian story of the desert. To this Navajo weaver comes the white, with aniline dyes, with factory yarn and cotton warp, and designs of engines, houses, lodge emblems, any design that is un-Indian, un-desert, unnatural. With

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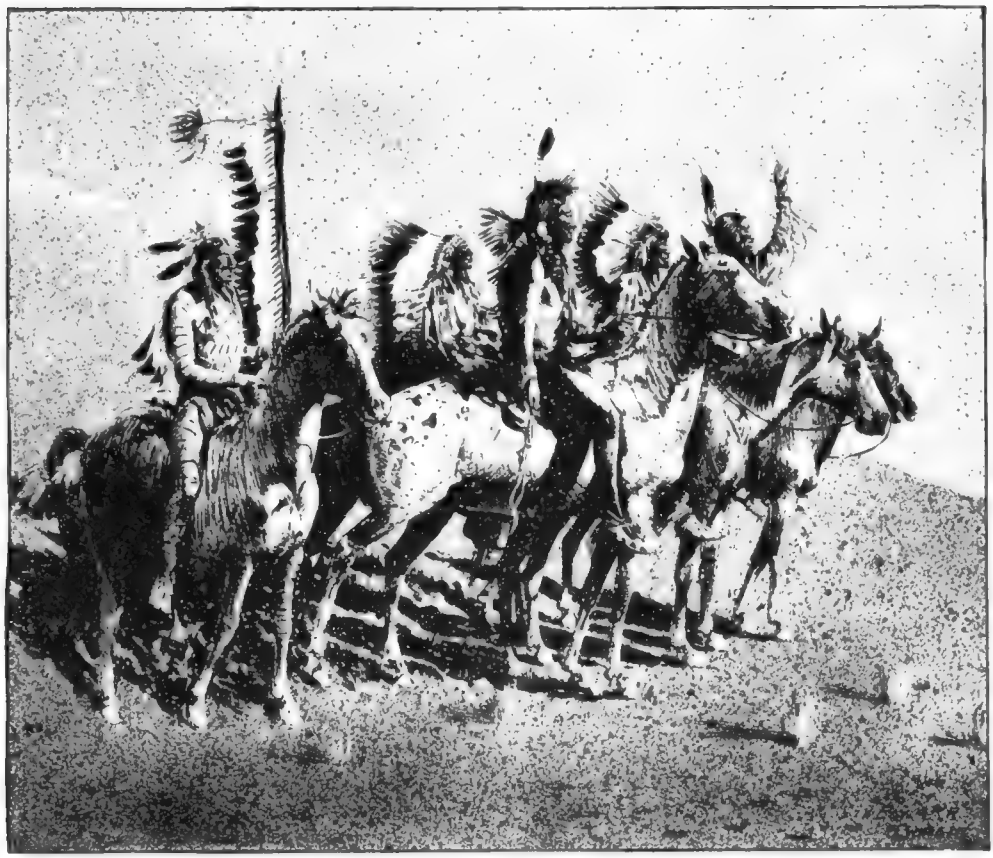

THE INDIAN IS WHAT WE ONCE WERE, INTIMATE WITH THE SOIL AND THE SKY; NATURE STILL SPEAKS TO HIM DIRECTLY.

threat, cajolery, bribes, the white forces the Indian to manufacture abortive things that are an insult to the Indian's old ideals of weaving.

And with this picture of the Passing of the Blanket comes a like one of the Passing of the Basket, and the Passing of Pottery.

Indian art is dying of white ideals. And we, hunting for the secret of Japanese charm of art, are annihilating the key to the secret which lies at our very door. Beauty only beautiful when it speaks to us!

The Indian believes that the earth is his mother; that the earth is a living substance, with the quickening power of life, which she gives to all that feed on her, directly or indirectly. Springing thus from a common source, all life is close of kin—rocks and rivers, trees and sky, stars and birds are bone of his own bone. This belief colors his whole existence, gives him that simple outlook on the vagaries of our civilization which we call childish. To wander as far as we have wandered from our kin—tree, rock, and bird—seems to him foolish. He can not think himself into the state of mind where the *things* we gain from our lives of infinite travail seem in the least worth while.

"Ke-mah," I said, "when you look back over your many days, what memory seems best to you? Is it of the work you have done?"

The old chief grinned. "When a white says 'work,' that means earning money. One day Ke-mah said to a missionary woman: 'Suppose Ke-mah work all day, earn lots of money, then what?'

"Says missionary, 'You can have fine house, full of nice things, nice clothes.'

"'But,' say Ke-mah, 'outdoors—sky, star, sun—is better than houses. Makes people healthy, makes people good, to live

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outdoors, huh? Why sweat all day in shops so's to buy a house to stay in at night? Why not work just enough to get food? Anyhow, that's all you whites get—just food and clothes—but, big fools, you put in your whole life getting them. When you are old and die, the Great Spirit don't care how many nice *things* you have, he care about your spirit. Is your spirit better than old Ke-mah's?'

"The missionary woman she didn't answer."

"But Ke-mah," I repeated, "what memories bring you most satisfaction?"

Ke-mah looked off at the unspeakable depth and brilliancy of desert and sky. Then he turned his fine old face to me, and spoke slowly: "I have loved a woman. I have had a son born to me. The river, the desert, the night stars, they have spoken to me and I have heard."

If once more our civilized ears could hear, above the din of our civilization, the pulsing of the universe! If once more our eyes could behold, above the roofs that hem us in, the naked loveliness of the skies! If once more our voices could answer to the call of the wind and the beating rain!——

The race from which we could learn, if we would, is dying. The roll grows year by year more melancholy. On Long Island the Montauks are extinct. In 1650 there were twenty thousand Hurons, in 1850 twelve hundred, in 1905 eight hundred. The Mohave Indians were four thousand strong in 1850. To-day there is scarce a thousand of them. In the beginning of the nineteenth century there were a hundred and fifty thousand California Indians. In 1905 there were perhaps fifteen thousand. And of the Pueblo Indians, those intelligent, fascinating inhabitants of the pueblos, out of sixty thousand when the Spanish found them we have left not quite ten thousand.

We have taken their country and in return we have given them our dreadful diseases. We have scorned their old ideals and have stamped them out. To requite them we have debauched their sons. We have taken away their moral code, and in return, oh, God of the Indians! we have seduced their women. Time was when the tribe punished the liar or the breaker of promises by burning all of the offender's possessions; when a thief was ostracized, and a woman found in adultery was stoned from the tribe. And now—now we are civilizing them, and they are dying mentally, morally, and physically.

Before that pitiful scarlet line wound across the desert to the funeral pyre, the tribe mourned at the dead man's house. The still figure lay on the ground without the door, covered by a Navajo blanket. About it sat the remnant of the village, contemplating not only the death of a loved son but also another stride toward their tribal extinction.

For the Indian has no illusions regarding his death. His tears come from a depth unknown to the whites. So the medicine-man panted in agony as he begged the Great Spirit to make their young squaws fruitful. His bent body was wracked with sobs as he watched the dead man's mother wring her futile hands over the quiet blanket. So the whole tribe sobbed broken-heartedly:

"We die! We die! There is no hope! Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!"

Crowded about the sobbing Indians was a number of whites who had heard of the Indian ceremony and had come out from the town to see the sight. They wore a gala air. The women and children were gaily dressed. The men smoked lazily. Above the heart-shattering throb of the death-chant rose the comments of the spectators:

"I am afraid the sun will fade this blue dress."

"See the slim squaw, Jim! Isn't she a peach!"

(*"We die! We die! There is no hope!"*)

"Isn't it a shame to burn that good blanket!" Then catcalls from the small boys, and a pebble hits the mourning mother's head.

"Ai! Ai! Ai! Beloved!"

It doesn't matter. It's a common sight—the whites watching the death-throes of the Indians. The death-scene is in a setting unparalleled for its perfect atmosphere.—But neither in the Indian nor in his death do the whites find anything picturesque nor anything tragic. And yet one might

> "————discern
> Infinite passion, and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn."

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK

Calculated on a New and Revarnished Plan for the Year

1912

Being Presidential and Bissextile or Leap-Year and 136th of American more-or-less Independence.
Fitted for New York, but will answer for the more important districts as well.
Containing, besides days and dates, a variety of Tables, Advice, Forecasts, Charades, Anecdotes, and other Second-Class Mail Matter.

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

MARCH hath 31 days 1912

Bits of Information

The population of Otego, N. Y., is 871.

Charles Dickens was a famous English novelist.

Coal, a black substance, often is used as fuel.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

New York City, N. Y., is the largest city in the United States of America.

Dull as December and as drear;
As treacherous as Janivere;
As February dank and chill,
And showerie as is Aprille;
As mild as May; as dry as June;
Warm as a July afternoon;
Humid as August; and as bright
As ever was September night;
October's haze; November's cold—
And March his various tale is told.

—*Moore*, Weather Bureau Lyrics.

1—Fr. —ST. DAVID. W. D. Howells born, 1837.
2—Sa. —American Literature disc. by W. D. Howells, 1837.
3—Su. —*Second Sunday in Lent.*
4—M. —Inauguration Day. Willis L. Moore promised fine weather, 1909.
5—Tu. —Willis L. Moore joshed by 32,682 newspapers, 1909.
6—W. —Harry Lauder buys drink, 1907.
7—Th. —Luther Burbank born, 1849.
8—Fr. —Homer Davenport, cartoonist, born, 1867.
9—Sa. —Theodore Roosevelt attacks trusts, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911.
10—Su. —*Third Sunday in Lent.* High Easterly winds.
11—M. —6 new Arnold Bennett books published, 1911.
12—Tu. —5 " " " " " 1911.
13—W. —John J. McGraw picks Giants to win pennant, 1912.
14—Th. —Homer Davenport asks W. R. Hearst for job, 1867.
15—Fr. —Andrew Jackson born, 1767.
16—Sa. —Detachable cuffs abolished by Laundry Trust, 1903.
17—Su. —ST. PATRICK. *Time to plant oranges.*
18—M. —Grover Cleveland born, 1837.
19—Tu. —William Jennings Bryan, presidential runner-up, born, 1860.
20—W. —Mother-in-law joke abolished by Paragraphers' Union, 1907.
21—Th. —W. J. Bryan says he will run if party wants him, 1860. Vernal equinox. Spring begins.
22—Fr. —Laura Jean Libbey born, 18—[we can keep a secret].
23—Sa. —Theodore Roosevelt repudiates interview, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 ——
24—Su. —*Fifth Sunday in Lent.* Time to pay January bills.
25—M. —Hon., as it were, Wm. Lorimer expected to resign, 1912.
26—Tu. —Frank Chance picks Chicago to win pennant, 1912.
27—W. —W. H. Taft visits Washington, D. C., 1911.
28—Th. —Battling Cain gets decision over Young Abel, B. C. 2871.
29—Fr. —Gompers declares McNamara innocent, 1911.
30—Sa. —*Fifth pay day in month.*
31—Su. —PALM SUNDAY. De Wolf Hopper born, 1858. Recites "Casey at the Bat," 1892.

Anecdote

A traveler, meeting with a peasant and asking of him whether he could tell him why a hen should cross the road, being answered in the negative, replied, "Why, to get on the other side," greatly to the poor peasant's discomfiture.

The Taximetric System

35 min. = 1 hr.
2700 ft. = 1 mi.

Conundrums

1—Why is wireless telegraphy like Lady Godiva's setting out on her ride through Coventry?

2—Why is Lillian Russell like an oak-tree?

Answers to Conundrums

1—Because it is a nude departure.

2—She isn't.

Anagram

My first is in silence, but never in loud;
My second's in love, but never in proud;
My third is in Teddy, but never in Taft;
My fourth is in swindle, but never in graft;
My fifth is in happy, but never in bliss—
My whole may o'ertake you before you solve this.

Answer to Anagram

Sleep.

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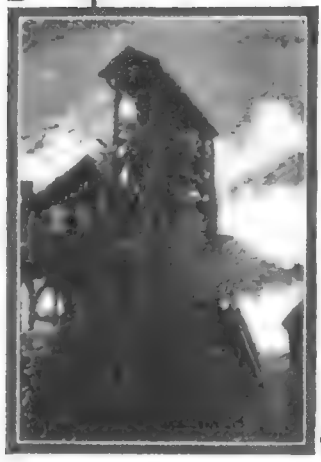
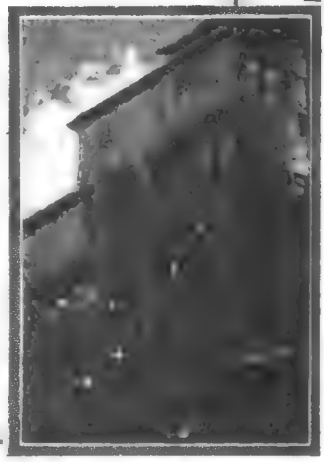
HOVEY

by
MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

AUTHOR OF
"CORRIE WHO?"
"KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."
ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
M. LEONE BRACKER





HOVEY belonged to the mines. *Black* Hovey they called him; and no man, either in the coal pits or elsewhere, is named like that without a reason. In Hovey's case, none seemed lacking. He was chief engineer and superintendent of Vesper 1 and 2, a hulking big fellow with the muscles of an ox; a detached and silent man whose face glowered with the solemnity of a Greek mask of tragedy.

In 1898, a draft of Pittsburgh "hunkies" had sown smallpox broadcast along the upper Yough; and Hovey's wife and boy had been swept off among the others. They said it had made a changed man of him. They said furthermore that he hated the sight of a foreigner—a "hunk." At any rate, Hovey was a hard driver of men, and it made no difference to those under him that he drove himself like the rest. Up and down the river, he and the Vesper pits were together feared and hated.

On Thursday, at the tag-end of the big drunk at Russian Easter, gas began making in the mine. This was nothing new. Coal pits are like humans—each has a character of its own; and at any time, Vesper No. 2 could be relied on to furnish trouble. A chain machine, at work driving entries in the new headings of North 105, cut through to the pocket, so that in a half-hour or so a foot and a half of fire-damp lay floating against the roof. An hour later, though the brattice-cloths had been turned to head a full shift of air into the passageway, the gas drove out the working gang. Moreover, it kept on gaining, and at half-past five, when the whistle blew, Muir, the pit-boss, put up a chalked board across the entry as a warning, and then went on top.

"Whaur's the 'super?' Whaur's Hovey?" he demanded, as he stepped off the dripping mine-cage. It was a trait of his, when preoccupied or worried, to drop more broadly into his native Scotch. "Ye'll ha' seen him noo?"

Awkwardly, after the manner of his kind, the top-cager—a Slav—hunched up his heavy shoulders. "Me no know," he answered.

Muir, who had begun to wipe the mine drip from his face with a sleeve of his blue ticking jumper, looked up sourly.

"Ye'll no know, eh?" he mimicked. "There's a doubt ye'll know a thing at all

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whateffer!" he grumbled, and was turning away when a thought struck him. "Look ye here noo, laddie," said the pit-boss, in a heavy, impressive voice of warning. "Tomorrow, in the morn, take ye heed no drunks git by to the pit. There be gas again at the headings. Let never one tupsy man go past ye, or I'll have yer job away. Ye mind, noo?"

Yes; the man understood—or so he said. "Chess! me 'stan' you all right."

Muir eyed him intently. It was on such stupid gawks, the Scotchman told himself, that the safety of life and limb depended in the mine. It was just such louts, besides—loons drunk or sober—that brought death and devastation stalking through the gangways in the coal. For what if by chance one of them were to touch off the gas in North 105? Muir, though of the Scotch stout-hearted, quaked at the thought.

"Losh!" he muttered, and shook a finger in the top-cager's face. "Noo ye mind, laddie!"

He was turning away, when a second cage whirred to the shaft-top. On it were a dozen men, all soused with the dripping mine-water, all begrimed from the coal.

In their lead was a big Russ—Balinoff, by name—a six-footer with broad, stooping shoulders and arms like an ape's. He was a loader after the machines—a laborer whose duty was to fill the pit-wagons after the coal had been undercut and then blasted down. At his heels now, a lad trudged along. One might have thought him too small a child to be turned loose in the darkness and peril of the underground coal—too weak and frail, with his slight little figure, his white, peaked face and bright, feverishly staring eyes. But what could be done? This was Balinoff's lad Fedor—and the big Russ had taken oath the child was of legal age to work in the pits.

"Hello, Joe!" the pit-boss grunted, amiably enough, as Balinoff swung by; but the Russ made no answer to the greeting. Instead, he hunched up his shoulders mightily, scowled, and rolled on sullenly, one corner of his heavy mouth uptwisted in an ugly sneer.

"Unh!" he grunted, once he was well past.

But Muir had seen his face, its sulkiness and something else. "Be damned to ye!" said Muir, and walked down the slope to the engine-house. Balinoff had scowled, and the scowl was darker and more menacing because of Balinoff's eye, which was puffed up, ringed with a black and blue shading of congested blood.

"A main pretty shiner!" Muir reflected, grinning.

But it was queer, too, that Balinoff should sport an emblem of fisticuffs. Ordinarily, the Russ and his kind fought in other ways, snatching up a knife, a gun—something else than the weapons Nature gave them. "Oh, weel!" sighed Muir to himself. It was no affair of his.

He, too, like Hovey, felt little love for the "hunkies." In Muir's case, however, no personal tragedy lay behind the dislike. All mine-workers that are born to the English tongue hold their continental fellows in slight esteem. Muir, in his contempt, messed them all together in that one comprehensive term of obloquy—"hunkies!" It made no odds to him whether they were Russian, Croat, Bulgar, Wallachian, Finn, or what-not—and there were fourteen different nationalities assembled in Vesper's pits; Muir made a clean sweep of the lot.

After a search, he found Hovey in the machine-shop. Hovey was bending over the tool bench; and before him, in the tin lid of a tobacco box, was an array of small brass cogs and gears. As the pit-boss drew near, he saw that Hovey was pulling apart the works of one of those round, stamped metal alarm-clocks—the kind they turn out in Connecticut by the carload. They sold at the Vesper store for $1.50 each, which represented about one-third of the time-charge it would take to repair one, once it was out of whack. But Hovey liked to potter; neither his hands nor his mind were ever idle. Muir remembered how he used to make many small, ingenious toys for his boy—toy engines; pit wagons of a doll's size; small mine locomotives that ran around on a track—things that a boy of ten or eleven would be likely to go crazy about. But now . . . Well, here was Hovey scowling over the works of a cheap alarm-clock!

"Meesther Hovey," said Muir, pursing out his lips, "the pit be making gas agin."

As his chief went on working silently, absorbedly, he added another word. "Fur-r-ious!" said Muir, rolling the *r* like a drum.

But Hovey only nodded. It was all a part of what might be expected from Vesper No. 2. Extracting still another part of the

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clock's inner economy, he laid it on the tin; and with a pair of tweezers went browsing deeper among the cogs and wheels. Muir gazed at him fixedly. He knew the "super's" way; but that Hovey should take the trouble so unconcernedly nettled the touchy Scotchman. He was often nettled by Hovey. A dour, cold, silent man—Muir told himself. Harsh as nails! And without a human heart in his ribs.

"Aye! I'm telling ye! There be gas and nowt but gas," Muir protested, raising his voice petulantly. "Me and the fire-boss, we will ha' changed all the brattice-cloths below yont. 'Twill do na guid—na guid at all!" said he, impressively, and sniffed. "I'll be sore afraid, th' day."

Then Hovey spoke. "Afraid of what, Muir?" he drawled, and peered closely into the clock's inner depths.

"Ye'll ken yersel'," the pit-boss growled. "Nine-tenths of calamity will be done of eediocy; the other by a drunken fool!"

Hovey turned the clock upside down, and shook out the remaining wheels. "You be on hand at the top when the gangs are going down. If a man looks as if he'd been drinking, boot him off the cage."

Muir's lips, at that, parted in a sour smile. "It's like, then," he retorted briskly, "that my boot'll be fair busy, th' morn."

"All right," said Hovey, grimly; "then I'll be there to help you."

But the chance was really small of any drunken man's wandering to the pit. As Muir knew, if the taste of liquor still clung to a "hunky," the fellow would sit by, denned in his home, and guzzle till his thirst was gone or the jug ran dry. Muir was nervous—over-afraid. He had begun, like others, to fear the Vesper mine.

"Who's working in North 105—near the gas?" Hovey asked abruptly.

They were all Slavs. Muir ran over a few of the names, among them Balinoff, the hulking, surly Russ.

"Balinoff, eh?" Looking up from his work, Hovey glanced at the pit-boss with a shadow of amusement lurking in the corner of his mouth. "How's his eye?" he inquired, casually.

"His eye?" Muir gazed dully at the "super." What had a miner's eye to do with the case? Then he remembered. Hovey, too, no doubt, had seen the big Slav's vivid adornment. "Hmph!" he grunted, and shrugged. Balinoff was like all the others. He'd been drinking; and the eye, of course, was a consequence.

Hovey nodded. "*I* gave it to him," said he, his tongue, for once, working loose.

Muir gaped in astonishment. "Eh? and 'twas yer nainsel?" he cried, more Scotch than ever in his amazement.

Hovey grimly nodded.

"And for what?" asked the pit-boss, open-mouthed.

Another careless smile curved Hovey's lips. "Oh, last night—up the road," he answered negligently, "he tried to jaw me, and I bashed him one for luck."

Muir, after a prolonged stare, pressed his lips together. "Ye bashed him, eh?"

Hovey again nodded. "Yes," he answered lightly, still with a covert grin. "Then I kicked him down the road a piece."

Of the hundreds about the pit, Muir was one of the few that ever dared to express himself to Hovey. He did it now. "Weel, 'tis no affair of mine," said he, his lips a little tighter. "But nane so, Meesther Hovey," added the pit-boss, "I'll mind ye're a hard one with the men. A brave one, too." Then he stared at him ponderously. "Ye'd best have a care, Meesther Hovey. They'll turn on ye yet!"

Hovey looked out of the corner of his eyes, their lids lowered mockingly. "Hard? brave? because I smashed a drunken brute?"

"Oh, aye!" answered the boss, nodding deliberately.

"Oh, hell!" Hovey picked up a screw-driver, and began intently to reassemble the clockwork. After a while, he spoke again. "That swine, Balinoff," he growled contemptuously, "I caught him mauling that kid of his. When I told him to leave off, he tried to lip me. He ought to be glad I didn't cave in his head."

Muir, with a quick rounding of the eyes, was gazing at him curiously. "Oh! 'twas for the lad noo?" said he, with an air of comprehension; and would have gone on more amiably, but that Hovey cut him short.

"The boy? No; of course not! What's that man's whelp to me? I'll let none of those dogs give me any of their back-talk," he rumbled.

"'Twas kind of ye," Muir persisted, nodding. Hovey stared at him disgustedly.

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"'Twas kind, but not worth the chance of bullet or knife. Besides," added Muir, wandering awkwardly, "the lad'll be na bairn of the Russian's, onnyhow."

Hovey, with a shrug, returned to his work, listening with little interest to Muir's droning cautions. The lad would be only a step-child—as if this were a reason why Hovey should keep his hands clear—not Balinoff's own child. The mother—the big Russian's wife—or woman—she would be dead; or had run away, perhaps; most likely with some other man. It was their way. They were all a queer sort of cattle.

"Hmph!" grunted Hovey, unresponsively. He felt no concern for either the "hunkies" or their involved family relations. But that Balinoff, or any of his kind, should play a charity part seemed a good deal like a joke. There must be some better reason than mere goodwill why he gave food and shelter to the boy. He said so, still contemptuously.

"Him? Oh, aye!" grunted the pit-boss. "The lad'll be getting five-fifty a week in his envelope. He's a trapper, ye ken. Balinoff draws the money."

A trapper in the pit is one of those lads stationed at the door of every air bulkhead to open and close it when the trips of loaded wagons go through. Muir's idea of these mine-boys was that they were a rough lot, wise above their years and prone to trouble, mischief, evil.

MUIR HAD BEGUN, LIKE OTHERS, TO FEAR THE VESPER MINE.

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But all the same, in the Scot's heart was a place or so not altogether rough and unkind. In his mind there was a picture of the dim, underground channels in the coal; the grime, the dirt, the drip oozing from the low-hung, sweating slate; and there, hedged in by gloom and the mine's deep silence, he saw the figure of this child—a tow-haired, ragged, dirty boy, spindling and weak, staring into the darkness with bright, birdlike, frightened eyes.

"Aye! the puir laddie. Oh, weel!" grumbled Muir, beneath his breath.

Hovey picked up a cog-wheel and set it carefully in place. "Who? Balinoff's cub?" he asked indifferently.

At 6:30, the morning after, when the gangs began going down, Hovey was not at the pit-mouth, watching. Nor was Muir. In Hovey's case, the alarm-clock which he himself had repaired belied his mechanical aptness by going dumb at the appointed hour. So Hovey had over-slept. As for Muir, the gas had grown worse, and, hearing the news of it early, he and the fire-boss had gone below. After an hour's juggling with the brattices, he managed to get the air going properly through North 105; then he started back toward the distant shaft-bottom.

In the parting off the main haulage-way, Muir heard voices. The coal's narrow channel, carrying the talk along, brought it to him at a distance, though in a murmur almost indistinguishable. But presently the echo cleared; he could hear the two—one faltering brokenly in a boyish treble; the other, a man whose voice rumbled with a deep, heavy intonation.

It was Hovey, and the boy was Fedor, the hulking Russian's lad.

"Afraid?" Hovey was saying; and in his voice was a note Muir had long missed from his speech. "Oh, come, sonny; you won't be afraid of me."

In the dim glow of their two pit-lights, Muir thought he could see the man's big bulk stooping over the child, in a pose suggesting that he might have an arm around his shoulders. But Hovey was not the kind to show himself so demonstrative—especially with some "hunky's" kid. Still, his tone was kind; there was no mistaking that. It was soft and encouraging. "You won't be afraid of me, my boy."

A rumbling complexity of noises drowned the lad's answer. Muir flattened himself against the rib of coal as a trip of loaded pit-wagons passed by; and then followed when the mule, squatting, had dragged himself and his load past the low arch of the bulkhead doorway.

"Meesther Hovey—Hovey!" he called; for the mine "super" had swung himself aboard the last of the wagons.

Muir put after them. The noise of the wagons drowned his call, and he was about to give up the chase, when he saw Hovey drop to the track again. "Meesther Hovey!" he shouted anew, just as the chief darted into a cut-through that joined to the parallel entry. But when he had caught up eventually, panting from the run, Hovey grabbed him by the elbow and went hurrying along.

"That dog, Balinoff!" he grunted. "He's been mauling the boy again."

At the words, Muir dragged back. "Here, noo!" he protested, sulkily; "ye'll not be picking trouble agin?"

There was more to what Hovey had to tell. "Balinoff's in the pit—and drunk. Come along! The lad just told me."

After that the two took to running. They raced down the cut-through into the parallel entry, ran for a way between the walls of coal, and then whipped into the long diagonal that led back toward the headings near North 105. Muir knew why the "super" had chosen this route. It was an unworked passage in the mine. There were no gangs in there, or he would not have dared to run; for a running man in the pit is a danger signal to set the men flocking in a panic to the cages.

They reached Balinoff barely in time.

Propped against the gob-heap, the pile of slate and waste stacked along the wall, the Slav stood weaving tipsily to and fro. His eyes were dull, his face vacuous and bemused; but it was neither the man's looks nor his condition that wrenched a gasp from Hovey's lungs. "Balinoff!" he yelled. Darkly, with a sodden scowl on his brows, the Russ turned his head. "Drop it!" roared Hovey. "Drop it, you fool!" he shouted, and went scrambling toward him across the uneven floor.

In Balinoff's mouth was a pipe. In his hand was a match he was just making ready to scratch on the slate!

What passed afterward seemed to be like a dream—a nightmare, in Muir's dumb-

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HOVEY REACHED THE MAN, HIS ARM OUTSTRETCHED, AND BALINOFF WENT DOWN LIKE A LOG.

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founded sight. Hovey reached the man, his arm outstretched, and Balinoff went down like a log. The pipe flew one way, its stem bitten in two; the match flew another. But though the stroke had been enough to fell the Russ in his tracks, it had failed to disable him. He scrambled to his feet, roaring in fury; and then——

Muir, at last, dragged Hovey from the Slav. "Ha' ye gang gyte?" the pit-boss cried; for, indeed, Hovey seemed beside himself. The beast's drunken act, but for the providential intervention, might have hurled three hundred men into eternity. And Hovey, white, panting deeply, his teeth gritted together, ground out broken words in his rage. "All blown to bits!—three hundred men!" he rumbled, and, had it not been for the pit-boss, would have fallen again on the Slav.

Balinoff, though a giant in frame, had been like a child in Hovey's infuriated grasp. Now he crouched on the floor, half sobered—wild, anyway, from what had been done to him, and biding his chance. It came when Muir got between them, and, remonstrating forcibly, backed Hovey against the coal. Scrambling to his feet, the Slav snatched up a mine-pick as he raised himself. He seemed about to use it, too. "Look out!" cried Hovey, writhing free; but at the shout, Balinoff, weakening, turned and ran. He fled, doubled like an ape, the pick ready should they overtake him.

Hovey was far beyond a thought of caution; he pursued, and in the gloom of the unlighted gangway he got a lesson for his daring—one, too, that came close to being his last. The heavy tool, flung desperately, whirled through the dark and caught him just above the knee. It was his turn now to go down like an ox. Muir heard him grunt as he fell.

That ended the chase. "Losh! losh!" clucked the pit-boss, as he ran back to get a lamp.

When he returned, he found Hovey sitting against the wall, feeling his leg to find whether the bone was broken. It wasn't; though, when he raised himself, he could hardly manage to limp.

"Losh! losh!" Muir kept on croaking. "I warn ye yet ye'll murder a body!"

Hovey looked at him, his teeth clenched, grinning. "Balinoff—yes! Wait till I get my hands on him." Muir could feel him quiver. "I'll—I'll—" he began, and then clicked his jaws together.

"Oh, aye! ye will," said the pit-boss, nodding. "Aye—unless he gets ye first!"

Balinoff, of course, had quit the mine. At the shaft-bottom, they got first news of the fleeing Slav. He had sprung out of the dark, dashed past the bottom-cager, and leaped aboard a loaded cage just as it lifted from the floor. Once on top, he had disappeared, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

He knew what waited him were he caught. It would be jail, for one thing; to smoke in a mine where the gas makes, is a crime punishable by law. Beyond that were other reasons for flight: what his own fellows might do to him, should they hear—what had been done to other men caught smoking in the pit. Also, there was Hovey—the Slav would remember him.

"Oh, aye!" said Muir to himself. "He'll remember Meesther Hovey—oh, aye!" Then he pressed his lips together thoughtfully. Balinoff's sort was the kind that never forgot.

"All right," said Hovey, when Muir told him the Russ was gone. "If he comes back, you let me know. Let me know *first*, you understand!" he ordered, his eyes lowering.

Muir regarded him profoundly. "I'll take na doubt he'll bring the news himself—to you, first of all," he said, deliberately. "Ye'd best keep a lookout, Meesther Hovey."

A grunt was the only response. Then, after a while, Hovey glanced up sharply. "Where's that boy of his?" he demanded, roughly. "Has he gone, too?"

Muir had been waiting a chance to speak of this. "Na, Meesther Hovey. He'll still be working away in the pit."

At that, the "super" looked up with heavy, sullen eyes. "In the pit? Then you go down there and fire him out. I'll not have him in the mine."

"Ummh!" Muir thoughtfully drew in his breath, as he gazed sideways at his superior. "Ye'll ken," he advised crisply, "that without his wages the lad'll be turned on the town to keep. Ye mind that, noo?"

The suggestion seemed to infuriate Hovey more than ever. "What the devil difference is that to me?" he demanded, his brows twisted into a contemptuous scowl.

Muir was shocked, disappointed. He thought it a poor business for a man like

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WATCHING WITH A BALEFUL, VIPERISH FIXITY.

Hovey to vent his hatred on a child. Furthermore, he said so—daring Hovey to his face with a few bluntly candid remarks. "If ye had a yin of yer ain, noo!" he observed, spluttering broadest Scotch in his temper.

Hovey waited till he had finished. "No more of that, Muir! You find the boy a place to eat and sleep," he ordered, crisply. "I'll see what's to be done with him later."

Muir stared suddenly, quickened by Hovey's change in tone. "And who'll be paying for his keep? the town, noo?" he inquired slyly, his face purposely dull.

But Muir seemed at last to have overstepped himself. Hovey struggled to his feet, his face convulsed with the pain it cost him. "Will you get out of here, you doddering Scotchman! Go do as I say!" he exploded.

So Muir, as ordered, went and found a place for Fedor. It was in the home of one Cluny Ogilvie, a fellow-Scot, who was head pumping-boss in the night shift at Vesper pit. The transaction, though brief, involved another passage of arms.

"I'll hae na hunky's spawn foregithering wi' me ain yins," said Ogilvie, in his broadest, most indignant Scotch.

Muir gazed at him fixedly. "Ye'll board him," said he, calmly; "and ye'll be fair kind to the laddie. Otherwise," he observed, and flung a sudden, savage scowl at the other, "ye'll take that job o' work ye have and go whustling. Do ye mind me, laddie?" Then, after reflection, he added dryly: "Meesther Hovey'll be paying for his keep—that is, preesently! preesently!"

But, as it turned out shortly, Hovey would pay nothing for the boy. There was nothing to pay; for, two days later, Fedor was gone. He was last seen roaming the hill-top above the mine, playing by himself

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WITH HIS BREATH WHISTLING THROUGH HIS TEETH, HIS EYES LIGHTING FIERCELY, HE WAITED FOR THE DARK

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—a lonely little waif, silent, queer, utterly out of place, always frightened, and with eyes that watched like a bird's.

For a day or so, the countryside was searched; they even dragged the pool in the deep quarry above the mine; and while the work went on, Hovey limped to the edge, staring silently. But no trace was found of the boy. He was gone like Balinoff. Later, however, a farmer driving by told of a couple he had met on one of the back roads that wound through the hills toward Pittsburgh. One of the pair was a giant of a Slav, dark and silent, whose face bore the marks of recent conflict. By his side trudged a boy, tow-headed, with a white and peaked face.

"Hmph!" grunted Hovey, contemptuously. "The kid was just waiting a chance to run away."

Six months passed. The Vesper pits had settled into an extraordinary quiet. The gas had gone; the coal came up in order; and the gangs were working steadily, soberly, with the swing of a well-regulated machine. 'Twas the calm before a storm, Muir feared. It was not Vesper's way to keep quiet long.

He spent the day browsing around the pit, nosing hither and yon in search of trouble. Somehow, he felt sorely tried; and the nervousness pursued him even at night in his home.

So at dark he put on his hat again and went poking about the blocks, the tenements where the miners dwelt. Afterward, he went down toward the pit mouth, where the tipple, its head-gear, and the surrounding engine-house and shops lay bathed in the moonlight.

The night-shift of pumpers, trackmen, and machine-cutters had already gone below; the steam from the exhaust-pipe over the engine-house sighed softly in the quiet, and in the machine-shop there was a light. The place was vacant, however. After trying the door, Muir peered through the window. He could see the tool bench; and on it lay Hovey's alarm-clock, that irresponsible timepiece over which its owner fussed endlessly. Hovey, no doubt, would be returning later, to finish up his work. It was a way of his to potter over things in the machine-shop along toward midnight.

As Muir turned away, he thought he saw a dark shadow dart around the corner of the machine-shop. "Hey! who's yont?" he called. There was no answer; and, thinking himself mistaken, Muir went up the hill. After that, silence fell on the enclosure about the mine.

Meanwhile, in his house under the hilltop, Hovey sat alone. The woman who cooked and cleaned for him had gone. He was slouched down in a big armchair staring at the fire in the grate. What pictures he saw there in the blazing coal, or what thoughts ranged in his mind—neither the one nor the other is part of this. From down in the valley came the coughing *hoo! hoo!* of the big pit-engines as they dropped one cage to the bottom and hauled the other to the top. Later, from the riverway, came the distant, droning blat of a railroad engine as it whistled at a crossing. Then a man went by singing, his heavy shoes clumping along the highway. He was gone; and the fire in the grate snapped and sparkled, roaring in the chimney as a gust of wind swept past.

Suddenly the man sat up. He glanced quickly about him, his eyes flying toward the window, his head bent sideways, held in a pose of deep intentness. Outside, a little sound rose, a kind of whimpering monotone, small and subdued, something like the noise made by a distressed dumb thing—a dog or a cat, perhaps. A moment later, Hovey heard a hand fumble cautiously at the door-knob. He became galvanized into action.

Gripping the chair arms, he silently raised himself and leaned forward, his hand stretching toward the drawer of a near-by table. It stuck. Moving closer, he gave it a wrench. Then the drawer flew open with a harsh, rasping sound; and, holding his breath, Hovey stood listening. Presently, when he crept toward the door, there was a heavy revolver glistening in his hand; and he went cautiously, tiptoeing.

Again he heard that fumbling at the door. The light was out, the hallway a cavern of darkness. Hovey planted himself against the wall and reached swiftly for the door-knob. He held the revolver ready —then he flung wide the door!

But on the doorstep was only a boy—a child with a small, peaked face and round, staring eyes. He was looking up in terror now. It was Fedor.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Hovey. "I'm

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damned!" he repeated, and, pocketing his revolver, leaned down and drew the child inside. Standing the boy before the fire, he looked down at him, his face heavy with a scowl.

"What do you want? and how did you get here?" he demanded roughly.

Fedor looked up at him, quivering.

"Me come by railsroad. Me steal my ride," he faltered. Then he dropped his head on his arm and snivelled as if his heart would break.

Balinoff had come back. He, too, like Fedor, had returned. It was the big Russ himself whose shadow Muir had seen lurking

"SO, YOU'VE COME TO AT LAST, HAVE YOU?" HE JEERED AT THE TRAPPED MAN.

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about the corner of the machine-shop. But Balinoff, unlike Fedor, had been there about the works for two days. During the day, he had lain out in a thicket on the wooded hillside, watching with a baleful, viperish fixity the men who thronged to and fro in the valley below him. Once, a heavy figure emerged from a mine building and came swinging up the path. It was one whom the Slav could not mistake; and with his breath whistling through his teeth, his eyes lighting fiercely, he pored on the man.

Instinctively, his hand stretched out toward the bundle at his side. He gripped it fiercely; then as gingerly withdrew his rough, impetuous hand. Afterward, he moved the packet a little farther from him, handling it with a cautious attention. So he lay, waiting for the dark, when he rose, and went down the hillside carefully, guardedly, picking his steps, and holding the bundle to him securely.

To-night, after the start that Muir's coming gave him, the Slav lay a long while waiting in the gloom along the hillside. He could hear Muir's footfalls clumping away into the distance. He had hardly gone when some one rang up a cage; and at the sudden whooping *hoo! hoo!* of the exhaust and the roar of air in the shaft, the sweat started on the Russian's brow in a sudden terror.

He could feel his heart beat, hammering away so that, in alarm, he held his breath, edging away again from the square package at his side. But presently his courage returned and, lifting the thing gingerly, he crawled back again to the machine-shop.

By and by, the man he looked for would return to his pottering at the work-bench. He had been there the night previous; but before there had been a chance to get at him, some one had scared the Slav away. Later, when Balinoff came back to his place, Hovey had gone. Now the Russian felt certain Hovey would return, and then——

In the dark, the Slav raised his face, grinning till his yellow teeth showed at the corner of his lip.

The door opened under the Russian's hand. Across the room, the wall lamp, with a tin reflector behind it, cast a wide arc of brightness through the dark; and Balinoff, when he crept inside, would have liked to turn the light out. But he dared not. And he dared not show himself in that revealing glow. So on his hands and knees, and crouched below the level of the windows, he scuttled toward the work-bench, holding that bundle of his securely against his side.

Above him, as he reached the bench, he was aware of a lively little train of sound, busy and persistent—the *tick! tick! . . . tick! tick! tick!* of a clock running busily. That was *good;* as good as it was unexpectedly fortunate.

He bared his teeth in another grin; and, rising to his knees, stripped the paper wrappings from his bundle. Then, had one listened acutely, one would have heard a second mechanism start in, briskly ticking. It was good—*good*, because, when his man came, the ticking of one clock would obscure that of the other.

But Balinoff must hurry. In a few minutes his man would come. After that—and in a few minutes, too—say, in half an hour by the clock that ticked so swiftly, so methodically, in its case beneath the bench, the thing would happen for which the Slav had come back to Vesper pit. He must be far away then; he must be up on the hillside again; yet not so far away that he would miss what he had come to see and hear. For that would be a part of it:—to see and, of course, to hear.

He could be a long way off, though, and yet be able to hear, to see perfectly. Oh, yes—for in that bundle of his was another of those round, stamped metal alarm-clocks—one apparently the same as Hovey's; but only there was this difference between the two, that when the Slav's time-piece sprung its alarm the world about would be filled with a din far louder than the mere jangling of a bell. This was true since, with a great deal of care and ingenuity, the Slav had packed around the clock a half-dozen yellow sticks like candles—greasy rolls wrapped in oiled, water-proofed paper. So, when the alarm went off, the roof of the machine-shop would lift itself skyward, the walls would sag open like a lily; and then all would come sluicing downward in a chaos of dismembered brick and timbering, smothered in a pall of dust and smoke.

"Unh!" grunted the Slav. He bent a little closer to assure himself that his clock still ticked, that it still ran truly. It did, indeed; and he leaned back with a chuckle.

But as the man, still chuckling, raised himself again, something like a shadow detached itself from the pit-murk darkness of

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a corner of the room. It sped across, lightly and soundlessly. For a moment it hovered above the other's figure—then struck! —and at the dull, crushing thump, blankness, like a curtain, fell upon the Russian's mind.

Many minutes passed before Balinoff awoke. His mind first awakened dully to a sense of pain and sickness. He found himself sitting upright in a chair; and to his further dazed bewilderment, he was somehow unable to move.

What had happened? And how came he to find himself huddled in a chair? Presently he looked down and saw that his legs were wrapped in the coils of a heavy rope. It was about his waist, too, and across his neck and shoulders, so that he was bound rigidly from head to foot.

A moment passed; he sat there motionless with rounding, frightened eyes; and then, in the midst of this baffling confusion of his wits there came to him a sound—a minute, small, steady, regulated throbbing like a pulse-beat—*tick! tick! . . . tick! tick! tick!*

It arose from the floor almost directly beneath him; and in a sudden agony of realization he hurled himself against his bonds, trying frantically to free himself. But the rope was strong, its coils were securely wound and knotted; and after writhing and straining until the sweat stood out on his brow, the Slav lay back inert.

Then a figure stepped from behind the chair and showed itself. It was Hovey; and he was smiling lightly, mockingly. "Well," he jeered, "so you've come to at last, have you?"

Once again Balinoff struggled; yet even the fierce power of his hatred proved unavailing. He was trapped—caught—securely laid by the heels!—and, in the silence, the swiftly moving clock ticked out his hideous peril.

In his growing terror, he tried to screw his neck around to get a glimpse of the clock—to see how close it stood to him; but he found the rope too tight. Then he tried to upset his chair, to fall to the floor so that he might, at least, crawl away from it.

At the end of this effort, as futile and hopeless as the other, he sat back weakly, his mind working sullenly. It had been written, he saw, that he must die like this—nothing could avert his fate. But if he were silent now—if he held his tongue and waited, his enemy, too, would die with him; for Hovey, as yet, could know nothing of the machine that still went on ticking in the shadow underneath the bench.

No: even this grim satisfaction was denied the Russian. The thought had hardly settled in his mind when Hovey, after a final look at the Slav's fastenings, started for the door.

"Good-night, my friend," he said, and grinned sardonically. "I hope your head will feel better in a while. In *just* a little while!" he added, meaningly; and, with this, turned out the light.

A howl burst from the Russian's lips. He had not counted on being left to die alone. Wild with a new access of fear and horror, he began to beg—to wail and weep for mercy.

In the dim arch of the doorway, Hovey paused, halted by the frenzied appeal.

"The box! the box—at nine o'clock—nine o'clock!" babbled the Slav. It seemed to him that Hovey would never understand —that he would remain there, listening idly, till the end—until the crash came that would hurl them skyward together. "The box—at nine o'clock!" Thick sobs choked his utterance as he went on howling.

A laugh echoed through the darkness. "At nine o'clock, eh? Oh, yes," said Hovey, "I know all about it. Fedor told me. It was Fedor, you understand!—the boy you beat and abused."

But there was no time to talk of Fedor—to think of him, or even of what he would do later to repay Fedor for his treachery. "The box! the box!" Balinoff kept on crying.

Again a laugh sounded in the dark. "If you'll keep still you can hear it," said Hovey, lightly. "Hear it now?" he inquired, grimly; and another howl answered. "Yes, I think you hear it; *it's tied to the back of your chair.*"

Then Hovey went out, and closed the door behind him.

Now, plunged in utter darkness and alone, the Slav sat waiting. His outcries had ended. The only sound that came from him was the fierce and gagging whisper of the breath between his teeth. *Tick! tick! . . . tick! tick! tick!* Once, desperately, he tried to throw himself backward, risking the chance of setting off the bomb in the hope that his effort might stop that damna-

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ble clock. But this, as before, was unavailing. Hovey had propped him too securely against the bench; though, for a moment, the Slav did move the chair enough to set something knocking back and forth against his spine. And what it was, the Slav could have no doubt.

Presently, with straining ears, he began to count, one by one, the flying seconds. After a time, there came a little rasping flutter of cogs and gears, a buzz and whirring—then the click of a dropping pawl, as the alarm movement adjusted itself in readiness to strike. In another minute now—just a single minute—sixty swiftly galloping seconds!

Again he tried to count—*thirty—forty—fifty*—there remained but ten more seconds. *One—two—three—four!* He strained against his bonds, so that the chair legs swayed tipsily on the floor. *Five—six—seven.* . . .

Then, with a final whir, a rousing bustle of that mesh of unseen wheels and springs, the hammer flew back smartly, there was a howl, and night roared thunderously as nine o'clock struck at Vesper pits.

In Hovey's house, the pictures had scarcely ceased trembling on the wall when the telephone bell started to jingle.

"Well," said Hovey, as he put the receiver to his ear, "who is it now?"

At the wire's other end, a voice was shouting wildly: "Meesther Hovey—Hovey! are ye safe?"

It was Muir, of course.

"Safe? Oh, yes. Why not?"

"Losh, mon, I thocht they had ye! Ye'll have heared it, noo?"

A grunt answered him. Hovey seemed to be neither concerned nor interested.

"But mon alive!" yelled Muir, tempestuously. "Ye'll ha' heared it, eh? 'Twas beyant be the quarry—close to hand be the machine-shop."

Hovey waited till the pit-boss had finished. "Yes! And if you'll keep still a moment, I'll let you know what's happened. It was only a bomb," he added, casually.

"Only a boomb! eh, what?"

"That Slav—the big Russian Balinoff. He tried to blow me up, you know. Now listen, Muir!" Hovey cleared his throat, and in an even, ordinary tone of voice went on talking. "You put on your hat and go down to the machine-shop. You'll find Balinoff there—or what's left of him. I tied him in a chair, and——"

"You tied him in a chair?" There was a sick horror in Muir's voice that even the humming of the wire could not hide. "In God's name, Hovey!" cried the pit-boss, sucking in his breath. "What will ye ha' done, th' night?"

But when Hovey spoke again, he saw fit to disregard the question. "You do as I say," he ordered, bluntly. "You untie the ropes, and then boot him down to the railroad track."

"But the boomb! There'll be nowt left o' Balinoff!"

Again Hovey chuckled grimly. "Not much—you're right; but I forgot to say, Muir, that I touched off the bomb myself. It was in the quarry back on the hill."

A gasp came whistling back on the wire.

"And I say, Muir," directed Hovey, "just bring up my alarm-clock, will you? It's tied to the back of his chair."

Hanging up the receiver, Hovey returned to the other room, where Fedor was playing with a toy windmill that had been made in the machine-shop before the smallpox came.

"Look now—like this, sonny boy," he said. "Get down on your hands and knees and blow—blow hard, can't you?—as I'm doing. Then you'll see the sails go round!"

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The FORCE and the OBJECT

by

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "CAP'N ERI," "CAPTAIN WARREN'S WARDS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN JUSTICE

WHEN I was a young one in school our teacher had a pet conundrum that he loved to spring on the big boys in the first class in arithmetic. 'Twas somethin' like this: "If an irresistible force runs afoul of an immovable object, what's the result?"

The boys used to grin and say they didn't know. Neither did I—then; but I've got the answer since. When an irresistible force meets an immovable object, it's a matter of principle, and the result is liable to be 'most anything. That's the answer. I've learned it by observation and experience, same as the barefooted boy learned where the snappin'-turtle's mouth was.

If I'd remembered what old Sylvanus Baxter said when they asked him to prove one of his fish statements, I'd have been just as well off, maybe, but I wouldn't have got the answer to the teacher's riddle. Sylvanus was tellin' how many mack'rel him and his brother caught off Setucket P'int with a hand line, back when Methusalum was a child, or about then. Forty-eight barrels they caught, and it nigh filled the dory. One of the young city fellers who was listenin' undertook to doubt the yarn. He got a piece of paper and a pencil and proved that a dory wouldn't hold that many fish. Sylvanus shut him up in a hurry.

"Young man," he says, scornful, "when a human bein' is blessed with a memory same as I've got, proof's too unsartin to compare with it."

My story has nothin' to do with Sylvanus; it deals mainly with Lot Deacon's Aunt Lucindy and his Cousin Lemuel from Boston. But, as I said afore, if I'd bore in mind what Baxter said and abided by it, I wouldn't have smashed my starboard foot by droppin' a barrel of sugar on it. I'd have been satisfied to remember my strength and not try to prove it by liftin' the said barrel off the tailboard of our store delivery wagon.

However, I did try, and the result was that the barrel slipped when I'd got it 'most to the ground, and my foot went out of commission with a hurrah, so to speak.

My partner in the "Ostable Grocery, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store"—Jim Henry Jacobs—came runnin', and him and the clerk loaded me into the wagon and carted me off to my rooms at the Poquit House. And there I stayed in dry dock for three weeks, while the doctor

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done his best to patch up my busted trotter and get me off the ways and into active service again.

He done his part all right. I was mendin' so far as the lower end of me was concerned, but my upper works and temper was gettin' more tangled and snarled every day. Too much company was the trouble. I had too many folks runnin' in to ask how I was gettin' on and to talk and talk and talk. Jim Henry he come, of course, to talk about business and the store; and Mary Blaisdell, to tell me how the post-office was doin'. I could stand them; fact is, Mary was a sort of soothin' sirup, with her pleasant face and calm, cheery voice. But the parson he come, to keep the spiritual part of me ready for whatever might happen; and the undertaker, to be sure he got the other part, if it *did* happen; and twenty-odd old maids and widows from sewin'-circle to talk about each other and church squabbles and the dreadful sufferin's and agonizin' deaths of their relations who'd had accidents similar to mine.

They made me so fidgety and mad that the doctor noticed it. "What's troublin' you, Cap'n Snow?" he asked. "No new pains, I hope?"

"Humph!" says I. "Your hope's blasted. I've got the meanest pain I've had yet."

"Where?" says he, anxious.

"All over," I says. "Tabitha Nickerson's responsible for it. She's been here for the last hour and a half, tellin' about how her second cousin, by her uncle's marriage, stuck a nail in his hand and was amputated twice and finally died of lingerin' lockjaw. She never missed a groan. Consarn her!"

He laughed. "That's the trouble with you old bachelors," he says. "You're too popular with the fair sex."

"Fair!" I sung out. "Doc, if you mean to say Tabby Nickerson's fair, then I'm goin' to switch to the homeopaths. *Your* judgment ain't dependable."

He laughed again and then he told me he'd been thinkin' for quite a spell that the Poquit House wasn't the place for me.

"What you need, cap'n," he says, "is a nice quiet spot where nobody can get at you—that is, nobody but the disagreeable necessities, like me. I've found the place for you to board durin' your convalescence. Do you know the Deacon House over at South Ostable on the lower road?"

"If you mean Lot Deacon's, I do—yes," says I.

"That's it," says he. "Lot's all alone there, and he'd be mighty glad of a boarder. The house is as neat as wax, and Lot used to go as cook on a Banks boat, so you'll be fed well. It's right on the shore, with the woods back of it. There's a splendid view, the air's fine, and—and——"

"Don't strain yourself, doc," I put in. "You couldn't think of anything else if you thought for a week. Air and view is all there is in that neighborhood. What on earth have I done to be sentenced to serve a term at Lot Deacon's?"

Well, it was quiet, and I needed quiet. It was restful, and I needed rest. It was too far from civilization for the undertaker or the sewin'-circle to get at me. It was—but there! never mind any more. The upshot was that I agreed to board at Lot's till my foot got well enough to navigate, and they carted me down in the delivery wagon next day.

The Deacon place lived up to specifications all right. Nighest neighbor half a mile off, woods all round on three sides, and the bay on t'other. Good grub and plenty of it. And no company except the doctor every other day, and Jim Henry the days between, and Lot—oh, land, yes! Lot, always and forever!

He was a meek little critter, Lot was, accommodatin' and willin' to please, as good a cook as ever fried a clam, and a great talker on some subjects. He was a widower, with no relations except an aunt-in-law over to Denboro, and a third cousin up to Boston; and his principal hobby was spirits and mediums and such. He hadn't missed a Spirit'list camp-meetin' in Harniss durin' the memory of man.

However, Lot and I got along first-rate, and he'd set and talk by the hour about the camp-meetin', which was a couple of weeks off, and how he was goin', and so on. Said I needn't worry about bein' left alone, 'cause his wife's Aunt Lucindy from Denboro was comin' to keep house for me durin' the two days he was away.

"Is your Aunt Lucindy given to spirits, too?" I wanted to know.

No, she wasn't. Seems her particular bug was "mind cure." She was a widow whose husband had died of creepin' paralysis. She'd tried every kind of doctorin' and patent medicines on him and, in spite of

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it, the last specimen of "Swamp Bitters" or "Thistle Tea" finished him. So Aunt Lucindy had no faith in medicines or doctors after that. She'd tried 'em all and they'd gone back on her. Now she was a "mind-curer."

"She'll prob'bly try to cure your foot with mind, Cap'n Zeb," says Lot, apologetic as usual. "But you mustn't worry about that. She means well."

"I sha'n't worry," I says. "She can put her mind on my foot, if she wants to; unless it's as hefty as that sugar barrel I cal'late 'twon't hurt me much. But say, Lot," I says, "are all your folks taken with something special in the line of religion or cures? How about this cousin—this Lemuel one? What's possessin' *him?*"

Oh, Cousin Lemuel was different. He'd had money left him and was an aristocrat. He never married, but lived in "chambers" up to Boston. He didn't have to work, but was a "collector" for the fun of it; collected postage stamps and folks's hand-writin's and insects and such. He wasn't very well, his nerves was kind of twittery, so Lot said.

"Um-hum," says I. "Well, collectin' insects would make most anybody's nerves twitter, I cal'late. But if Cousin Lemuel likes 'em, I s'pose we hadn't ought to fret. He could pick up a healthy collection of wood-ticks back here in the pines, if he'd only come after 'em, though it ain't likely he will."

But he did, just the same. Not after the ticks, exactly, but, as sure as I'm settin' here, this Cousin Lemuel landed in the house at South Ostable, bag and baggage. 'Twas two days afore the beginnin' of camp-meetin' and afore Aunt Lucindy was expected over. Lot and me was settin' in rockin'-chairs by the front windows in my room, lookin' out over the bay, when all to once we heard the rattle of a wagon from the woods abaft the kitchen.

"It's the doctor, I cal'late," says Lot, wakin' up and stretchin'. "Ah, hum! I s'pose I'll have to go down and let him in."

"'Tain't the doctor," says I. "He come yesterday. More likely it's Jim Henry Jacobs, though I thought he'd gone to Boston and wouldn't be back for three days."

But a minute later we see we was mistaken. Around the house come rattlin' Simeon Wixon's old depot wagon, with the curtains all drawed down—though 'twas hot summer—and the rack astern and the seat in front piled up high with trunks and bags and satchels and goodness knows what all. Sim was drivin', and he had a grin on him like a Chessy cat.

"Whoa!" says he, haulin' in the horses. "Ahoy, Lot! Turn out there! Got a passenger for you."

Lot was so surprised he could hardly believe his ears. He h'isted up the window-screen and looked out.

"Hey?" he says, bewildered-like. "Did you say a *passenger?*"

"That's what I said. A passenger for you. Come on down."

"A passenger? For *me?*"

"Yes! yes! yes!" Simeon's patience was givin' out, and no wonder. "Don't stay up there," he snaps, "with your head stuck out of that window like a poll-parrot's out of a cage. And don't keep sayin' things over and over or I'll believe you *are* a poll-parrot. Come down!" Then, leaning back and hollerin' in behind the carriage curtains, he sung out: "Hi, mister! here we be. You can get out now."

The curtains shook a little mite and then from behind 'em sounded a voice, a man's voice, but kind of shrill and high, and with a quiver in the middle of it.

"Are you sure this is the right place, driver?" it says.

"Sartin sure. This is it."

"But are you certain those animals are perfectly safe? They won't run away?"

The horses was takin' a nap, the two of 'em. Sim grinned, wider 'n ever, and winks up at the window.

"I'll do my best to hold 'em," he says. "If I'd known you was comin' I'd have fetched an anchor."

The curtains shook some more, as if the feller inside was fidgetin' with 'em. Then the voice says again and more excited than ever: "Well, why in Heaven's name don't you unfasten this dreadful door? How am I to get out?"

Simeon stopped grinnin', ripped a remark loose under his breath, jumped from the seat, and yanked the door open. There was a full half minute afore anything happened. Then out from that wagon door popped a black felt hat with a brim like a small-sized umbrella. Under the hat was a pair of thin, grayish side-whiskers, a long nose, and a pair of specs like full moons. The hat and the rest of it turned towards the horses and the voice says:

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"You're *perfectly* sure of those creatures you are drivin'? Very good. Where is the step? Oh, dear! where is the *step?*"

Sim reached in, grabbed a little foot with one of them things they call a "gaiter" on it, hauled it down, and planted it on the step of the carriage.

"There!" he snaps. "There 'tis, underneath you. Come on! Here! I'll unload you."

An' afore he could think he was jerked out of that depot wagon and stood up on the ground.

"There!" says Simeon. "Now you're safe and no bones broken. Where do you want your dunnage? In the house?"

I don't know what answer he got. Afore I could hear it there was a gasp and a gurgle from Lot. I turned to him. He was leanin' out of the window starin' down at the little man under the big hat.

"I believe—" he says, "I—I—*why*, it's Cousin Lemuel!"

Cousin Lemuel looked around him, at the house, at the woods, at the bay, at everything.

"Good heavens!" says he, in a sort of groan—"Good heavens! what an awful place!"

That's how he made port and that was his first observation after landin'. He made consider'ble many more durin' the next few days, but the drift of 'em was all similar. He was a bird, Cousin Lemuel was. His twittery nerves had twittered so much durin' the past month or so that his doctors—he had seven or eight of 'em—had got tired of the chirrup, I cal'late, had held officers' council, and decided he must be got rid of somehow. They couldn't kill him, 'cause that was against the law, so they done the next best and ordered him to the seashore for a complete rest; at least, he said the rest was to be for him, but I judge 'twas the doctors that needed it most. He wouldn't go to a hotel—hotels were horrible—but he happened to think of Lot down in South Ostable and headed for there.

Whether or not Lot could take him in, or wanted to, didn't trouble him a mite! *He* wanted to come and that was sufficient! He never even took the trouble to write that he was comin'. When he once made up his mind to do a thing, and got sot on it, he was like the laws of the Medes and Possums—or whatever they was—in Scripture: you couldn't upset him in two thousand years. It got to be a "matter of principle" with him—he was always tellin' about his matters of principle—and when the "principle" complication struck, that settled it.

"MY COUSIN LOT IS INSANE."

And Lot, of course, didn't have gumption enough to say he wasn't welcome. No, indeed. Fact is, Lot seemed to consider his comin' a sort of honor, as you might say. If that retired bug-collector had been the Queen of Sheba he couldn't have had more fuss made over him. The schooner-load of trunks and satchels was carted aloft to the big room next to mine—Lot's

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room 'twas, but Lot soared to the attic—and Cousin Lemuel was carted there likewise. He was introduced to me, and about the first thing he said was, would I mind wearin' a dressin'-robe, or a bath-sack, or somethin' to cover up my game foot? The sight of the dreadful bandage affected his nerves. I was sort of shy on sacks and dolmans and such, but I done my best to please him with a patchwork comforter.

I can't begin to tell you the things he did, or had Lot do for him. Changin' the feather bed for a pumped-up air mattress he'd fetched along—air mattresses was a matter of principle with him—and firin' the rag mats off the floor of his room, 'cause the round-and-round braids made whirligigs in his head—and so on. But I sha'n't forget that first night in a hurry.

He was in and out of my room no less than fifteen times, rigged out in some sort of blanket dress, fastened with a rope amidships. He wore that over his nightgown, and a shawl like an old woman's on top of the blanket. His head was tied up in a silk handkerchief; and his feet was shoved into slippers that flapped up and down when he walked, and sounded like a slack jib in a light breeze. First off he couldn't sleep 'cause the frogs hollered. Next, 'twas the surf that troubled him. Then the window-blinds creaked. And, at last, I'm blessed if he didn't come flappin' and rustlin' in at half-past one to ask what made it so quiet.

I was desp'rate, and I told him I was subject to nightmare, and had been known to cripple folks that come in and woke me sudden that way. He cleared out and I heard him pilin' chairs and furniture against his door on the inside. After that I managed to sleep till six o'clock. Then he knocked and asked if I was thoroughly awake, 'cause if I was would I tell him what sort of weather 'twas likely to be, so's he could dress accordin'. His risin' hour was nine—more principle, of course—but he liked to know what to wear when he did get up.

And he was just as bad all that day and the next. I'd have quit and had the doctor take me back to the Poquit House, but I didn't like to on Lot's account. Poor Lot was all upset and needed some sane person to turn to for comfort. And besides, although he made me mad, I got consider'ble fun out of this Lemuel man's doin's.

He seemed to like me, too, in a way. Anyhow he used to come in and talk to me pretty frequent. He had three words that he used all the time—"awful" and "dreadful" and "horrible." Everything in the neighborhood fitted to them words, 'cordin' to his notion. And he had one question that he kept askin' over and over: What should he do? What was there to do in the dreadful place?

"Why don't you keep on collectin'?" I asked him. "We're kind of scurce on postage stamps, and the handwritin' supply is limited; though you never collected anything like Lot's signature, I'll bet a cooky. But there's bugs enough, land knows! Why don't you go bug-huntin'?"

Oh, he was tired of insects! Never wanted to see one again!

Well, why not take a swim?

Horrible! he loathed salt-water. He never bathed in it, as a matter of——

I interrupted quick—"Then take a walk," says I.

Walking was a "bore."

"Well then," I says, "just do what the doctor ordered—set and rest."

But settin' made his nerves worse than ever! "I don't know what is the matter with me, Cap'n Snow," he says. "My physicians seemed to think I should find what I needed here, but I don't!—I don't! I am more depressed and enervated than ever."

"I know what you need," I said, emphatic.

"Do you indeed? What, pray?"

"Somethin' to keep you interested," I told him. "Your life's like a wharf timber that the worms have been at—there's too many 'bores' in it. If you could find somethin' bran'-new to interest you, you'd be lively enough. I'd risk the depression then—and the enervation too, whatever that is."

Oh, horrible! How could I joke about a matter of life and death?

Well, so it went for the two days, and in the evenin' of the second day Lot come tiptoein' into my room. He was all nerved up. The next mornin' was the time he'd planned to go to camp-meetin'; and how could he go now?

"Why not?" says I. "I'll be all right. Your Aunt Lucindy's comin' to keep house, ain't she?"

"Yes—yes, she's comin'. But Cousin Lemuel won't want me to go, I'm sure."

"So'm I," I says; "he'll kick as a matter of principle. But if you're gone afore he

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knows it, he'll *have* to like it—or lump it, one or t'other. See here, Lot Deacon; you take my advice and clear out to-morrow early, afore the bug-hunter's nerves twitter loud enough to wake him. You can get our breakfast and leave it on the table out here in the hall. I can manage to hobble that far. Afore dinner Aunt Lucindy'll be on deck."

He brightened up consider'ble. "I might do that," he says. "And, anyway, Aunt Lucindy's likely to be here afore breakfast. She's always terrible prompt. But will Cousin Lemuel forgive me, do you think?"

"I don't know," says I. "But I will, provided you don't say 'terrible' again. Now clear out and don't let me see you till camp-meetin's over. And say," I called after him, "just ask one of your spirit chums what's good for nerve twitters."

Next mornin' was sort of dark and cloudy, so probably that accounts for my oversleepin'. Anyhow, 'twas after seven o'clock when Cousin Lemuel, blanket and shawl and slippers, full dress uniform, comes flappin' into my room. I woke up and stared at him. He was pale, and tremblin' all over.

"What's the matter now?" says I.

"Hush!" he whispers, fearful. "Hush! somethin' awful has happened. My cousin Lot is insane."

"*What?*" I sung out, settin' up in bed.

"Hush! hush!" says he. "It is horrible. Insanity is hereditary in our family. What shall we do?"

"Insane—rubbish!" says I, havin' waked up a little more by this time. "What makes you think he's insane?"

He held up a shakin' hand. "Listen!" he whispers. "He has been makin' dreadful noises for the past half-hour, and singin'—actually singin'—in the strangest voice. Listen!"

I listened. Down below in the kitchen there was a racket of pans and dishes and a stompin' as if a menagerie elephant had broke loose from its moorin's. Then somebody busts out singin', loud and high:

> There's a land that is fairer than day,
> And by faith we can see it afar.

"There, there!" says Lemuel. "Don't you hear it? Would a sane man sing like that?"

I rocked back and forth in bed and roared and laughed. "A sane man wouldn't," I says, "but a sane *woman* might, if she had strong enough lungs. That ain't Lot. Lot's gone to camp-meetin', to be gone till to-morrow night. That's his wife's aunt, Lucindy Hammond, from Denboro. She's goin' to keep house for us till he gets back."

Well, it took all of fifteen minutes for me to drive the idea out of that critter's head that his relative had gone loony. I was hoppin' around on my sound foot tryin' to dress, while I explained things. I had enough clothes on to be presentable in white folks' society, when there come a whoop up the back stairs.

"Good morn-ing!" bawls Aunt Lucindy. "Breakfast is ready! Shall I fetch it up?"

"My soul!" squeals Cousin Lemuel, and bolts for his own room. I buttoned my collar by main strength and answered the hail.

"All hands on deck!" I sung out. "Fetch her along."

There was a mighty stompin' on the stairs, and then through the door marches as big a woman as ever I see in my born days. 'Twasn't only that she was fleshy—she must have weighed all of two hundred and thirty—but she was big, big as a small mountain, seemed so, and was dressed in some sort of curtain-calico gown that made her look bigger yet. She was luggin' a tray heaped up with vittles enough for a small ship's company.

"Good mornin'," says she, in a voice as big as the rest of her, and as cheery as the first sunshine on a foggy day. She was smilin' all over, but there was a square look to her chin—the upper one, for she had no less than two and a half—that made me think she could be the other thing if occasion called for. "Good mornin'," says she. "Is this Lemuel?"

"It ain't," says I. "Cousin Lemuel is in disabilly just at present. My name's Snow."

"Oh, yes!" she hollers—every time she spoke she hollered—"Oh, yes! Cap'n Zebulon Snow, of course. I'm Mrs. Hammond. Here's your breakfast."

"Mine!" says I, lookin' at the heap of rations. "You mean mine and Cousin Lemuel's."

"Oh, no, I don't," says she, still smilin', and puttin' the tray down on the table, in the way she did everything, with a bang. "I mean yours, Cap'n Snow. Lemuel's is all ready, though, and I'll fetch it right up.

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I know what men's appetites are; I've had experience."

Afore I could think of an answer to this, she swept out of the door like a toy typhoon, the breeze from her skirts settin' papers and light stuff flyin', and was stompin' down the stairs, singin' "Sweet By and By" at the top of her lungs. I looked at the tray and scratched my head. My appetite ain't a hummin'-bird's, by a consider'ble sight, but that breakfast would have lasted me all day. As for Lemuel, about all he did with food was find fault with it. And just then in he comes.

"What's that?" says he, pointin' to the tray.

"That?" says I. "That's my breakfast. Yours is just like it and it'll be right up."

He fidgeted with his specs and bent over to look. His nose was anything but a pug, but I give you my word you could almost see it turn up.

"Fried potatoes!" he says; "and fried fish! and fried eggs! and griddle-cakes! Why —why, it's *all* fried! Horrible!"

"Ain't there enough?" I asks, sarcastic.

"Enough!" he fairly screamed it. "I never take anything but a slice of very dry toast and a cup of tea in the mornin'. It's a principle of mine. And I never eat anything fried! I—I——"

"All right," says I, "you tell her so. Here she is." And afore he could get out of the door she sailed through it, luggin' another tray loaded like the first one. She slammed it down and turned to the invalid, who was tryin' to hide his blanket dressin'-sack behind a chair.

"Here is Lemuel!" she hollers. "It *is* Lemuel, isn't it? I'm *so* glad to see you! I'm Lucindy, Lot's auntie. In a way we're related, so we must shake hands."

She reached over and took his little thin hand in her big one and gave it a squeeze that made him curl up like a fishin' worm.

"There!" says she, "now we're all acquainted and sociable. Ain't that nice! You two set right down and eat. I'll trot up again in a few minutes to see how you're gettin' on. Sure you've got all you want? All right, then." Out she went, singin' away, and Cousin Lemuel flopped down in a chair.

"Good heavens!" he gasps, working the fingers Aunt Lucindy had shook, to make sure they was all there.

"Yes," says I, "I agree with you."

"She calls me by my Christian name!" he says, pantin', "and I never saw her before in my life! And it—it didn't seem to occur to her that I was not fully dressed. What shall I do?"

"Well," says I, "if you asked me I should say you better make believe eat somethin'. What *I* can't eat I'm goin' to heave out of the back window. I'd ruther satisfy that woman than explain to her, enough sight."

But he wouldn't eat, seemed to be in a sort of daze, as you might say, and went flappin' back to his own room. I tackled the breakfast.

It would take a week to tell you all that happened that forenoon. When Aunt Lucindy come up-stairs again and see his tray, not a thing on it touched, she wanted to know why. I done my best to explain, tellin' her Cousin Lemuel was afflicted in the nerves, and about his tea and toast, and his diff'ent kinds of medicines, and his doctors, and so on, but she wouldn't listen to more'n half of it.

"The poor thing!" she says. "Lot told me some about him. He's in error, ain't he? Horatio, my husband that was, was in error too, but he died of it. That was afore I got enlightened. And you're in error with your foot, Cap'n Snow, so Lot says. Well, it's a mercy I'm here. The first thing I'll do for you is to give you a cheerful thought. 'All's right in the world.' You keep thinkin' that this forenoon and I'll give you another after dinner. I must get a thought for poor Lemuel, but he needs a stronger one. I'll have one ready for him pretty soon. Now I must do my dishes."

Soon's she cleared out this time I locked my door. An hour or so later there was a snappish kind of knock on it.

"Cap'n Snow! I say, Cap'n Snow," whispers Lemuel, pretty average testy, "where is my tea and toast? Did you tell that woman about my tea and toast? I'm hungry."

"I told her," says I. "If you ain't got it, you better tell her yourself."

"But I don't want to see the creature," he says.

"Neither do I; that is, I ain't partic'lar about it. And I couldn't hop down-stairs if I was. You'll have to do your own tellin'. I'm goin' to read a spell."

My readin' didn't amount to much. He went grumblin' back to his room, but I judge his longin' for tea and toast got the

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"YOU'RE AN OLD, FAT FOOL!"

better of his dread for the "creature," 'cause pretty soon I heard him go downstairs. Aunt Lucindy's singin' and dishclatterin' stopped, and I heard consider'ble pow-wow goin' on. Cousin Lemuel's voice kept gettin' higher and shriller, but Aunt Lucindy's was just the same even cheerfulness all the time. Then the ex-insect man comes up the stairs again. I was curious, so I unlocked the door.

"How was the toast?" I asked. His usual pale face was bright red and he was a heap more energetic than I'd ever seen him.

"She—she—that woman's crazy!" he sputters. "She's insane; I told her so. I——"

"Hold on!" I interrupted. "Did you get the toast?"

"I did not. She refused to give it to me. Actually refused! She—she had that dreadful fried breakfast on the back of the stove and told me to sit right down and eat it—like a good fellow. A good fellow—to me!—as if I was a dog! A dog, by Jove! I explained—in spite of my just resentment I endeavored to reason with her. I told her the doctor had forbidden my eatin' a heavy breakfast. I said that my nerves were shattered and so on. And what do you suppose she said to me? She had the brazen effrontery to tell me that I had no nerves. Nerves were 'errors', whatever that means. All I had to do was to think that—that those fried outrages were all right and they would be. And when I—you'll admit I had a good reason—when I lost my temper and expressed my opinion of her she began to sing. And she kept on singin'. *Such* singin'! Good heavens! Horrible!"

"Then you ain't had any breakfast?"

"I have not. But I will have it! I will! You mark my words, I——"

He stopped. "The Sweet By and By" had swung into the lower entry and was movin' up the stairs. I expected to see Cousin Lemuel beat for snug harbor, but no sir-ee! he stayed right where he was, settin' up in his chair as straight as a ramrod. Aunt Lucindy's treatment might not be workin' exactly as she intended, the patient's nerves might not be any better, but his *nerve* was improvin' fast.

In she swept, smilin' like clockwork, as smooth and as serene as a flat calm in Ostable cove. She paid no attention to the way the little man glared at her, but turned

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to me and says: "Well, cap'n," she says, "have you cherished the thought I gave you?"

"Um-hm," says I, "I've put it on ice. I cal'late 'twill keep over Sunday."

"I've thought up one for you, Lemuel, you poor thing," she says, turnin' to the insect-chaser. "It is——"

"Woman," broke in Cousin Lemuel, "I'll trouble you not to call me a poor thing. Where is my tea and toast?"

She smiled at him, condescendin' but pitiful, same as a cow might smile at a kitten that tried to scratch it—if a cow could smile.

"Your breakfast is on the stove, all nice and warm," she says. "You don't really want tea and toast; you only think so. Cap'n Snow will tell you how nice those fried potatoes are, and the codfish and——"

"Confound your codfish, madam! I shall have that tea and toast. I—I *must* have it. My system demands it."

She shook her head. "Oh, no, it doesn't," says she. "It will demand all the nice things I've cooked for you if you only think so. Thought is all. Now let me give you your cheerful thought for the day. It is——"

"Confound your thoughts!" yells the nerve sufferer, jumpin' out of his chair and makin' for the door. "I always have tea and toast for breakfast, and I intend to have it now."

I hate a fuss, so I tried to pour a little ile on the troubled waters. "Now, Lemuel," says I, "don't let's be stubborn. You——"

He whirled on me like a teetotum. "Stubborn!" he snaps. "I was never stubborn in my life. This is a matter of principle with me. That woman shall give me my tea and toast."

Aunt Lucindy smiled, same as ever. "Oh, no, I sha'n't," says she; "it would only encourage you in your error and that I shall not permit. Please listen to the thought I have for you. It is *such* a nice one. 'Be true to your higher self and——'"

"Madam," shrieks Lemuel, "my thought about you is that you're an old fat fool! There!" And he rushed into the hall and the next second his door slammed so it shook the house.

For just one minute I thought Aunt Lucindy was goin' after him. Her smile stopped, her teeth snapped together, she took one step towards the door, and her big hands opened and shut. But that one step was all she took. When she turned back to me her face was red, but the smile had got busy once more. She set down in the cane rocker—it cracked, but it held—and says she:

"He's a little mite antagonistic, don't you think so, Cap'n Snow?"

"Well," says I, "I should think you might call it that without exaggeratin' much."

"Yes," says she, "but I don't mind. There was a time when if anybody'd called me an old fat fool I'd have—well, never mind. I'm above such things now. Nothin' can make me cross any more. Not even a sassy little, long-nosed shrimp like . . . Ahem. Cap'n Snow, have you read 'The Soarin' of Self'? It's a lovely book, an upliftin' book."

I said I hadn't read it and she commenced to tell me about it, repeatin' it by chapters, so to speak. I couldn't make much out of it but a whirligig of words, and when she was just beginnin' I thought I heard Lemuel's door creak. However, I didn't hear anything more, and she strung along and strung along, about 'soul' and 'mental uplift' and 'high altitude of spirit' and a lot more. By and by I commenced to sniff.

"Excuse me, marm," I says, "but seems to me I smell somethin' burnin'. Have you got anything on cookin'?"

She sniffed then. "No," says she, wonderin'. "But seems as if I smelt it, too. Like—like bread burnin'. Hey? You don't s'pose——"

She put for down-stairs. Next thing I knew there was the greatest hullabaloo below decks that you ever heard. Then up the stairs comes Cousin Lemuel, two steps at a jump, which, considerin' that his usual gait had been a crawl, was surprisin' enough of itself. He had a scorched slice of bread in each hand and he stopped on the upper landin' and waved 'em.

"I've got the toast," he yells, triumphant, "and I'm goin' to have the tea!" Then he bolts into his room and locks the door.

Up the stairs comes Aunt Lucindy. Her face was so red that it looked as if somebody'd lit a fire inside it, and her big hands was shut tight. She marched straight to that locked door and hollers through the keyhole.

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"You—you little, dried-up critter!" she pants. "Humph! I s'pose you've been sent to try my faith, but you sha'n't shake it. No, sir! you nor nobody else can shake it or make me lose my temper. I'm perfectly calm and cheerful this minute. I am! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

"I got my toast," hollers Cousin Lemuel from inside. "And I'll have my tea, in spite of all the New Thought cranks in this horrible hole!"

"Indeed you won't. I was prepared for a difficult case when I came here. Cousin Lot told me about your foolish 'nerves' and all the other errors your selfishness has brought on to you. I made up my mind to set you in the right path and I'm goin' to do it."

"I GOT THE TOAST," HE YELLS, TRIUMPHANT.

"I'll have that tea!"

"No, you sha'n't. When folks are in error I never give in to 'em. That's my principle and I stick to it."

When she said "principle" I pretty nigh fell over. If *she'd* got the "principle" disease the case was desperate. Anyhow, I thought 'twas about time for somebody with a teaspoonful of common sense to take a hand.

"See here," says I, "for grown-up folks this is the most ridiculous doin's I ever heard of. Mrs. Hammond, for the land sakes, let him have his tea and maybe we'll have peace along with it."

She turned to me. "Cap'n Snow," she says, "speakin' as one who has learned to rise above their baser self, and perfectly calm and good-tempered, I advise you to mind your own business. I don't care nothin' about the tea itself: it's the principle I'm strivin' for, I tell you. Do you s'pose I'll let that little, withered-up, sassy, benighted scoffer——"

"There! there," says I. Then I bent down to the keyhole. "Lemuel," I says, "be a man and not an idiot. Apologize to this lady and, if you can't get tea, take hot water."

The answer I got was hotter than any water he was likely to get, enough sight. And there was some "principle" in it, too.

"Well," says I, disgusted, "I'm durn glad that I'm unprincipled. Fight it out amongst yourselves, but don't you either of you dare come nigh me. I mean that." And I went into my room and locked *that* door.

For two hours I stayed there, readin' some and thinkin' a whole lot more. Downstairs Aunt Lucindy was singin' at the top of her lungs—to show how good her temper was, I presume likely—and out in the upper hall Cousin Lemuel was tiptoein' back and forth and yellin' at her that he'd have his tea in spite of her and passin' comments on her music. I never knew two such stubborn critters in my life, and I couldn't see any signs of either of 'em givin' in, long as their principles held out. I remembered the school-teacher's conundrum about the irresistible force and the immovable object and that nobody ever knew what happened when they met. I didn't know either. All I knew was that the force and the object was in the same house with me, and the minute the doctor, or Jim Henry Jacobs, or anybody else with a horse and team, come to that house, they could take me away with 'em.

Twelve o'clock struck and I begun to think of dinner. I hobbled over to my door, unlocked it, and looked out. Cousin Lemuel's door was open, too, but he wasn't in his room or in the hall either. I wondered

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where on earth he could be. Next minute I found out.

There was a whoop from the kitchen—Lemuel's voice and brimmin' with pure joy. Then, somewhere in the same neighborhood, began a most tremendous thumpin' and bangin'. A "cast" horse in a narrow stall was the only sounds I ever heard that compared with it. It kept on and kept on, and Lemuel was whoopin' and hurrahin' accompaniments.

Thinks I: "The critter's nerves have gone back on him for good. He's really crazy, and he's killin' that poor mind-curer out of principle."

Somehow or other I hopped down them stairs on my sound foot, draggin' t'other after me. Through the dinin'-room I hobbled and into the kitchen. There was a roarin' fire in the cookstove, and in front of that stove was Cousin Lemuel, dancin' round with a teapot in his hand. The cellar door opened out of the kitchen. It was shut tight, and somebody behind it was bangin' the panels till I expected every second to see 'em go by the board. If they hadn't been built in the days when they made things solid, they would have.

"What in the name—" I commenced. "You—Lemuel—whatever your name is—what are you doin'?"

He turned and saw me. His bald head was all shinin' with the heat, his big round specs was almost droppin' off the end of his long nose, and he sartin did look like somethin' the cat brought in.

"What am I doin?" he says. "Can't you see? I'm gettin' my tea, same as I said I would. Ho! ho!"

"Where's Aunt Lucindy?" I sung out. "You loon, have you killed her?"

He laughed. "No, no!" he says. "She deserves to be killed, but she's alive. She refused to give me my tea; she refused to stop her horrible singin'. She was utterly impossible and I got rid of her. I crept down and watched until she went into the cellar. Then I closed the door and locked it. Cap'n Snow, I have never been treated as that woman treated me in my life! It was a matter of principle with me and I was obliged——"

He couldn't say any more because the poundin' on the door broke out again louder than ever. I headed for it and he got in front of me.

"She is absolutely unharmed, absolutely, I assure you," he says, earnest.

She sounded healthy, that was a fact. The names she called that insect-hunter was a caution!

"Let me out!" she kept hollerin'. "You let me out of this cellar, you miserable little good-for-nothin'! If I ever get my hands on you I'll——"

"Ha! ha!" laughs Lemuel. "I couldn't make her lose her temper, could I? Oh no, she's perfectly calm now! You're not in the cellar, madam," he calls to her, "you're in error. Thought can do anything; think yourself out."

I looked at him. "Well," says I, "for a person with twitterin' nerves, you——"

"Damn my nerves!" says he, which was the most human remark he'd ever made in my hearin' and proved that he wasn't beyond hopes. "You told me that all I needed was somethin' to keep me interested. Well, I've got it."

"You let me out!" whoops Aunt Lucindy. "Cap'n Snow, if you're there, you let me out!"

I think maybe I would have let her out, but when I heard what she intended doin' to Lemuel I thought 'twas too big a risk. I turned and hobbled through the dinin'-room to the front outside door. And there, just turnin' into the yard, was my partner at the store, Jim Henry Jacobs, with his horse and buggy. When he saw me he almost fell off the seat.

"You!" he says. "You! *walkin'!*"

"Yes," says I, "and in five minutes I'd have been flyin', I cal'late. Don't stop to talk. Help me into that buggy. . . . There! Drive home as fast as you can!"

"But what under the canopy is the row?" he says.

"Row enough," says I. "I've been shut up along with an irresistible force and an immovable object, and I want to get away from 'em. Git dap."

We turned the horse's head. We had just left the yard when he looked back. I looked, too. The cellar had an outside entrance, a bulkhead door. This door was bendin' and heavin' as if an earthquake was under it. Next minute the staple flew, the door slammed back, and Aunt Lucindy popped out like a jack-in-the-box. She never paid no attention to us, but made for the kitchen.

"Who—what is that?" gasps Jacobs.

"That," says I, "is the irresistible force."

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There was a yell from the kitchen and then out of the door flew Cousin Lemuel. *He* didn't stop for us, either, but ran like a lamplighter to the fence, fell over it, and dove head-first into the woods. After he was away out of sight we could hear the bushes crackin'.

"And—and *what*," gasps Jim Henry, "was *that?*"

"That," says I, "was the immovable object. Drive on, for mercy sakes!"

Next day Lot came to see me at the Poquit House. He was dreadful upset. Seems he hadn't stayed his time out at camp-meetin'. One of the mediums or spooks or somethin' over there told him there was a distructive influence hoverin' over his house and he'd hurried back to find out about it.

"Humph!" says I. "I should have said it had quit hoverin' and had lit. How's Cousin Lemuel?"

Seems Cousin Lemuel was at the hotel over to Bayport. He'd telephoned for his trunks.

"And he told me," says Lot, wonderin'-like, "to tell Aunt Lucindy that he intended havin' tea and toast three times a day now, as a matter of principle. That's strange, isn't it?"

"Not to me 'tain't," says I. "And how's Aunt Lucindy?"

"Aunt Lucindy's gone back to Denboro," he says. "And she left word for Cousin Lemuel that she should send him a 'thought'—whatever that is—every day by mail from now on. And you'd ought to have seen her face when she said it! But, Cap'n Zeb, when are you comin' back to board with me?"

I shook my head. "Lot," says I, "I like you first-rate, but your relations are too irresistibly immovable. I'm goin' to keep clear of 'em for the rest of my life—as a matter of principle," I says, chucklin'.

THERE WAS A YELL FROM THE KITCHEN.

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What A DEMOCRACY *would be like*

BY RICHARD S. CHILDS

WOULD you know a democracy if you met one?

Yes?

How? You've probably never seen one.

Thought you lived in one? Oh, dear, no! The states and counties and cities of this country are not democracies; they are oligarchies—instances of government by a ruling class!

We call this ruling class the "politicians." All citizens by due devotion *can* become politicians, but the bulk of them *don't;* so a certain remainder is left in control, and, whatever it might be or ought to be, the government *is*—an oligarchy. The fact that it was intended to work differently is a mere detail of history. If in its actual working it is not a democracy, it is not a democracy.

Now we could make it a democracy and prevent a self-established crew of political experts from ruling us "if all good citizens would go into politics." But if they don't, what will you do?

Preach to them? Arouse them?

All right. But what if, even then, their normal activity and interest prove insufficient to make them the equals of the politicians in political effectiveness? What if the politicians can dance circles around the big, clumsy people even when the people *are* aroused?

Preach harder? No.

Consider that there is nothing divine about the origin of the political work that is laid out for the citizens to do. If the citizens neglect some of that work, the work may easily be simplified and made lighter. There is surely such a thing as a limit to the amount of work that can properly be demanded of the citizens, and perhaps that limit has been exceeded. Certainly it is going to be set by the people themselves, regardless of your opinion, or mine, or the opinion of the ponderous lawyers in the State Constitutional Convention who lay out work for the people.

If we ask the people to give their thoughtful attention to the selection of a coroner every two years, the people may graciously consent to bother, and they may not. And if they languidly vote a straight party ticket without even looking to see who is running for coroner, thereby letting a Republican or Democratic group of politicians have their own way, the people have silently notified you and me and all future Constitutional Conventions that, for some reason satisfactory to themselves, they decline to assume the "duty" of selecting coroners.

And that settles it. What the people say, goes.

Our American people have done just this. They have said: "We prefer honest, able coroners, but we won't fight to get them—we have more important things to do." They have said: "We want good officials, but when we have to elect twenty of them at once we won't learn all about all of them. We'll give attention to the most interesting and important ones, but for the rest we'll vote any handy list fixed up for us by the specialists in citizenship."

And the people are right. Offices can be made so microscopically small that it is too difficult for the people to watch them in a busy world. Ballots can be made so long that no citizenship in Christendom could reasonably be expected to master them.

So there has arisen in America the new "Short Ballot" school of reformers, whose slogan is: "The long ballot is the politician's ballot; the Short Ballot is the people's ballot." The Short Ballot Organization was founded two years ago in New

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York by Woodrow Wilson, and it has been creating a quiet revolution in civic circles ever since. Active local work is under way in Oregon, California, Ohio, and New York.

The major premise of this new school is that the people are all right—not substantially different from the people of other lands—and that it is our utterly freakish plan of government that is at fault.

For our plan of government *is* freakish. Show an Englishman, for instance, one of our New York ballots and he will exclaim with horror: "Why, you're electing twenty officers at one time! That's absurd! How can you possibly vote intelligently for so many?"

In England they rarely attempt to fill even two elective offices on one day.

When I show an Ohio ballot, with its forty-six offices and two hundred candidates, to New York audiences, it always brings a roar of laughter. Because it is so much longer than their own, it seems ridiculous, and they readily accept the doctrine that such a ballot baffles popular control and is contrived for effective use only by experts, not by the people. But the New York ballot is just about as unusable as the big Ohio ballot. It, also, contains too many offices, and offices that are too small to secure natural public scrutiny.

The Englishman is right, and his simple procedure is far more democratic than our complicated machinery, which only a few of the people, the experts in citizenship, can operate. The English cities are complete democracies. There are a king and some lords in England, but there is nothing in English local governments that they can touch. The English cities have more elective offices than our cities, as a rule. But all the elective officers sit together as one large council or board of directors and execute their decrees through their own appointees.

They are usually elected three from each ward for three-year terms, and they come up for reelection one each year. And the British voter, having the simple task of choosing one man out of two or three candidates in his compact ward, does his little task easily and well, without the assistance of such experts in citizenship as our "ward politicians." In other democracies—Switzerland, New Zealand—there is the same simplicity and effectiveness.

We have a prejudice in this country against ward-elected aldermen, but the trouble lies in the pettiness and insignificance of the job rather than the pettiness of the ward. If our ward alderman were the "head of the ticket," the whole ticket, in fact, and if he were to be one of the supreme board of directors of the city, we busy citizens would know about him just as we know about the mayor now. And, like the mayor, he would be a clear target for the active criticism of every voter.

Our citizenship could operate the simple English Short Ballot mechanism with one hand, and with eyes shut, and make as excellent a job of self-government as the Englishman does. Our relative success with Commission Government proves this. Given the task of selecting and dominating five conspicuous officials instead of a raft of obscure and irresponsible ones, American citizens have been getting results. Commission Government is far from a perfect plan, and it only marks a transition toward better things, but it has that vital Short Ballot and is accordingly the first instance of practical democratic government we have had in our cities for half a century. The Commission Government Cities, or "Short Ballot Cities," as political scientists term them, provide an election schedule which asks of the people no more work than they are willing to perform. And behold—we suddenly have a people who don't need a "civic awakening."

Our national government has a Short Ballot—only three men to be selected by any one citizen. The same unification and simplicity in states and counties would mow down a whole jungle of obscurity and confusion wherein much graft finds shelter.

All the complex devices by which we try to control our unhandy governments—caucuses, political clubs, committees, primaries, conventions, machines, and bosses—are necessitated by the fact that our ballots are too long. The ballot on election day is an ample remedy for everything if it's a usable kind of ballot! The way to keep the wrong men out of control is to refrain from electing them. The way to refrain from electing them is to have a Short Ballot with every elective office so conspicuously important that we can't help getting a good unobscured look at every candidate before we vote for him.

And that is the road to a democracy that will "democ."

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THERE is a tone in the voice, a look in the eyes, of certain people that arrests us at once with a sense of their sincerity. To meet with such a person becomes, in the inspired phrase of Peter Pan, "an awfully big adventure." We feel at last that here is some one who will speak to us not merely for the sake of talking but because he has something to say. He will not fob us off with that mechanical and artificial language in which the majority of men are accustomed to conceal their thoughts; he will tell us, with unabashed simplicity, exactly what he means. There is nothing more appealing than sincerity. Beside it conscious eloquence rings hollow, and cleverness dissolves into flickers like a dying rocket.

But this reality is rarely to be found among the people we encounter in the daily revolution of that machine of many cogwheels which we call society. We live in an age of machine-made merchandise and machine-made people; and they greet us with mechanical remarks.

What is true of people is also true of works of art; for any work of art—because it is a living thing—has personality, and the dominant note of that personality may be either conventional or genuine. In the theatre, sincerity is just as rare as it is in life, and just as irresistibly appealing. Most of the plays that are set before us are machine-made; and we recognize at once that the only motive for their making was commercial expediency. They have been fashioned to fit a certain actor, to satisfy a firm of managers, to amuse some affluent and idle-minded section of the public.

Now and again, however, some play is modestly revealed which arrests us with a sense of its sincerity. Quite evidently it was inspired by an interior, and not by an ulterior, motive. We find ourselves, with a pleasant sense of wistful wonder, listening to an author who speaks because he has something to say, and watching the work of actors who mean what they are doing. Unexpectedly—for this experience is a big adventure—we have caught the theatre caring about life.

"KINDLING"

Such a play is "Kindling," a drama in three acts by Charles Kenyon, which is being presented by Margaret Illington. Mr. Kenyon has the *flair* of the theatre. He is a good story-teller; he constructs a plot with ingenuity; he can create real characters; and, though the tone of his dialogue is still a little variable, he can write with simplicity and ease. But the main merit of his work—the one merit which makes us await with eagerness his future efforts—is his absolute sincerity.

The action of "Kindling" is set forth in the shabby single room of a noisome and insanitary tenement in the slums of New York that serves as a home for Maggie and Heinie Schultz. This tenement, and a myriad others like it, may be regarded as a sort of furnace into which the fragile lives of little children are tossed carelessly as kindling and consumed. The babies that are born there have little chance for life, and none at all for health and happiness. They arrive—not always welcome—in some

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tiny room devoid of light and air; and, shortly after, they are carried out and buried.

Heinie and Maggie Schultz are very poor; and, when the play begins, their hardship is enhanced by the fact that Heinie has just been called away from work by his labor-union, which has ordered a strike for some reason that neither he nor any of his fellow workers understands. Heinie has always said that it would be a crime to bring a baby into a world so desperate as that in which their lives are cast; and now, in his anger against the harsh conditions of their poverty, he cries out that, if they should ever have a child, he would rather kill it than let it live to grow up cramped and hopeless in the slums. So Maggie does not dare to tell her husband that, before many months, she expects to be a mother.

But she tells Mrs. Bates, the Irish washerwoman who lives up-stairs; and the two women seek forlornly for some means to ameliorate the hard heritage of life for the child that is to come. Mrs. Bates, who has lived in Wyoming, explains to Maggie the manner of claiming a homestead in the waste lands of the West. The Government gives you enough land to start a little farm. The country is lonely and unlovely, but at least there is light, and air, and room to move about, and a baby can grow up with some chance to win its fight against the world. All that you need is the railroad fare to get there—about one hundred dollars.

The Schultzes, however, have no money, and Heinie is out of work. To get this necessary hundred dollars becomes a fixed idea with Maggie. It becomes for her a desperate and deadly motive, and she does not dare confess it to her husband.

There is a charming young girl from Fifth Avenue who has become interested in district visiting because she is in love with a young doctor whose work is in the slums; and this girl takes a kindly interest in Maggie. She brings her snobbishly aristocratic mother, Mrs. Burke-Smith, on a tour of investigation through the tenements; and this lady, whose manner is insufferably patronizing, offers Maggie employment as a seamstress at wages that are mockingly inadequate. It is not till Maggie has discovered that Mrs. Burke-Smith is the owner of the tenement in which they live—a tenement which violates the building laws and the code of public health and thereby robs its tenants of their rights—that she decides to accept the offer of employment in the palace on Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Burke-Smith has robbed the poor; she has robbed Maggie; and the poor woman, in her savage and bewildered state, can not see that it would be unpardonably wrong to steal from her in turn. So Maggie has no adequate defense against the temptation which is now set before her by Steve Bates, the sly and idle son of the washerwoman. Steve persuades her to connive with him at robbing Mrs. Burke-Smith. She serves as his accomplice "on the inside," so that he is able to get into the house and make a rich haul. With grim humor, he gives Maggie, as her share, a jeweled brooch belonging to the sweet young girl who has befriended her, and Maggie pawns the brooch for one hundred and thirteen dollars.

She now tells her husband of her longing to go away to Wyoming, and begs him to start that very night. She has the money, she tells him; it has been loaned to her by the kindly young girl, Miss Alice. But Heinie has heard of the transaction at the pawn-shop; and when Maggie gives him one hundred and thirteen dollars, he accuses her of having stolen the brooch.

At this moment, Miss Alice enters, and, taking in the situation, assures Heinie that she gave the brooch to Maggie. Later Maggie tells her husband of the child that is to be; and Heinie agrees to start for the West that very night.

But meanwhile, at the behest of Mrs. Burke-Smith, a detective named Rafferty has been investigating the robbery; and he draws the toils so closely around Maggie that Miss Alice has to fence against him with unflagging cleverness in order to save her from arrest. In the end, however, the complication is successfully resolved. Heinie and Maggie agree to accept the stolen money as a loan from Miss Alice, and go away to that new country where their baby may be born with some chance for health and happiness.

Throughout the telling of this story, Mr. Kenyon gives evidence of a profound sympathy for the submerged masses of humanity and an intimate understanding of the varying states of mind of the desperate poor. He tells the truth as he sees it; and you know that he means what he says, and

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means it hard. The characters are clearly realized; and the dialogue, except for an occasional outburst of rhetoric, is written simply and touchingly.

And the acting of the piece is on a par with the authorship. Seldom has a company seemed to care so much for the work that they are doing. Miss Illington is a comely young woman; and she might, if she had chosen, have gone the way of many other actresses and remained content with dressing herself up in fine clothes and appearing in pretty little silly parts to please the matinée girls. Instead, she has labored earnestly to learn to act; and her work has improved steadily, year after year. Her present performance is a nobly sympathetic delineation.

"THE MARIONETTES"

A sharp contrast to "Kindling" is offered by "The Marionettes," a four-act comedy by Pierre Wolff, which is being given in America by Mme. Nazimova. M. Wolff is not a newcomer to the theatre, but a practised and successful playwright; and with this particular play he made his entry into the Théâtre Français, the greatest theatre in the world. Needless to say, the piece is effectively fashioned and cleverly written; but it lacks the moral and compelling power of sincerity. What is the use of a well-made play unless it reveals some reason why it needed to be made? In "The Marionettes," M. Wolff has nothing new to tell us about life; he made the play because he was a playwright, and not because he cared about humanity.

It is unnecessary to summarize in detail the story of "The Marionettes," because the same story has been already used in so many other plays. The gay young Marquis de Monclars marries, for reasons of convenience, a shy and wistful country girl—Fernande by name—whose manners are those of the convent from which she has only recently been withdrawn. The Marquis is bored by her solemnity and silence, and escapes the infliction of her company by continuing the gay life of his bachelor days. He leaves her for a month, and has a merry time at Lucerne with a glowing lady whose conduct is not at all suggestive of a convent.

During his absence, his wife resolves to win his love by the expedient of imitating the sort of women that appeal to him. She decks herself in daring evening gowns and gads about in frivolous society; and she encourages an idle-minded young man to fall passionately in love with her. Her husband, suddenly returning to Paris, discovers her alluring all the men at an after-midnight party whither he himself has brought the lady of Lucerne; and later he learns that the dallying young man is plotting an immediate elopement with Fernande. He becomes at once violently jealous, and by the devious pathway of this negative emotion is led at last to love his wife.

The only interest that this conventional fabric of the French theatre can awaken for us in America arises from the opportunity it affords Mme. Nazimova to display her virtuosity. Her greatest talent is an ability to alter her physical aspect and personal atmosphere from part to part, so that she seems to be an entirely different woman in different plays—a talent in which she is rivaled only by the operatic actress, Mary Garden; and this ability she is permitted, in "The Marionettes," to exercise during the rendition of a single rôle. She somewhat overacts the embarrassed shyness of Fernande in the first act; but her subsequent transformation to a siren of society is just as surprising and attractive to the audience as it is supposed to be to her husband in the play.

"THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"

Whether or not the adage may be true of women, it is surely true of nations—that the most charming are those that have a past; and the main reason why our modern America seems to lack mellowness is that we have had so little time to accumulate a history and transform it into a tradition. Another reason is that, owing to the forward-looking bias of our minds, we seldom pause, with any sentiment of reverence, to look back upon the history we have acquired. Yet our early days are worth remembering; we have lived through many cycles in our hasty century; and, as we delve into the records of our past, we find that retrospection lends enchantment to the view.

In telling in dramatic terms the story of the memorable Dolly Todd who became—the phrase itself is charming—"The First Lady in the Land," Mr. Charles Nirdlinger

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OTIS SKINNER IN HIS LATEST SUCCESS, "KISMET."

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MARGARET ILLINGTON, WHO IS APPEARING IN "KINDLING"

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has succeeded in evoking the romance of history. He gives us a consistent and convincing picture of a fascinating period, and reminds us that we have a storied past.

Mistress Todd, according to all accounts, was the most charming of widows; and of this you have no doubt when you see her called to life by Elsie Ferguson. You think of April clouds shot through with sudden sunlight when you look upon a woman at once so dashing, so demure, so wistful, yet so daringly ambitious, as this Quakeress in gray with eyes aglow. Mistress Todd is wooed at once by the impetuous, overreaching Aaron Burr and by the patient, plodding Madison. It is for her that Burr embarks upon his perilous plot to seize the empery of Mexico; it is for her that he provokes a quarrel with Hamilton, who has spoken her name lightly with an after-dinner smile. Dolly implores him, and ultimately makes him promise, to let Hamilton escape unharmed in the duel that has been arranged; and it is only after he has broken his word that she accepts the suit of Madison.

Later, as Mrs. Madison, we see her presiding as hostess at a dinner given by President Jefferson to several visiting ambassadors, and endeavoring by her natural wit and tact to straighten out certain embarrassing questions of precedence which the ultra-democratic Jefferson has provoked by his inattention to formality. Later still, when the desperate schemes of Burr have fallen through, and he is about to be arrested as a traitor, he yet finds a haven of friendliness in the home and in the hearts of James and Dolly Madison.

The satire of the crude manners of provincial Washington, which occupies the third act of this play seems a little overdone; and though the act is amusing, it does little to advance the plot. But the rest of the play is interesting in narrative, clever in characterization, and dashing in dialogue. The author, in his writing, commands that delicate commingling of wit and sentiment which is so necessary in a work that aims to cast a glamour over the remembered past. It is no small achievement for a playwright to be charming throughout four successive acts; and Mr. Nirdlinger, because of the sincerity of his literary purpose, makes us love his characters and care about their quaint, ancestral ways.

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"JUST TO GET MARRIED"

Miss Cicely Hamilton has something thoroughly sincere to say about the life-problem of the sort of woman who is sedulously brought up to be useless. In her three-act comedy entitled "Just to Get Married," she analyzes the mental twists and turns of a young woman whose breeding and whose bringing-up have robbed her of the possibility of any other aim in life than the purpose indicated in the title.

Emmeline Vicary is an orphan, unendowed with any money of her own; she has been brought up in the household of her aunt and uncle, Sir Theodore and Lady Grayle; she has attained the age of twenty-nine without having learned in any way to make herself useful to the world; and she knows that her foster-parents expect her to take herself off their hands by the practical expedient of matrimony.

Clearly it is her social duty to marry the first eligible man that asks her; and when the Grayles capture for a two-weeks' visit to their country house an awkward, unattractive, but amiable chap named Adam Lankester, who has made a large fortune in Alaska, Emmeline exerts herself to make him fall in love with her, and, on the last night of his visit, succeeds, by the customary female arts, in making him overcome his hesitance and blurt out a proposal. She accepts him at once, and receives the effusive congratulations of her relatives.

There follows a period of preparation for the wedding, during which Emmeline's conscience is set aquiver by the evident sincerity of Adam's love for her and by the profundity of kindliness and tenderness with which he treats her. His innate nobility of nature so degrades her in her own eyes that she can no longer bear to trick him into a dishonest bargain; and on the very eve of the wedding-day she tells him that she does not love him, confesses the treachery by which she has ensnared him, and sends him, heart-broken, away from her forever. Her action evokes an explosion of recriminations from her relatives; and, as a result, she runs away from home to go up to London and embark upon a desperate endeavor to earn her own living.

Through a drenching rain-storm she tramps four miles across country to the little railway-station at the junction. Here, all muddied and bedraggled, she is discov-

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CHRISTINE NIELSEN IN "THE WEDDING TRIP."

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ELSIE FERGUSON AND FREDERICK PERRY IN "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND."

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MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA AND EDWARD FIELDING IN "THE MARIONETTES."

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ered by her discarded lover, who has also come to take the train. He still treats her with a manly dignity of kindness; and it dawns over her gradually that she really loves him after all. Frankly and amusedly she asks him now to marry her; and their reconciliation is accomplished just in time for them to catch the train.

This is a familiar story; and Miss Hamilton, in telling it, has followed the accepted formula, without introducing any innovations in the structure. There is much more talk than action in the play; but the talk is fluent and illuminative. The dominant mood of the comedy is not bitter, nor even wittily satirical; it is, rather, amiable and amused. It is a genuine and heartfelt bit of writing; and the author's sincerity is made convincing by the very delicate and ingratiating acting of Miss Grace George and Mr. Lyn Harding in the leading rôles.

"KISMET"

In his panoramic play entitled "Kismet," Mr. Edward Knoblauch has ransacked the riches of the gorgeous East, and poured them forth with an amazing prodigality of narrative and profusion of scenical adornment. Here is indeed the thousand-and-second story of Scheherezade—the last, but not by any means the least, of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The action passes in that fabled Baghdad of a thousand and one years ago, where anything may happen, where fierce passions and grim humors and darkly whispered vices and fantastic heroisms intermingle to the bewilderment of all morality, and bear us back, as on a wizard's wings, to a state of savage innocence of mind, and the healthy boy's delight in sheer adventure.

The magic carpet is unrolled in three acts and ten scenes; and, from the morning to the night of a crowded and kaleidoscopic day, we follow the fluctuating fortunes of the beggar Hajj. We find him first in poverty, snoring in the early morning on the steps of the Mosque of the Carpenters, unwitting that his day of days is dawning; but after his awaking, one adventure treads upon another's heels.

By treacherous and oily blandishment, Hajj tricks his lifelong enemy into giving him a purse of gold; he goes to the bazaar street of the tailors, and craftily steals some gorgeous garments and many yards of sumptuous stuffs; he is betrayed and arrested and haled before the Wazir; he is sentenced to suffer amputation of the hands, but at the last moment the Wazir spares him (and falsely promises to wed his lovely daughter) on condition that he will murder the Caliph, who sits at the height of the Wazir's ambition.

Early in the afternoon he stabs the Caliph, but without effect, since the monarch is protected with chain-armor; he is flung into a dismal dungeon with his lifelong enemy, who has also been arrested; he subsequently slays his enemy, who has been pardoned, and, changing clothes with the detested corpse, regains his freedom; he learns that the Wazir has dragged his daughter to the harem without making her his wife, and discovers further that the Wazir is the son of his enemy.

At the fall of evening he stabs the Wazir treacherously, tumbles him into a bathing-pool, and holds him under water till his last breath bubbles up; he rescues his daughter from the harem only to discover that she really loves, and is loved by, the Caliph, who has been wooing her furtively in the guise of a gardener's son, and now announces his intention to marry her; he is pardoned by the Caliph but is exiled from Baghdad and ordered to go upon a pilgrimage to Mecca; he returns at night to his beggar's seat upon the steps of the Mosque of the Carpenters to sleep away the hours before his pilgrimage begins; and we leave him snoring in the dark.

All these multifarious adventures have befallen him within a single revolution of the sun; and he has had his day of days.

The scenic setting of this picaresque romance is sumptuous and superb; and the *mise en scène*, which is accredited to Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, is continuously seductive to the eye. Yet at no point is the onrush of the narrative impeded by the panoply of its investiture. Something is happening at every moment; and the audience is led more and more to wonder, as the play proceeds, what possibly can happen next. The part of Hajj, the beggar, is played by the most scholarly and skilful actor on the American stage to-day. The dash, the zest, the fierceness, the power, the rollicking humor, the sly and unctuous seductiveness of Mr. Otis Skinner's projection of the part afford a rare and wonderful delight to lovers of great acting.

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GERTRUDE BRYAN IN "LITTLE BOY BLUE."

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"YOUR WOMEN HAVE NOT WORKED PATIENTLY, RESOLUTELY, DAY AFTER DAY, AGAINST THE DESERTION OF THEIR MEN. WORSE—THEY HAVE ENCOURAGED IT!"

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THE SQUIRREL CAGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "GUNHILD," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

The story opens with the return of Lydia Emery from a year abroad—a year that is the climax of an elaborately useless boarding-school education, and the preface to her entrance into Endbury society. During her first day at home, she twice meets Daniel Rankin, a young man who has outraged Endbury by abandoning business to become a cabinet-maker and live in the woods. In response to the girl's questioning, Rankin explains to her the reason for his withdrawal from the "squirrel cage" of Endbury's social and business competition, whose standards are fixed by what "every one else has and does." Lydia, who has herself an instinct for essentials, but has accepted her family's ideals unquestioningly, is bewildered, but profoundly interested. Later talks with Rankin give her a clearer understanding of his purposes and deepen his influence over her. Meantime, the Emerys are cherishing the belief that Lydia is eventually to marry Paul Hollister, a young "captain in the army of electricity," whose whole vigorous personality is concentrated on Success. Paul calls on Lydia, and she falls under the spell of his dominance. The next day, shaken and bewildered, conscious of the disharmony between her own half-formed ideals and her family's plans for her future, she goes to talk with Dr. Melton, her godfather and closest friend. Here she meets Rankin, and on their way home in the autumn evening he stumblingly offers to help her. As he leaves, he kisses her hand. Her mother and sister have seen, and this is the beginning of open conflict. Mrs. Emery forbids Rankin the house and aids Paul's persistent wooing. Finally, uncertain, unhappy, Lydia yields to the pressure and becomes engaged to Paul. Immediately after, she is plunged into a social season of which she proves the most popular débutante. Before the winter is over, the entire family is nervously exhausted, and Dr. Melton, who is violently rebellious over the engagement, is predicting collapse. One afternoon, when Lydia is to start for a house-party, he contrives to get her on the same car with Daniel Rankin, and their long talk together shows Lydia still responsive to his influence. All during her engagement she rebels against the Endbury ideal of married life and, after her marriage, against the social rush and the struggle to "keep up appearances" in which she is involved. On the day before their first dinner-party, she is confronted with a new problem in the discovery that her cook is blackly corrupt. Lydia dismisses her and, with incompetent help, prepares the dinner herself. It is a lamentable failure, and Paul, unsympathetic with her attitude toward the cook, silently makes her feel the weight of his angry humiliation. The next autumn a little girl is born, and for months afterward Lydia is radiantly happy, absorbed in the child and exempt from the social duties that she found so empty. During one of Paul's frequent absences, the baby becomes gravely ill. In response to Lydia's telegram, Paul pleads imperative business, and Lydia goes through the terrible days that follow with only her warm-hearted raw Irish maid for comforter. The baby recovers, but two months later Judge Emery dies, and his wife breaks down under the conviction that by driving him on with her own worldly ambition she had herself killed him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LYDIA REACHES HER GOAL AND HAS HER TALK WITH HER HUSBAND

AS THE spring advanced and Judge Emery's widow recovered a little strength, it became apparent that life in Endbury, with its heart-breaking associations, would be intolerable to her. In anxious family councils many futile plans were suggested, but they were all brushed decisively away by the unexpected arrival from Oregon of the younger son of the family.

One day in May, a throbbingly sunshiny day, full of a fierce, hot vitality, Lydia was with her mother in the Meltons' darkened parlor. As so often, the two women had been crying and now sat in a weary lethargy, hand in hand. There came a step on the porch, in the hall, and in the doorway stood a tall stranger. Lydia looked at him blankly, but her mother gave a cry and flung herself into his arms.

"I've come to take you home with me, momma dear," he said quietly, using the old name for her which had been banished from the Emery household since Lydia's early childhood. The sound of it went to

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her heart. The newcomer smiled at her over his mother's head. It was her father's smile, the quaint, half-wistful, humorous smile which had seemed so incongruous on the judge's powerful face. "I'm your brother Harry, little Lyddie," he said, "and I've come to take care of poor momma."

During all that summer it was a bitter regret to Lydia that she had seen her brother so short a time. He had decreed that the sooner his mother was taken away from Endbury the better for her, and Mrs. Emery had clung to him, assenting passively to all he said, and peering constantly with tear-blurred eyes into his face to see again his astonishing resemblance to his father. They had left the day after his arrival.

He had found time to go out to Bellevue to see Lydia's home and her little daughter —Paul was away on a business trip—and the half-hour he spent there was one that Lydia never forgot. The tall, sunburned Westerner, with his kind, humorous eyes, his affectionate smile, his quaint, homely phrases, haunted the house for her the rest of that summer. The time of his stay had been too short for any serious talk. He had only played with his little niece, and talked over her head to his sister.

"She's a dandy, Lyddie, she's a jim-dandy of a little girl! She ought to come out and learn to ride straddle with her cousins. I got a boy about her age—say, they'd look fine together! He's a tow-head like all the rest of 'em—like their mother."

For months afterward Lydia could close her eyes and see again the transfiguring expression that had come over his face at the mention of his wife.

"Talk about luck!" he said, after a pause. "There never was such luck as my getting Annie. Say, I wish you could know her, Lyddie. I tell you what, shoulder to shoulder, every minute, she's stood up to things right there beside me for twelve years. Lord! It don't seem more than six months when I stop to think of it. We had some hard sledding, along at the first, but with the two of us pulling together—she's laughed at sickness and drought and bugs and floods—we're all through that now, we're doing fine—but, honest, it was worth it to know Annie through and through as I do. There isn't a thing about the business she doesn't know as well as I, and good reason why, too. We've worked it all out together. I've helped in the house and with the kids, and she's come right out into the orchard with me. Share and share alike—that's our motto."

He turned to his sister with a smile. "Well, Lyddie, I expect you know something about it too. You certainly are fixed fine, and everybody says you've married a splendid fellow."

Lydia leaned forward eagerly, with an overwhelming impulse to unburden herself. "Oh, Paul is the best man—" she began. "So true and kind and—and—pure; but Harry, we don't—we can't—his business—" She turned away from her brother's too keen eyes and stared blindly at the wall, conscious of an ache in her heart like a physical hurt. Presently she added:

"Harry! I wish you could stay longer! There is so much I'd like to talk over with you. Oh, how I wish you'd never gone away!"

"You come out and see us," he urged. "It'd do you good to get away from this old hole-in-the-ground. We live six miles from a neighbor, so you'd have to get along without tea-parties; but I bet Annie and the kids would give you a good time all right." He kissed Lydia good-by, tossed Ariadne high into the air, and as he hurried down the driveway he called back over his shoulder:

"Take good care of my little niece for me! I tell you it's the kids that count the most!"

It was a saying which filled ringingly for Lydia the long, hot days of the quiet summer which followed.

Whatever slow changes were taking place in Lydia went on silently and obscurely during that summer; but in the fall a new moral horizon burst upon her with the realization that she was again to become a mother. Another life was to be entrusted to her hands, to hers and Paul's; and with the knowledge came a certainty that she must now begin to take some action to place her outer life more in accord with her new inner self. It would be the worst moral cowardice longer to evade the issue.

When Paul heard of his wife's hopes, he was enchanted. He cried out jubilantly, "I bet you it'll be a boy, this time!" and caught her to him in an embrace of affection so ardent that for a moment she glowed like a bride. She clung to him, happy in the warmth of feeling which, responsive as always to his touch, sprang up in her; and

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when, in his good-natured, half-laughing, dictatorial way, he made her lie down at once and promise to rest and be quiet, the boyish absurdity of his solicitude was sweet to her.

He disappeared in answer to a telephone call, and she closed her eyes, savoring the pleasure of the little scene—how she needed Paul to reconcile her with life! How kind he really was! How good! His was the clean, honorable affection he had promised her on their wedding-day. If she was to have any faith in the books she read (like most American women of the leisure class, her education after her marriage consisted principally in reading the novels people talked about), if there was any truth in what she read in these stories, she felt she was blessed far above most women in that there had come to her since her marriage no revelation of a hidden, unclean side to her husband's nature.

Paul came back from the telephone, notebook in hand, jotting down some figures.

He went to his desk, and she lay looking at him as he worked, her mind full of busy thoughts.

Chiefly, as she went over their situation, she felt guilty to think how entirely apart from him all her real life was passed. The doubts, the racking spiritual changes which had come to her, she had kept all to herself; and yet she could say honestly that her silence had been involuntary, instinctive like the reticence as to emotions—she fancied whimsically—which one keeps in the hurly-burly of a railway station. With tickets to be bought, and trunks to be checked, and time-tables to be consulted, it is absurd to try to communicate to a busy and preoccupied companion inexplicable qualms of soul-sickness.

Any sensible woman—and Lydia, like most American women, had been trained by precept and example to desire above all things to be "sensible" and not emotionally troublesome to the men of her family—any sensible woman would keep her doubts to herself till the time came when she could talk them over without interfering with the business on hand.

As she lay on the sofa and watched Paul's face sharpen in his concentration, it occurred to her that the point of the whole matter was that for her and Paul the suitable and leisurely time for mutual discussion had never come. That was all—that was the whole trouble. It was not any inherent lack of common feeling between them. Simply there was always business on hand with which she must not interfere.

For a moment she wondered if she were growing like the women she had heard her father so unsparingly condemn—silly, childish, egotistic women, who could not bear to have their husbands think of anything but their wives, who were jealous of the very business which earned them and their children a living. She acquitted herself of this suspicion proudly. She did not want all of Paul's time: she wanted only some of it.

And then it was not to have him thinking of her, but with her, about the common problems of their life; it was to think with him about the problems of his life; it was to have him help her by his sound, well-balanced, well-trained mind, which, so every one said, worked such miracles in business; to have him help her through the thicket of confusion into which she was plunged by her inability to accept the road over which all of her world was pressing forward.

Perhaps it was all right, she thought, the way Endbury people "did;" she asked nothing better than to be convinced that it was all right; she longed for a satisfying answer; but Paul did not even know she had doubts! How could he? she asked herself, exonerating him from blame. He was away so many hours of the day, and days of the year; and when he came home he was always so tired!

It was characteristic of her temper that she had learned quickly and without bitterness the lesson every wife must learn, that neither tenderness nor delicate perceptions of shades of feeling can be extorted from a very tired or very preoccupied man. Masculine fatigue brings with it a healthy bluntness as to what is being expected in the way of emotional responsiveness.

Lydia noted this, felt that she could not with any show of reason resent it, since it showed a state of things as hard for Paul as for her; but she could not blind herself to the fact that the inevitable result was Paul's complete ignorance of her real life. She felt herself to be so different from the girl he had married as scarcely to be recognizable, and yet there was no way by which he could have caught even a glimpse of the changes that had made her so. The short periods they spent with each other were necessarily more than filled by consulta-

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tions about matters of household administration, and plans for their social life, and about the way to spend the money Paul earned.

Paul was a very good-natured and consciously indulgent husband; but Lydia seldom emerged from an hour's conversation with him without an uneasy feeling that she was not by any means getting out of the money he furnished her the largest amount possible of what he wanted; and this sensation was scarcely conducive to an expression of what was, after all, on her part nothing but a vague aspiration toward an ideal.

If she could only get close to Paul she was sure that all would be well; she made herself hope, with a brave belittling of the tangle which baffled her, that perhaps just one long, serious talk with Paul would be all that was needed. If she could just make Paul see what she saw, he could tell her how to set to work to remedy things. Paul was so clever. Paul was always so kind—when he saw!

She began watching for a favorable opportunity for this long, serious talk. And as day after day fled past with only a glimpse of Paul, desperately in a hurry in the morning and desperately tired at night, she was aware that her idea of the shape their life was taking had not exaggerated the extent of the broad flood of trivialities which separated them.

Day after day went by with the routine unvaried. There was no time in the morning; in the evening Paul was too tired; and on Sundays there was always "company," it being practically their only time for daylight entertainment. Often Paul brought a business associate home to dinner; his family or hers came in; there were always callers in the afternoon; and they were usually invited out to supper or had guests themselves.

But as the days piled themselves into weeks and the weeks to months, Lydia's determination to cross the grotesquely difficult barrier of minute nothings which separated her husband from her, grew more defiant. One morning, as soon as she opened her eyes, she said: "Paul, I've got something serious I want to talk over with you to-night. You're not going to be away, are you? And can't you put off whatever home work you have, just for once?"

Paul rolled over and looked at her with a humorously exaggerated terror. "Well, I *was* planning to spend the evening at home with my family," he said, "but I don't know if I dare after that warning. What is it? More money?"

"Oh, no! *No!*" Lydia's denial of this possibility was passionate.

Paul laughed and yawned. "Well, I guess I can stand anything else—unless it's plumbing!"

All during that day Lydia tried with all her hardly won new forces of self-control to keep herself to a quiet, unemotional view of what she was meaning to do. As she stepped about the never-ending household tasks (it was the afternoon for the euchre club to meet there, and the complexities of the dainty refreshments were endless) she said over to herself:

"Now I mustn't get excited. I must remember that it's nothing so wild or different that I want—just a chance for all of us, Paul and the children and me, to grow up as good as we can, and loving each other for the nicest things in us, and not because we're handy stepping-stones to help each other get on. And we can't do that if we don't really put our minds to it and make that the thing we're trying hardest to do. The other things—the parties and the making money and dressing better than we can really afford to—maybe they're not wrong; only we must keep them from getting to seem the first things to do."

But at the sound of Paul's returning footstep, the quick pound-pound of her heart in her side and the momentary faintness which came over her, made her aware how important the occasion was to her, how vitally much she hoped from it. When Paul sat down heavily at the table, Lydia's heart failed her at the sight of his face, fairly haggard with fatigue. She longed unspeakably to put on one side forever all her vexing questions and simply cherish and care for her husband physically. He had so much to burden him already—all he could carry. But she had been so long bringing herself to the point of resolution in the matter, she had so firmly convinced herself that her duty lay along that dark and obscure path, that she clung to her purpose.

After dinner, when she came down-stairs from putting Ariadne to bed, she found him already bent over the writing-table, covering a sheet of paper with figures. "You remember, Paul, I have something to

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talk over with you," she began, her mouth twitching in a nervous smile.

He pushed the papers aside and looked up at her with a weary tenderness. "Oh, yes, I do remember. We might as well have it over now, I suppose. Wait a minute, though." He went to the couch, piled the pillows at one end, and lay down, his hands clasped under his head. "I might as well rest myself while we talk, mightn't I?"

"Oh, yes, yes, poor dear!" cried Lydia remorsefully. "I wish I didn't *have* to bother you!"

"I wish so, too," he said whimsically. "Sure it's nothing you can settle yourself?" He closed his eyes and yawned.

"I don't *want* to settle it myself!" cried Lydia with a rush, seeing an opening ready-made. "That's the point. I want you to be in it! I want you to help me! Paul, I'm sure there's something the matter with the way we live. I don't like it! I don't see that it helps us a bit—or any one else. You're just killing yourself to make money that goes to get us things we don't need nearly as much as we need more of each other! We're not getting a bit nearer to each other—actually farther away, for we're both changing without the other's knowing how! And we're not getting nicer—and what's the use of living if we don't do that! We're just getting more and more set on scrambling along ahead of other people. And we're not even having a good time out of it! And here is Ariadne—and another one coming, and we've nothing to give them but just this—this—this——"

She had poured out her accumulated, pent-up convictions with passion, feeling an immense relief that she had at last expressed herself—that at last she had made a breach in the wall which separated her from Paul. At the end, as she hesitated for a phrase to sum up her indictment of their life, her eyes fell on Paul's face. Its expression turned her cold. She stopped short. He did not open his eyes, and the ensuing silence was filled by his regular, heavy breathing. He had fallen asleep!

Lydia folded her hands in her lap and sat looking at him intently. In the tumult of her emotions there was neither bitterness nor resentment; but a cloud had passed between her and the sun. She sat there a long time, her face very pale and grave. After a while she laid a hand gently on her husband's shoulder in an intolerable need to feel him at least physically near.

The telephone-bell rang distantly in the hall. Paul bounded to his feet, wide awake. "I bet that's the Washburn superintendent!" he cried. "He said he might call me up here if they came to a decision." He disappeared into the hall, his long, springy, active step resounding quickly as he hurried to the instrument. Lydia heard his voice, decisive, masterful, quiet, evidently dictating the terms of some bargain which had been hanging in the balance. When he came back, his head was up like a conqueror's. "I've got their contract!" he told her, and then, snatching her to him, he whirled her about, shouting out a "Yip! yip! yip!" of triumph.

In spite of herself, Lydia's chin began to tremble. She felt a stinging in her eyes. Paul saw these signs of emotion and was conscience-stricken. "Oh, I'm a black-hearted monster!" he cried, in burlesque contrition. "I must have dropped off just as you began your *spiel*. But, Lydia, if *you'd* taken that West Virginia trip, you'd go to sleep if the Angel Gabriel was blowing his horn! I was gone three days, you know; and, honest, I didn't have three consecutive hours' sleep! Don't be too mad at me."

"I'm not mad at *you*, Paul," said Lydia, trying to speak steadily, and holding with a desperate resolution to her purpose of communicating with her husband. "I'm mad at the conditions that made you so sleepy you couldn't keep awake! All I had to say is that I don't like our way of life—I don't see that it's making us any better, and I want Ariadne—I want our children—to have a better one. I want you to help me make it so."

Paul stared at her, stupefied by this attack on axioms. "Good gracious, my dear, what are you talking about? 'Our way of life!' What do you mean? There's nothing peculiar about the way we live. Our life is just like everybody else's."

Lydia burned with impatience at the appearance of this argument beyond which she had never been able to induce her mother or Marietta to advance a step. She cried out passionately: "What if it is! If it's not the right kind of life, what difference does it make if everybody's life *is* like it?"

The idea which her excitement instantly suggested to Paul was reassuring. Before Ariadne came, he remembered, Lydia had

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had queer spells of nervous tension. He patted her on the shoulder and spoke in the tone used to soothe a nervous horse: "There, Lydia, there, dear! Don't get so wrought up! Remember, you're not yourself. You do too much thinking. Come now, just curl up here and put your head on my——"

Lydia feared greatly the relaxing influence of his caressing touch. If once he put forth his personal magnetism, it would be so hard to go on! She drew away gently. "*Can* anybody do too much thinking, Paul? The trouble must be that I'm not thinking right—and oh, I want to so! *Please* help me—everybody says you have such a wonderful head for organization and for science. If I were a dynamo that wasn't working you could set me right!"

Paul laughed and made another attempt to divert her. "I couldn't if the dynamo looked as pretty and kissable as you do!" He was paying very little attention to what she said. He was only uncomfortable and uneasy to see her so white and trembling.

"Paul, listen to me!" Lydia cried desperately. "Listen to me, and look honestly at the way we've been living since we were married, and you *must* see that something's all wrong! I never see you—never, never—do you realize that?—except when you're in a raging hurry in the morning or tired to death at night, and when I'm just as tired as you are, so that all we can do is to go to bed so we can get up in the morning and begin it all over again. Or else we tire ourselves out one degree more by entertaining people we don't really like—or rather people that we don't know enough about—their real selves—to know whether we like them or not. And there's no prospect of doing anything different from this all the days of our life——"

"But look-y-here, Lydia, that's the way things are in this world! The men have to go away the first thing in the morning—and all the rest of what you say. I can't help it! What do you come to me about it for? You might as well break out crying because I can't give you eyes in the back of your head. That's the way things are!"

Lydia made a violent gesture of unbelief. "That's what everybody's been telling me all my life, but now I'm a grown woman with eyes to see and something inside me that won't let me say I see what I don't—and I don't see that—I *don't* believe it has to be so. I can't believe it!"

Paul laughed a little impatiently, irritated and uneasy as he always was at any attempt to examine too closely the foundations of existing ideas. "Why, Lydia, what's the matter with you! You sound as though you'd been reading some fool Socialist literature or something."

"You know I don't read anything, Paul. I never hear about anything but novels. I never have time for anything else, and very likely I couldn't understand it if I read it, not having any education. That's one thing I want you to help me with. All I want is a chance for us to live together a little more, to have a few more thoughts in common, and oh—to be trying to make something better out of ourselves for our children's sake! If Socialists are trying to fix things better, why shouldn't we have time, both of us, to read their books, and you help me know what they mean?"

Paul laughed again, a scornful, hateful laugh which brought the color up to Lydia's pale face like a blow. "I gather, then, Lydia, that what you're asking me to do is to neglect my business in order to read Socialist literature with you."

His wife's rare resentment rose; she spoke with dignity: "I begged you to be serious, Paul, and try to understand what I mean, although I'm so fumbling and say it so badly. As for it's being impossible to change things, I've heard you say a great many times that there are no conditions that can't be changed if people would really try——"

"Good Heavens! I said that of *business* conditions!" shouted Paul, outraged at being so misquoted.

"Well, if it's true of them—no, I feel that things are the way they are because we don't really care enough to have them some other way! If you really cared as much about sharing a part of your life with me—really *sharing*—as you do about getting the Washburn contract——"

More than her words, her indignant and angry tone, so entirely unusual, moved Paul to shocked protest. He looked deeply wounded, and his accent was that of a man righteously aggrieved. "Lydia, I lay most of this absurd outbreak to your nervous condition, and I won't blame you for it. But I can't help pointing out to you that it is entirely uncalled for. There are few

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women who have a husband as absolutely devoted as yours. You grumble about my not sharing my life with you—why, I *give* it to you entire!" His astonished bitterness grew as he voiced it. "What am I working so hard for, if not to provide for you and our children? Good Heavens! What more *can* I do for you than to keep my nose on the grindstone every minute? There are limits to even a husband's time and endurance and capacity for work."

Lydia heard a frightened roaring in her ears at this unexpected turn in the conversation. Paul had never spoken so to her before. This was a very different tone from his irritation over defective housekeeping. She was as horrified as he at the picture which he held up with such apparently justified indignation—the picture of her as a querulous and ungrateful wife. Why, Paul was looking at her as though he hated her! For the first time in her married life, she conceived the possibility that she and Paul might quarrel, really, seriously quarrel about fundamental things. The idea terrified her beyond words. Her mind, undisciplined and never very clear, became quite confused, and only her long preparation for and expectation of this talk enabled her to keep on at all. She could only falter ahead blindly:

"Why, Paul, dear—don't look at me so! I never dreamed of *blaming* you for it! It's just because I want things better for you that I'm so anxious to——"

"You haven't noticed me complaining any, have you?" put in Paul grimly, still looking at her coldly.

"—it's because I can't bear to see you work so hard to get me things I'd ever so much rather go without than have you grow so you can't see anything but business—it seems all twisted! I'd rather you'd pay an assistant to go off on these out-of-town trips, and we'd get along on less money——"

"Oh, Lydia, you talk like a child! How *can* I talk business with you when you have such crazy, impractical ideas! It's not just the money an assistant would cost. Either he'd not be so good as I, and then I'd lose my reputation for efficiency and my chance for promotion; or else he *would* be as good and he'd get the job permanently and divide the field with me. A man has to look a long way ahead in business!"

"But, Paul, what if he *did* divide the field with you? What if you don't get ahead of everybody else? If you'd have time and strength to think other things more—you said the other day that you weren't sleeping well any more and you're losing your taste for books and music and outdoors—why, I'd rather live in four rooms right over your office so that you wouldn't have that hour lost, going and coming——"

Paul broke in with a curt scorn: "Oh, Lydia, what nonsense! Why don't you propose living in a tent to save rent!"

"Why, I would—I would in a minute, if I thought it would make things any better," Lydia cried with a desperate simplicity.

At this crowning absurdity, Paul began to laugh, his ill-humor actually swept away by his amusement at Lydia's preposterous fancies. It was too foolish to try to reason seriously with her. He put his hand on her bright, dark hair, ruffling it up like a teasing boy. "I guess you'd better leave the economic status of society alone, Lydia. You might break something if you go charging around so fierce." His face turned suddenly serious. He got up from the couch and, sitting down in a straight chair, he took Lydia on his knees as though she were a child.

"Now see here, my wife, you mustn't get your feelings hurt if I do some plain talking for a minute myself. You've been telling me what you think about things, and now it's my turn. And what I think is that if you would accept conditions as they are and do your best in them, and would spend a little more of your time looking after your business, you'd have fewer complaints about my doing the same—and perhaps the house might be a more attractive place to invite visitors to."

Lydia was on the point of nervous tears from sheer fatigue, but she clung to her point with a tenacity which, in so yielding a nature, was profoundly eloquent. "But Paul, if everybody had always settled down and accepted conditions and never tried to make them better——"

"There's a difference between conditions that have to be accepted and those that can be changed," said Paul, sententiously.

Lydia tore herself away from him and stood up, trembling with excitement. She felt that they had stumbled upon the very root of the matter. "But who's to decide which our conditions are?"

Paul caught at her, laughing. "I am, of course, you firebrand! Didn't you promise

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to honor and obey?" He went on with more seriousness, a tender, impatient, condescending seriousness: "Now, Lydia, just stop and think! Do you, *can* you, consider this a good time for you to try to settle the affairs of the universe—still all upset about your father's death and goodness knows what crazy ideas that it started in your head—and in your condition!"

"But that's the way things always are," she protested. "That's life. There's never a time when something important hasn't just happened or isn't just going to happen. You *have* to go right ahead or you never—why, Paul, I've waited for two years for a r e a l l y good chance for this talk with you——"

"Thank the Lord!" he ejaculated. "I hope it'll be another two before you treat me to another evening like this. Oh, pshaw, Lydia! You're morbid. Wait till you've got another baby to play with—I don't remember that you had any doubts of anything the first six months of Ariadne's life. You ought to have a baby a year to keep you out of mischief! Just you wait till you can entertain and live like folks again! In the meantime you hustle around and keep busy and you won't be so bothered with thinking and worrying."

"But to hustle and keep busy—that's good only so long as you keep at it. The minute you stop——"

Paul's answer was an epoch in her thought.

"*Don't stop!*" he cried, surprised at her overlooking so obvious a solution. At this bullet-like retort, Lydia shivered as though she had been struck. She turned away with a blind impulse for flight. Her gesture brought her husband flying to her. He took her forcibly in his arms. "What the devil—what is the matter now?" he asked, praying for patience.

"You've just told me a horrible thing," she whispered. "That life is so dreadful that the only way we can get through it at all is by never looking at——"

Paul actually shook her in his exasperation. "Gee whiz, Lydia! you're enough to drive a man to drink! I never told you any such melodramatic nonsense. I told you straight horse-sense, which is that if you took more interest in your work, in the work that every woman of your class and position has to do, you'd have less time to think foolishness—and your husband would have an easier life."

Her trembling lips opened to speak again, but he closed them with a firm hand. "And now, as your natural guardian, I'm not going to let you say another word about it. You dear little silly! How ever did you get us so wound up? Blest if I have any idea what it's all been about!"

He was determined to end the discussion. He was relieved beyond expression that he had been able to get through it without saying anything unkind to his wife. He never meant to do that. He now went on, shaking a finger at her: "We're going out into the kitchen and we're each of us going to have a glass of beer, and a ham sandwich, and a piece of pie. You don't know what's the matter with you, but I do! You're starved! You're as hungry as you can be, aren't you, now?"

Lydia had sunk into a chair during this speech and was now regarding him fixedly, her hands clasped between her knees. At his final appeal, she closed her eyes. "Yes," she said with a long breath, "yes, I am."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE AMERICAN MAN

A RIPPLE from the surging wave of culture which, for some years, had been sweeping over the women's clubs of the Middle West, began to agitate the extremely placid waters of Endbury social life. The Woman's Literary Club, a close corporation composed of ladies in the societies' very inner circle, felt keenly the stimulating consciousness of its importance in the higher life of the town, and had too much civic pride to allow Endbury to lag complacently behind the rest of the state.

Columbus women, owing to the large German population, were getting a reputation for being musical; Cincinnati had always been artistic; Toledo had literary aspirations; Cleveland went in for civic improvement. The leading spirits of the Woman's Literary Club of Endbury cast about for some other sphere of interest to annex as their very own property.

They were hesitating whether to undertake a campaign of municipal housecleaning or the study of the sonnet form, when an unusual opportunity for distinction opened before them. The daughter of

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the club's president was married to a professor in the University of Michigan; and, on one of her visits home, she suggested that her mother's club invite, to address it, the Alliance Française lecturer of that year.

Why should not Endbury go in for cosmopolitanism? That certainly would be something new in Ohio.

And so it was arranged for an afternoon in the first week of December, a very grand, "house-darkened-and-candle-lighted performance," as Madeleine Lowder ticketed this last degree of ceremonious elaboration. It was held at the house of Paul's aunt, so that naturally Lydia could by no means absent herself. Madeleine came for her, and together they took Ariadne to Marietta's house and left her there for safe keeping. Lydia was intensely conscious, under her sister's forbearing silence, that Marietta had never been asked to join the Woman's Literary Club. Even the jaunty Madeleine was aware of a tension in the brief conversation over the child's head, and remarked as she and Lydia walked away from the house:

"Well, really now *was* that the most tactful thing in the world?"

"What else could I do?" asked Lydia, at her wits' end. "I don't dare leave Ariadne with those awful things from the employment agencies, and 'Stashie's not coming back till next week."

"Oh, *she's* coming again, is she?" commented her companion. "Well, that'll mean lots of fun watching Paul squirm. But don't mind him, Lydia." (Madeleine was one of the women who pride themselves on their loyal sense of solidarity among their sex.) "A woman ought to be allowed to run her house without any man butting in. We let them alone; they ought to let us."

There never was a person in the world, Lydia thought, in whom marriage had made less difference than in Paul's sister. She was exactly the same as in her girlhood. Lydia wondered at her with an ever-growing amazement. The enormous significance of the marriage-service, the mysteries of the dual existence, her new responsibilities—they all seemed non-existent. Paul said approvingly that Madeleine knew how to get along with less fuss than any woman he ever saw.

The two women had reached Madam Hollister's house while Madeleine was expounding her theory of matrimony and now took their places in the throng of extremely well-dressed women sitting on camp-chairs, the rows of which filled the two parlors. The lecturer was sitting with the president of the club on a dais at the other end of the room. He was a tall, ugly man, with prominent blue eyes, gray hair upstanding in close-cropped military stiffness, and a two-pronged, grizzled beard. He was looking over his audience with a leisurely, smiling scrutiny which roused in Lydia a secret resentment.

"He's very distinguished-looking, isn't he?" whispered Madeleine. "So different! And *cool!* I'd like to see Ephraim Lowder sit up there to be stared at by all this gang of women."

The president of the club rose. Her introduction of the speaker was greeted with cordial, muted applause from gloved hands. There was a scraping of chairs, a stir of draperies; and little gusts of delicate perfumes floated out as the hundred or more women settled themselves at the right angle, all their keen, handsome faces lifted to the speaker in pleasant expectancy. Not only were they agreeably aware that they were forming part of one of the most *recherché* events in Endbury's social life, but they were remembering piquant rumors of M. Buisine's sensational attacks on American materialism.

Their expectation was not disappointed. In fluent English, apparently smooth with long practise on the same theme, he wove felicitous and forceful elaborations on the proverb relating to people who are absent, and the estimation in which they should be held by those present. He had seen in America, he said, everything but the American man. He had seen hundreds and thousands of women as well dressed as Parisiennes (and, as a rule, much more expensively), as self-possessed as English great ladies, as cultivated as Russian princesses, as universally and variously handsome as visions in a painter's dream ("He's not afraid of laying it on thick, is he?" whispered Madeleine with an appreciative laugh). But, except for a few professors in colleges, he had seen no men.

He had inquired for them everywhere, and had been told that he did not see them because he was a man of letters. If he had been the inventor of a new railroad-brake, he would have seen thousands. He was told

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that the men, unlike their wives, had no intellectual interests, had no clubs with any serious purposes, had no artistic aims, had no home life, no knowledge of their children, no touch with education—that, in short, they left the whole business of worthy living to their wives, and devoted themselves exclusively to the wild-beast joys of tearing and rending their business competitors.

He gave many picturesque instances of his contention; he sketched several lively and amusing portraits of the one or two business men whom he had succeeded in running down; their tongue-tied stupefaction before the ordinary topics of civilized conversation; their scorn of all esthetic considerations; their incapacity to conceive of an intellectual life as worthy of a grown man; their obliviousness of any other standard than "success," by which they meant possessing something which they had taken away from somebody else. . . .

It was, indeed, a very entertaining lecture, a most stimulating, interesting experience to the crowd of well-dressed women; although perhaps some of them found it a little long, after the dining-room across the hall began to be filled with waiters preparing the refreshments, and the appetizing smell of freshly made coffee filled the air.

The ideas promulgated were not startlingly new to them, since they had read magazine articles on "Why American Women Marry Foreigners" and similar analyses of the society in which they lived; but to have it said to one's face, by a living man, a tall, ugly, distinguished foreigner with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole—that brought it home to one! They nodded their beautifully hatted heads at the truth of his well-chosen, significant anecdotes, they laughed at his sallies, they applauded heartily at the end, when the lecturer sat down—the little smile which Lydia found so teasing still on his bearded lips.

"Well, he hit things off pretty close for a foreigner, didn't he?" commented Madeleine cheerfully, gathering her white furs up to the white skin of her long, fair throat, and preparing for a rush on the refreshment room. "He must have kept his eyes pretty wide open since he landed."

Lydia did not answer, nor did she join in the stampede to the dining-room. She sat still, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her eyes very bright and dark in her pale face. She was left quite alone in the deserted room. Across the hall was the loud, incessant uproar of feminine conversation released from the imprisonment of an hour's silence. From the scraps of talk which were intelligible it might have been one of her own receptions. Lydia heard not a mention of the opinions to which they had been listening. Apparently they were regarded as an entertaining episode in a social afternoon. She listened intently. She looked across at the crowd of her acquaintances as though she were seeing them for the first time.

In their midst was the tall foreigner, smiling, talking, bowing, drinking tea. He was being introduced in succession to each of his admiring auditors.

Lydia rose to go, and made her way to the dressing-room on the second floor. As she returned toward the head of the stairs, she saw a man's figure ascending and stood aside to let him pass. He bowed with an unconscious assurance unlike that of any man Lydia had ever seen, and looked at her pale face and burning eyes with some curiosity. A faint aroma of delicate food, and fading flowers, and sachet-powder hung about him. It was the lecturer fresh from his throng of admirers. Lydia's heart leaped to a sudden valiant impulse, astonishing to her usual shyness, and she spoke out boldly, hastily:

"Why did you tell us all that about our men? Didn't you think any of us would realize that they are *good*—our men are—good and pure and kind? Didn't you think we'd know that anything that's the matter with them must be the matter with us, too? They had mothers as well as fathers! It's not fair to blame everything on the men! We're all in together, men and women. One can't be anything the other isn't!"

She spoke with a swift, grave directness, looking squarely into the man's eyes, for she was as tall as he. They were quite alone in the upper hall. From below came the clatter of the talking, eating women. The Frenchman did not speak for a moment. For the first time, the faint smile on his lips died away. He paid to Lydia the tribute of a look as grave as her own. Finally, "Madame, you should be French," he told her.

The remark was so unexpected an answer to her attack that Lydia's eyes wavered.

"I mean," he went on, in explanation, "that you are acting as my wife would act

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if she heard the men of her nation abused in their absence. I mean also that I have delivered practically this same lecture more than thirty times in America before audiences of women, and you are the first to —madame, I should like to know your husband!" he exclaimed with another bow.

"My husband is like all other American men!" cried Lydia sharply, touched to the quick by this reference. "It is because he is, that I—" she broke off with her gesture of passionate unresignation to her lack of fluency. Already the heat of the impulse which had carried her into speech was dying away. She began to hesitate for words. "Oh, I can't say what I mean—you must know it, anyhow! You blame the fathers for leaving all the bringing-up of the children to their wives, and yet you point out that the sons keep growing up all the time to be—to be—to be all you blame their fathers for being! If we women are half so —fine as you tell us, why haven't we changed things?"

The foreigner made a vivid, surprised, affirmatory gesture. "Exactly! Exactly! Exactly, madame!" he cried. "It is the question I have asked myself a thousand times. Why is it—why is it that women, so strong-willed, so unyielding in the seeking what they desire—why is it that apparently they have no influence on the general fabric of society in——"

"Perhaps it is," said Lydia unsparingly, her latent anger coming to the surface again and furnishing her fluency—"perhaps it is because people who see our faults don't help us to correct them, but flatter us by telling us we haven't any, and all the time think ill of us behind our backs."

The lecturer began to answer with aplomb and an attempt at graceful cynicism. "Ah, madame, put yourself in my place. I am addressing audiences of women. Would it be tactful to—" But under Lydia's honest eyes, he faltered, stopped, flushed darkly under his heavy beard, up over his high, narrow forehead to the roots of his gray hair. He swallowed hard.

"Madame," he said, "you have rebuked me —deservedly. I—I demand your pardon."

"Oh, you needn't mind me," said Lydia humbly. "My opinion doesn't amount to anything. I oughtn't to talk, either. I don't do anything different from the rest—the women down-stairs, I mean. I can only see there's something wrong—" She found the other's gaze into her troubled eyes so friendly that she was moved to cry out to him, all her hostility gone, "What *is* the trouble, anyhow?"

The lecturer flushed again, this time touched by her appeal. "I proudly put at your service any reflections I have made—as though you were my daughter. I have a daughter about your age, who is also married—who faces your problems. Madame, you look fatigued—will you not sit down?"

He led her to a sofa on one side of the hall and took a seat beside her. "Is not the trouble," he began, "that the women have too much leisure and the men too little—the women too little work, the men too much?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" Lydia's meditations had long ago carried her past that point; she was impatient at his taking time to state it. "But how can we change it?"

"You can not change it in a day. It has taken many years to grow. It has seemed to me that one way to change it might be by using your leisure differently. Even those women who use their leisure for the best self-improvement have not used it well. Many of my countrymen say that the culture of American women is like a child's idea of ornamentation—the hanging on the outside of odd bits of broken finery. I have not found it always so. I have met many learned women here, many women more cultivated than my own wife. But listen, madame, to the words of an old man. Culture is dust and ashes if the spiritual foundations of life are not well laid, and, believe me, it takes two, a man and a woman, to lay those foundations."

"But how, how—" began Lydia impatiently.

"In the only way that anything can be accomplished in this world—by working! Your women have not worked patiently, resolutely, day after day, against the desertion of their men. Worse—they have encouraged it! Have you never heard an American woman say: 'Oh, I can't bear a man around the house. They are so in the way.' Or, 'I let my husband's business alone; I want him to let——'"

He imitated an accent so familiar to Lydia that she winced. "Oh, don't!" she said. "I see all that. But how to change it?" She leaned toward him as though he could impart some magic formula to her.

"With the men: work to have them share

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your problems—work to share theirs! Do not be discouraged by repeated failure. Defeat should not exist for the spirit! And oh, the true way—you pointed it out in your first words. You have the training of the children. Their ideals are yours to make." His face answered more and more the eager intentness of her own. He raised his hand with a gesture which underlined his next words: "But remember always, always what Amiel says, that a child will divine what we really worship, and that no teaching will avail with him if we teach in contradiction to what we are."

They were interrupted by a loud hail from the stairs. Madeleine Lowder's handsome face showed through the balustrades, and back of her were other amused faces.

"I started to look you up, Lydia," she said, advancing upon them hilariously. "I thought maybe you weren't feeling well, and then I saw you monopolizing the lion when everybody was wondering where in the world he was, and you were so wrapped up that you never even noticed me. So I motioned the others to see what a demure little cat of a sister I have."

She stood before them at the end of this facetious explanation, laughing, frank, sure of herself, and as beautiful as a great, rosy flower.

"Your *sister!*" said the lecturer incredulously to Lydia.

"My husband's sister," Lydia corrected him and presented the newcomer in one phrase.

"Isn't she a sly, designing creature, Mr. Buisine?" cried Madeleine, in her usual state of hearty enjoyment of the situation. "You haven't met many as up-and-coming, have you now?"

"I do not know the meaning of your adjective, mademoiselle, but it is true that I have met few like your brother's wife."

"I'm not mademoiselle!" Madeleine was greatly amused at the idea.

The lecturer looked at her with a return to his smile of the earlier afternoon. "I never saw a person who looked more unmarried than yourself, mademoiselle," he persisted.

"Oh, we American women know the secret of not looking married," said Madeleine proudly.

"You do indeed," said the Frenchman, with the manner of gallantry. "All of you look unmarried."

Lydia rose to go. The lecturer looked at her, his eyes softening, and made a silent gesture of farewell.

He turned back to Madeleine. "But I am!" she assured him, pleased and flattered with the centering of their persiflage on herself. She made a gesture toward Lydia, disappearing down the stairs. "I'm as much married as *she* is!"

M. Buisine continued smiling. "That is quite, quite incredible!" he told her.

CHAPTER XXV.

. . . In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot.
—MEREDITH.

"Say, Lydia," said Madeleine, with her bluff good humor, coming into the house a few days after the French lecture—"say, I'm awfully sorry I told Paul! I never supposed he'd go and get mad. It was just my fool notion of being funny!"

Lydia was dusting the balustrades, her back to her visitor. She tingled all through at this speech, and for an instant went on with her work, trying to make up her mind whether she should betray the fact that she knew nothing of the incident to which Madeleine's remark seemed to refer, or whether she should, as she had done already so many times, conceal under a silence her ignorance of what her husband told other people. She decided that she dared not in this instance keep silence—she was too entirely in the dark as to what Madeleine could possibly have done.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Madeleine," she said, turning around, dust-cloth in hand, and trying to speak casually.

Her sister-in-law stared. "Didn't Paul come home and give it to you? He looked as if he were going to."

Lydia's heart sank in a vague premonition of evil. "Paul hasn't said anything to me. Why in the world should he? Is it about 'Stashie? She's been back several days now, but I thought he hadn't noticed her much."

"Well, he *hasn't* said anything, that's a fact!" exclaimed Madeleine, with the frank implication in her voice that she had not before believed Lydia's statement. "My, no! It's not about 'Stashie. It's about the French lecturer."

Lydia's astonishment at this unexpect-

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ed answer quite took away her breath. "About the—" she began.

"Why, look-y-here, it was this way," explained Madeleine rapidly. "I told you I was only joking. I thought it would be fun to tease Paul about the mash you made on old what's-his-name, about your sitting off on a sofa with him, and being so wrapped up you didn't even notice when the whole gang of us came to look at you; and maybe I stretched it some about how you looked leaning forward and gazing into—" She broke off with a laugh, cheerfully unable to continue a serious attitude toward life. "Oh, never you mind! It does a married man good to make him jealous once in a while."

"Jealous!" cried Lydia. "Paul jealous! About me! Never!" Her certainty on the point was instant and fixed.

"Well, you'd ha' thought he was if you'd seen him. I was jollying him along—we were in the street-cars going into Endbury. I had to take that early car so's to keep a date with Briggs, and oh, Lydia, that brown suit he's making for me is a *dream*—simply a dream! He's put a little braid——"

"What did Paul say?"

"Paul?—Oh, yes. How'd I get switched off on to Briggs? Why, Paul didn't say anything; that was what made me see he wasn't taking it right. He just sat still and listened and listened till it made me feel foolish. And then when I looked at him I saw he was looking as black as a thundercloud—that nasty look he has when he's real mad. Well, I was awfully sorry, and I said: 'Why, hold on a minute, Paul—let me tell you—' But he said he guessed I'd told him about enough, and before I could open my mouth he dropped off the car. We'd got in as far as Hayes Avenue. I wanted to explain, you know, that the Frenchman was old enough to be your *grandfather!*"

"When did this happen?"

"Oh, I don't know—three or four days ago. Why, Thursday, it must ha' been, for after I got through with Briggs I went on to that——"

"And this is Monday," said Lydia. "Four days."

At the sight of her sister-in-law's troubled eyes, Madeleine was again overcome with facile remorse. She clapped her on the shoulder hearteningly. "I'm awfully sorry, Lyd, but don't you go being afraid of Paul! You're too gentle with him, anyhow. And about this, don't you worry! Like as not Paul's forgotten everything about it. He'd forget anything, you know he would, if an interesting job in business came up. And if he ever *does* say anything, you just laugh and tell him about old Thingamajig's white hair and pop eyes, and he'll laugh at the joke on himself."

Lydia drew back with a gesture of extreme repugnance. "Don't talk so—as though Paul could be so—so vulgar."

Madeleine laughed. "I guess you won't find a man in this world that isn't 'vulgar' that way."

"Why, I've been *married* to Paul for years—he wouldn't think I—no matter what you told him, he couldn't conceive of my——"

Mrs. Lowder as usual found her brother's wife very diverting "—of your doing a little hand-holding on the side? Oh, go on! Flirting's no crime! And you did, honest to goodness you did, turn that old fellow's head. You ought to have seen the way he looked after you."

Lydia cut her off with a sharp, "Oh, *don't!*" She was now sitting, still absently grasping the dust-cloth.

Madeleine stood for a moment, looking at her in a meditative silence rather unusual for her. "Lydia, you don't look a bit well," she said kindly. She sat down by her sister-in-law and put her arms around her with an impulse of affectionate pity which almost undid Lydia, always so helplessly responsive to tenderness. "What's the matter, Lyd?" Madeleine went on. "Something's not going right. Is Paul being horrid about something? You just take my advice, and if you want anything out of him, you fight for it. Nobody gets anything in this world if they don't put up a fight for it."

Lydia began to say that there are some things which lose their value if obtained by fighting, but she suddenly stopped her faltering words, drew a long breath, and laid her head on the other's shoulder. She knew now, she knew for all her life, that Madeleine could never understand. After a pause, "How did those waists come out that you sent to the cleaner's, Madeleine?" she asked, in a bright, natural tone of interest. "I hope the blue one *didn't* fade."

Madeleine reported to her husband that Lydia had seemed in one of her queer, notional moods at first, but cheered up afterward and talked more like folks and seem-

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ed more like herself than since her father had died.

But after Lydia was alone there sprang upon her the terror of living on such terms with Paul. No, no, never that! It would be dying by inches!

She did not believe Madeleine's story, or at least not her interpretation of Paul's attitude; but she felt a dreary chill at his silence. It seemed to her that their marriage ought to bring to her husband an irresistible impulse to have in all their relations with each other a perfect openness. She resolved that she would begin to help him to that impulse that very day—now—at once.

When Paul came in, he seemed a little abstracted, and went directly up-stairs to pack a satchel, saying with his usual absence of explanatory comment that he was called to Evanston on business. He ate his dinner rather silently, glancing furtively at the evening paper.

Ariadne prattled to her mother of her adventures in the kitchen where Patsy O'Hern, 'Stashie's boy cousin, was visiting her, and he made Ariadne a horse out of a potato, with toothpicks for legs, and a little wagon out of a match-box, with a paper-doll to sit and drive; and Patsy was perfectly loverly, anyhow, and he was making such a lot of money every day, and oh, he made the wheels out of potato, too, as round as could *be* he cut it, and he gave every cent of it to his grandmother and she loved him as much as she did 'Stashie, and wasn't it good to have 'Stashie back and——

Paul frowned silently over his pie.

"Come, dear, it's seven o'clock and bedtime," said Lydia, leading the little girl away.

When she came back she noticed by the clock that she had been gone almost half an hour. She was surprised to see Paul still in the dining-room, as though he had not stirred since she left him. He was sitting in an attitude of moody idleness, singular with him, his elbows on the table, his chin in his hands. He looked desperately, tragically tired.

No inward monitor gave any warning to Lydia of what the next few moments were to be in her life. She crossed the room quickly to her husband, feeling a great longing to be close to him.

As she did so, a rattling clatter of tin was heard from the kitchen, followed by a shout of roaring laughter. Something in Paul's tense face snapped almost audibly. He started up, overturning his chair. "Oh, *damn* that idiot!" he cried.

The door opened behind them. 'Stashie stood there, her red hair hidden in a mass of soft dough which was beginning to ooze down over her red, perspiring face. "I just wanted to show you what a comycal thing happened, Mis' Hollister," she began, in her familiar way. "'Twould make a pig laugh now. I'd begun my bread-dough and put it on a shelf an'——"

"Oh, get out of here!" Paul yelled at her furiously, "and less noise out of you in the kitchen!" He slammed the door shut on her retreat and turned to Lydia with a face she did not recognize. The room grew black before her eyes.

"I suppose you still prefer that dirty Irish lout to my wishes?" he said.

His words, his accent, the quality of his voice were the zigzag of lightning to his wife. The storm burst over her head like thunder.

She was amazed to feel a great wave of anger surge up in her, responsive to his. She cried, in outraged resentment at his injustice, "You know very well—" and stopped, horrified at the passion which rose clamoring to her lips.

"I know very well that my home is the last place where my wishes are consulted."

"I will dismiss 'Stashie to-morrow," returned Lydia, with a bitter, proud brevity.

"You're rather slow to take a hint. How long has she been with us? As for your saying that you can't get anybody else, and can't keep house decently as other decent people do, there isn't a word of truth in it! You can do whatever you care enough about to try to do. You didn't make an incompetent mess out of taking care of the baby, as you did out of that disgusting dinner-party!"

It was the first time he had ever spoken outright to her of that experience. Lydia was transfixed to hear the poison of the memory as fresh in his voice as though it had happened yesterday.

"I'm simply not worth putting yourself out for," went on Paul, turning away and picking up his overcoat. "I'm only a common, ignorant, materialistic beast of an American husband!" He added in an insulting tone: "I suppose you'd like two husbands, one to earn your living for you and one to talk about your soul to and exchange near-culture with!"

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He had not looked at Lydia as he poured out this sudden flood of acrimony, but at her quick, fierce reply, he faced her.

"I'd like *one* husband!" she cried, white with indignation.

"And I'd like a wife!" Paul flashed back at her hotly. "A wife that'd be a help to me and not a hindrance to everything I want to do—a wife that'd be loyal to me behind my back and not listen to sneaking foreigners who tell her she's a misunderstood martyr! Martyr!" His sense of injury exalted him. "Yes, you American wives are martyrs all right, I must say. While your husbands are working like dogs to make you money, you're sitting round with nothing to do but to drink tea and listen to a foreigner who—in summer now, while you're enjoying the cool breezes out here on a—maybe you think a dynamo room's a funny place to be, with the thermometer standing at—what am I doing when I'm away from you? Enjoying myself, no doubt. Maybe you think it's enjoyment to travel all night on—maybe you think it's nice to make yourself conspicuous with another man that's been abusing your——"

Lydia could hear no more for a loud roaring in her ears. She knew then the blackest moment of her life—a sickening scorn for the man before her. Madeleine had been right then. They were of the same blood. His sister knew him better than she.

"I didn't take any stock in Madeleine's nasty insinuations about your flirting with him, of course, but it showed me what you've been thinking about me all this time I've been working like a dog——"

Lydia drew the first conscious breath since the beginning of this nightmare. The earth was still under her feet, struck down to it though she was; the roaring in her ears stopped. She heard Paul say: "Maybe you think I'm made of iron! I tell you I'm right on my nerves every minute! Dr. Melton threatens me with a breakdown every time I see him!" There was a sort of angry pride in this statement. "I can't sleep! I'm doing ten men's work! And what do I get from you? Any rest? Any quiet? Why, these first years when you might have made things easier for me by taking all other cares off my mind and leaving me free for business—they've actually been harder because of you!"

He thrust his arm into his overcoat and caught up his satchel. "I haven't wanted anything so hard to give! Good Lord! All I asked for was a well-kept home where I could invite my friends without being ashamed of it, and live like other decent people!" He moved to the door and put one strong, thin hand on the knob.

With the unearthly clearness of one in a terrible accident, Lydia noticed every detail of his appearance. He was flushed, a purple, congested color, singularly unlike his usual indoor pallor; hurried pulses throbbed visibly, almost audibly, at his temples; one eyelid twitched steadily and rapidly, like a clock ticking. With a gesture as automatic as drawing breath, he jerked out his watch and looked at it, apparently to make sure of catching his trolley, although his valedictory was poured out with such a passionate unpremeditation that the action must have been involuntary and unconscious.

"But I don't ask even that now, since it don't suit you to bother to give it! All I ask now ought to be easy enough for any woman to do—not to bother me! Leave me alone! Keep your everlasting stewing and fussing and hysterical putting-on to yourself! I don't bother you with my affairs—I haven't and I never will—why, for God's sake can't you—some men marry women who help them and pull with them loyally instead of pulling the other way all the time, and make them a thousand times more successful than I can——"

Lydia broke in with a loud voice of anguished questioning: "Do they make them better men?" she asked piercingly.

Her husband looked at her over his shoulder. "Oh, you and your goody-goody cant!" he said, and, going out without further speech, closed the door behind him.

The clock struck the half-hour. Their conversation had lasted less than five minutes.

"The Squirrel Cage" will be concluded in the April number.

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"IF I'D NEVER DONE ANYTHING WORSE THAN THIS——"

LITTLE FATHER

by Anna A Rogers

AUTHOR OF "WHY AMERICAN MARRIAGES FAIL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

WITHIN the high, gray stone walls of the Navy Yard, the admiral's wife stood socially for the queen; morally, for the Law and the Prophets. But he, the admiral, was tender of heart, and felt toward the occupants of the little brick houses, in twin clusters at each end of the board-walk, as if they were his children; to be sheltered, guided, forgiven.

It was the paymaster's wife—unbelievably loquacious—who had once called Admiral Bond "Little Father," behind his back; and it had stuck to him ever since—behind his back—quite as if it were a bit of scandal.

"Arabella Bond is as *sure* as the law of gravitation and just about as sympathetic," gossiped Doctor Freeze, that tiny cynic, the surgeon of the Yard, to his old shipmate, Captain Gosse, when the captain's ship came in to be docked, repaired, and painted; "while dear old Phil Bond is sure of but one thing: we are all in need of remission of sins. She's always prosecuting attorney, and he's always for the defendant."

"Don't you think you can always tell if a person, especially a woman, has never been disappointed in her own character?" remarked the captain, the largest commissioned officer in the service and looking the part.

"Well, you know, it *must* be rather a nice sensation!" laughed the doctor.

The admiral had more than once caught himself regretting that his wife's perfectly rounded, highly polished character offered him no hold for his sensitive, often very irritable, fingers. His own faults, of which he had by this time been made fully aware, seemed to come back on him with an added

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recoil from Arabella's smooth surface of perfection.

So there really was nothing surprising in the fact that when the popular little wife of Captain Cassier got into trouble that autumn, Admiral Bond found himself arrayed on her side, against Mrs. Bond, who, of course, led the Prophets.

Lieutenant Commander Lee Horsfort was introduced to Mrs. Cassier one night at the commandant's by Mrs. Bond herself, which further embittered her against the two delinquents. The dinner was given to Captain Gosse and to the Horsforts, who were the latest arrivals at the Yard, and it opened the season.

Captain and Mrs. Cassier entered a little late; he very dark, very solemn, unrelentingly bored; she, as usual, all smiles, animation, and gay chatter; radiant with intense vitality and energy. Her rather plain face was vivid with that passionate love of mere living which one sees sometimes in the face of a healthy child. All of which was peculiar and rather startling in a woman of her years.

"Captain and Mrs. Horsfort," Mrs. Bond announced graciously, "Captain and Mrs. Cassier;" and then the inglorious little comedy began—one of those instantaneous affairs between a man and a woman which take no heed whatever of age, conditions, or social restrictions. Helen Cassier shook hands with Mrs. Horsfort, and spoke a few welcoming words to the rather rigid, smileless woman she proved to be; blonde and very handsome in a placid fashion. Then Mrs. Cassier raised her eyes and put out her gloved hand to Lee Horsfort, intending to add some conventional remark; instead of which her mobile face suddenly melted into a smile of frankest pleasure, which his odd, deeply lined, humorous face reflected.

Then the two laughed into each other's eyes, and all the others standing about saw, and wondered, and remembered.

Mrs. Bond exclaimed quickly: "Oh, I didn't know! You are old friends, I see."

"Oh, no," Horsfort said, still laughing, "we are only going to be!"

Mrs. Horsfort was too accustomed to her husband's ever-ready gallantries to pay any heed. She had never known him to take a woman seriously in his life—his refusal to take even her so was her heaviest cross. But Mrs. Bond was for some reason somewhat nettled by the scene. She was rather proud of the fact later on, and plumed herself on her quick instincts.

Then Kano announced the dinner, and Count Bonti, the Italian consul's father-in-law, and an old friend of the admiral's, took Mrs. Cassier in. Once at the large, round table, Helen turned and found Lieutenant Commander Horsfort on her right. Their eyes met and they laughed again, without rhyme or reason.

"Karma! I knew it, I knew it!" he whispered joyously, without looking at her, as Mrs. Bond was on his right, and stood for the conventions.

It was a typical Navy dinner. Except for Count Bonti, the men were ablaze with gold lace and brass buttons. They did most of the talking, and did it well; not right and left in whispers, but across bravely, and from end to end. With the exception of the admiral, whose broad gold stripe protected him, they did not hesitate to exploit one another's foibles, social and professional, and they threw back their white and gray and bald heads and shouted when any one was especially hard hit. One might almost have supposed oneself in England, the women counted for so little, save as decoration.

So it was some time before Horsfort again spoke to Mrs. Cassier. Then he turned quite fully toward her, still with that laugh in his voice and eyes: "It's been such an age since we've met—one or two incarnations at least!"

"Three!" she answered quickly, and he laughed aloud. "We were lotus blossoms first, somewhere near Kandy; floating through the Indian night, waiting for the sun, and——"

"Oh, yes, of course!" he exclaimed, with a comical emphasis that sent Helen off into a soft, excited peal of laughter.

It is not easy to convey to a well-ordered mind, free from the gift, or curse, of phantasy, what this instantaneous soul-greeting from Lee Horsfort was to her. They had never met before, and yet behold! one of her own tribe had come. The rest were aliens, with no common tongue. They were a middle-aged man and woman, he the father of several children away at school, she the mother of an equal number, none of whom had lived beyond babyhood. Neither was especially unhappily mated, as the world goes; neither had any claim to real physical beauty or mental brilliancy. Their

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THE TWO LAUGHED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, AND ALL THE OTHERS STANDING ABOUT SAW, AND WONDERED, AND REMEMBERED.

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sense of humor was their strongest tie all through those first flying weeks.

Helen went home to House R (for the quarters were lettered, not numbered) and dreamed about him; a long, involved, senseless dream, but always full of throbbing interest; and he went home to House T, and slept very little; seeing always a luminous, eager face, whose sweet eyes held the joyousness of living, as a woman's should.

II

DINNERS and ladies' lunches and teas and bridge followed, now that the hot weather was over. The Yard had its reception day, set by Mrs. Bond; the Receiving Ship had informal hops every Thursday afternoon; and the few young people at the Yard played tennis—the girls by themselves, the men by themselves, with a brutal frankness that made the middle-aged people reminiscent of the good old times before the disillusionment of the sexes began.

But the first of the bi-monthly Yard hops was not given until Thanksgiving night. It was in the beflagged and besabered sail-loft, as usual.

"I'm so glad you wore that dress—I like it the best of your evening gowns!" exclaimed Horsfort, with soft familiarity, devouring Helen Cassier with his always laughing eyes,which turned all he said safely into comedy.

She gave him a grieved look. "I can not afford to keep pace with your observation and memory, sir!" she scolded. "You will see no changes till the hyacinths come up."

"If you had fifty, I'd remember them no less vividly."

"That relieves my stress of mind somewhat," she conceded. Then, with a sudden change, she cried: "Captain Horsfort, you're the most absurd man in the world!"

"And you're the most absurd woman, Mrs. Cassier—come, let's dance this, and be absurd together, and show the youngsters what the real thing is."

So off they spun over the floor, a slight precision in their step and carriage marking their generation as one apart from the flying, whirling, swooping, graceful young people, of whom the old sail-loft was now full.

The gray-headed captains, and even the admiral, had by no means given up their dancing, and went about among the older women, giving each "a turn or two." But Captain Cassier did not dance; he never had danced in his life; he stayed about twenty minutes, then went home to his den and his chessmen, returning at midnight for his wife.

Horsfort danced six times with Mrs. Cassier, and once, as they strolled by the receiving line, now seated on the royal sofa, the paymaster's wife called out to them laughingly:

"It's fast getting to be a scandal, Mrs. Cassier. You two giddy creatures will get yourselves talked about!"

"What bliss! It's fully ten years since I've had a chance to do anything scandalous," replied Helen Cassier, as they stopped before the imperial rug.

"What do you think of our 1880 step?" cried Horsfort, pirouetting before them.

Mrs. Bond did not laugh with the rest. She turned and watched Captain Horsfort's wife, but detected neither jealousy nor discontent in her cold, handsome eyes. Mrs. Horsfort was entirely sure that her husband's emotions were but thistle-down whirling about in every summer breeze. The very openness of his habit of flirting disarmed her; and that was why she alone remained in ignorance of the Cassier affair.

He danced with Mrs. Bond, with the paymaster's wife, and asked his own, who refused; and Helen had three straight dances with Captain Gosse, and then the two came together again.

"Aren't you tired of being good? I am!" Horsfort said, bowing before her. "Let's go straight to the bow-wows together—let's have some lemonade!"

She arose, laughing, and went with him, and Captain Gosse shook his fist at them, and Helen felt wonderfully young, and stimulated, and somewhat ridiculous; which fact she confided to Horsfort between sips of lemonade.

"What's ridiculous about it?" he demanded.

"Why, this—er—what shall I say? This latest butterfly incarnation of ours," she was suddenly inspired to say.

"Well, isn't the butterfly the symbol of the soul?—the frothiest, most evanescent thing in existence, by the way. The little respectable 'busy bee' might have been chosen by the gods, but it wasn't, you notice," he talked on, always with that merry twinkle in his eyes.

At the stroke of eight bells, sounding all

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over the Yard in many tones, the band stood and played the national hymn, which always ended the dance. Every one stood facing in silence the platform behind which was draped a large American flag.

Instantly the hall seemed full of bigger potencies and purposes. There suddenly seemed a military necessity in the high gray walls, the various sentries at the four gates, and before the commandant's; reason for the busy "shops" of the Yard, where a thousand or two workmen forced the complicated machinery to comb the fiber from far Manila, and twist it into rope in the dusty twilight of long corridors; or where human giants wrought, stripped before great furnaces, and mechanical giants seemed equally alive, and both turned out their daily quota of chains and anchors for a growing navy. There seemed a reason for the sudden grimness that came to the officers' mouths, whose heads had grown grizzled in the service that they loved; reason for the patient sadness that crept into the eyes of the wives, who also had had their bitter moments, watching through long, black nights for the morning, and that dread thing which the busy commercial world calls "news."

The hop was over, and ten minutes later old Andrews, the admiral's coxswain, held back the heavy curtains before the door of the ladies' dressing-room, and Mrs. Cassier in a long blue cloak came hastily out, said good night to Andrews, and then looked about for her husband.

Horsfort, muffled in his cape, his cap in hand, waiting for his wife, stepped up to her and whispered, with an unexpected note of seriousness in his voice, if not in his words:

"What do you suppose comes next after butterflies, Mrs. Cassier?—What is our next incarnation to be?"

Helen shook her head, smiling. "Only a few are fortunate enough even to remember, let alone foreseeing," she said.

"Oh, well," he answered easily, "it doesn't really matter, so long as we are together."

Helen frowned a little. "That may do, Captain Horsfort, in Nice, or Cairo, or Shanghai, but—I'm afraid you've misunderstood me, after all," she said, with a certain stiffness and restraint.

"I couldn't misunderstand you if I tried," he replied quietly.

"Are you ready, Nell? I'm dropping dead in my tracks with sleep," muttered John Cassier at her elbow. And the blue figure started down the stairway of the Equipment Building, and Horsfort stood and waited for his always leisurely spouse.

III

Captain Gosse, widower and well-to-do, felt it incumbent upon him to give a large dinner on his ship the week before he sailed, in return for the many courtesies he had received while lying at the Yard.

Six of the silvered "Heads of Departments" were invited with their wives, and so once more the little isolated colony found itself paired off in more or less familiar combinations.

Doctor Freeze, fifty and a bachelor, was with them again. He had been overheard to swear that he was as tired of the "Yard women" as if they were his own wives. He knew all of their gowns, their styles of cooking, their opinions, their jokes. All winter, after this remark was overheard, the surgeon of the Yard was not once asked to break bread.

"We'll boycott him! We'll give him a good long chance to forget a few things," the women had grimly agreed one afternoon at the commandant's.

He was really amused to find how keen he was to accommodate Gosse and come at the last moment to the dinner. Mrs. Bond had developed a headache and sent regrets for herself and the admiral. So the doctor and the insatiable old Bonti, who adored Navy folk, graciously consented to "fill in," as Gosse frankly called it in his notes.

When the Yard people, in all their glory, came off in the launch (for the ship was now anchored in the stream) they found several of the wardroom officers also waiting to receive them, and they sat down eighteen strong.

Gosse, who had no conscience whatever in such matters, had been to the pains of asking Doctor Freeze all about the Yard animosities and affinities. In consequence, Mrs. Cassier and Lee Horsfort found themselves once more side by side at the long table. And the other women watched them with narrowed eyes.

Helen wore a black net, and over it a bolero jacket of old appliqué lace with half sleeves—a slight addendum to her toilet

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"THAT MAY DO, CAPTAIN HORSFORT, IN NICE, OR CAIRO, OR SHANGHAI, BUT—I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MISUNDERSTOOD ME."

that she knew Horsfort's quick eyes at once grasped.

"That's very chic! With a big black hat and long plumes, you'd be a picture," he said seriously.

"I'll get the hat to-morrow!" she laughed, for her restraint after the first hop had worn off long ago.

"Do! I wish I could go shopping with you, as a Frenchman does with the woman he cares most about."

And then they looked away from each other suddenly, a startled look in their eyes, and began talking to the others.

It was like this all the evening; sentences begun innocently enough invariably carried them into awkward corners, from which it was difficult to escape. Their humorous sense, hitherto their safe *duenna*, had abandoned them; and, left alone, they were no longer at ease with each other.

After the champagne had made several rounds, Horsfort became very quiet and absent-minded. His strong, irregular face had grown rather pale. He sat turned partly in his chair and scarcely lifted his

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eyes from Mrs. Cassier's nervous hands. And presently the whole Yard, even the men, felt with a thrill that they were in the presence of a big, overwhelming passion, fast getting beyond the control of even such a master-hand as Lee Horsfort. The women cautiously exchanged glances, longing for the morrow—and Mrs. Bond. The men avoided each other's eyes, and talked more than ever, seeking to cover Horsfort's obsession, of which he was so curiously unconscious.

Helen Cassier was keenly conscious of the situation, and from head to foot she grew rigid with a sudden fear, a sudden knowledge that she had been playing with fire all those foolish, happy weeks; that it had been, after all, something more than the usual joyous harmless badinage of Navy life, to which she was so used after many years.

She tried to steady herself by looking at her husband, sitting silent, as usual, diagonally opposite her. She tried to build up a barrier between herself and the man next to her, to build it out of all the years of her married life, during which she had owed John Cassier food, drink, shelter, raiment, much kindness in his way, and a fidelity of which she was absolutely sure, as it was temperamental.

But she could feel no real footing beneath her; the tide had risen, and she was afloat, drifting toward this man beside her. The propulsion seemed to her excited fancy physical, and so compelling that once she caught at the table before her to stop what she feared was a slow swaying of her whole body. What did it all mean, this sudden insecurity? No sensation of even her susceptible, intense nature had ever before seemed like this.

She caught her breath and tried to laugh, looking about the brilliant table to make sure that they all saw the usual smile on her face. Then, once more mistress of herself, she turned to Horsfort and said lightly: "I believe you are trying to hypnotize me, and I wish you'd stop it! You've tried to conceal it from me, but I happen to know that you were a conjuror once in Algiers, and I refuse to be experimented on!"

"So you felt it! So did I," he said gravely. "Don't you often feel that doors are opened to us—doors into new possibilities, new combinations? And then if we pass by and do not enter, the doors close and only a perfume of what is within lingers with us for a moment. One of those doors was ajar just now, and I was watching and—wishing. So you caught the perfume, too!"

"Bluebeard!" she went on, determined to slay his mood, "with women's hearts, instead of their heads, hanging in your secret chamber!"

Then for the first time he spoke angrily to her, begging for a surcease of reminders of his alleged coxcombry. His face was very white now, and his eyes flashed, as he talked in low, concentrated tones.

As the dinner went on she became strangely exalted, strong of purpose, uplifted out of the dull precedent of her past, born suddenly into that other, older world of big ideas, big emotions, big sins. She realized for the first time that there were possibilities of danger in the large margin of her nature, left over after John was satisfied—cold, inhumorous, methodical, self-centered man that he was, albeit a fine officer and a gentleman. His very temperamental indifference had conserved her youth.

They all left the table together, scattering about the double cabin, while the noiseless colored stewards cleared away the remains of the feast. The men smoked Gosse's best brand of Havanas, the women wandered about examining the ship's silver service, received from the state after which she was named, and the captain's own manifold treasures—for he chose to treat his quarters on his ship as his home, not merely as his office.

A little later they had a sort of vaudeville program for an hour; the best artistic talent in the crew. Then the wife of the Captain of the Yard arose, and the evening was over.

In the launch going ashore, Mrs. Cassier first felt the force of that banded strength of her own sex against evil which has whipped more than one wavering woman back into line. And she walked very soberly through the silent Yard, although Count Bonti was beside her and doing his best to pretend that there was nothing wrong.

IV

The next morning, life went on in the old routine. At eight bells the great fair-weather flag was raised from the mast in front of the commandant's, and the bugles

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had barely ceased when the band began the national hymn.

The admiral and his little grandson, both early risers, were out in the garden and stood at attention through the ceremony of "colors." Helen Cassier watched the two figures from her window as she was dressing. She saw the two stop and swing into place facing the flag-pole; the two pairs of shoulders square to attention, the one so tall and stooping, the other so tiny and straight. Stock-still the man and child stood till the last note died away, and then the two hands went up together, and the salute was stiffly given. Then the little hand nestled in the big one and they continued their walk. Somehow it brought the tears to Helen's eyes, as she turned away from the window with a quivering smile. Several days later she recalled it without the smile.

The five "housemen" slowly swept the brick walks in front of the row of officers' quarters. The gray figures of the military prisoners working under guards in several gangs began "policing" the Yard. The sentries at the various gates were relieved.

SHE LOOKED ABOUT TO MAKE SURE THAT ALL SAW THE USUAL SMILE ON HER FACE.

The fifteen hundred workmen were already busy amid the roar of the great shops; the sharp echo of hammers came up from the docks. At half-past eight the officers began to go singly to their several departments. It was a warm, bright day, and so the band played till nine o'clock, and then, as it marched heavily away, the mail orderly made his rounds, which brought the little sheltered world into momentary touch with the life outside the gray walls.

Helen was very restless and discontented with herself, very determined not to see Lee Horsfort again for a long time. Not that they had met so often, after all, or had ever been alone together for one minute. He had never called upon her without his wife, for the Yard had some conventions of its own as high as the great stone wall itself. But hereafter she would do her best to avoid him, convinced that their old innocent relationship was passing, and that something else was ready to take its place—and that must never, never happen! It was all in her own hands, and she was going to be very strong.

Ordinarily, in a mood of discontent, she would have run in for a chat with one of the other women, with whom she had always been a favorite. But not after last night! Not after their suspicious eyes at the table, their silence in the launch coming home.

Soon after luncheon, to which her husband returned, Helen went to the city. An hour's shopping brought her to the limit of her purse, if not her desires; but it had served its purpose of distracting her. Afterward she had an hour with her dressmaker, and still there was a long afternoon ahead, she thought impatiently. John played chess with the doctor after office hours and never got home till quarter past six—exactly quarter past every day; there was no use returning yet.

It was getting dark, and yet it was only half-past four. She bethought herself of some flowers for the table, and walked rapidly up the broad avenue to a little florist who saw his way to "deliver free at the Navy Yard."

Just as she turned to go down the few steps that led to his tiny grotto, a joyous voice behind her stopped her heart's beating:

"I knew I was going to meet you! Oh, you needn't scowl at me so! I haven't been following you, I'll swear. I'm pretty much of an ass, but not to that extent. I just felt in my bones and in the marrow thereof,

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that if I walked up this street, on the left, something nice would happen." It was Horsfort, looking odd to her in his citizen's clothes, for she had always seen him in one of his many uniforms.

"I'm not quite so handsome in 'cits,' am I?" he went on complacently, and she simply had to laugh, with the sheer joy of his jubilant presence, which seemed to sweep away all the complications of conscience that have piled up since Pan ceased to be king.

"Come, I'm only out for a walk. Let's tramp the park. No? Bobby and the nursemaid? Well, let's take the trolley! No? 'Arry and 'Arriet? I have it—I'm not swagger enough in my old Hong-Kong suit. You're ashamed of being seen walking with me! Well, will you sit down somewhere with me? Then half of me will be out of sight under the table. There's a tea-place near here—let's go there. Good Lord, Mrs. Cassier, what a prig you are! Why, it's some sort of Woman's Christian-Something Tea! I've been there twice with my wife. Long on toast and short on beverages—you know the sort of convent-café I mean. Come along!"

In the end they went; and drank their weak Oolong, and nibbled their toasted English muffins opposite each other at a little green table, with green tea-cups, and Japanese paper napkins, and green chairs and walls, and screens here and there in corners. There were only three or four other people in the room.

"Well, if I'd never done anything worse than this—" remarked Horsfort, looking about suggestively. Then, as he saw her smile begin to fade, he challenged her, leaning across the table: "Now, what possible harm can this little tea-party do anybody?"

"Suppose Mrs. Bond should walk in!" was all she said, and forthwith he pantomimed the frankest terror.

"Ah, you see!" she cried. "If we were on the dear old piazza in Venice—but here in 'the States'—there's no use, you're a married man and as such socially *hors de concours;* and I——"

"Well, Mrs. Horsfort lets me drink tea, if I am!" he interrupted.

"—— and I'm a married woman, shelved at twenty-one."

The other people had finished and drifted out, leaving Helen and Horsfort alone. There were few pauses in their chatter—she took care of that; but in one of them he said abruptly, elbows squared on the little table where he had cleared a space:

"Do you know what's happened to me?"

"No."

"I'm sorry. I thought maybe you could tell me. For I can't make it out unless I'm losing my mind. Such a night as I had last night! Such a staring, white night," he repeated slowly, looking her gloomily in the eyes. And then, before she could get her wits to work, it came pouring from him in the simple, passionate words men use when they are in earnest and suffering.

At first she tried to treat it as an acute form of his habit of idle love-making; then she sat and listened, and their smiles fled and their faces grew pale.

"I don't know what it means, Mrs. Cassier, any more than you do. I don't like it one bit better than you do—God! you needn't think that I like it. It just came, and I'm helpless. It began the instant I saw you. I knew you were the one I had always been looking for, all over the world —*the one!* And the fact that it was too late did not seem to count with my soul, if it did have to in my actions. It's just something between us two, unrelated to any other human tie. Right, wrong, motives, have no bearing whatever. It's as impersonal as the push of a strong gale. Do you know what I mean?"

"I know," she whispered.

"But I'm not a stage villain, and I've no deep-laid plot against your peace—against any one's peace. I'm lots less of a pagan than I knew," he said, with one of his twisted, whimsical smiles. "I never wanted to do the right thing harder in my life. You're a good woman, a good, happy little woman. And yet—although I'd rather resign my commission than hurt you, or have one breath of talk about you—yet, oh, my dear, I've just gone mad, that's all! I have to watch myself every minute that I'm with you, to be sure of what I'm doing; sure of the sanity of it; sure that my feet are touching something while I am struggling in the great billows of strong feeling that are rising about us. It means absolute shipwreck to more lives than yours and mine if—and of course I see all that! But nothing seems really vital in life but that I should see you every day."

As she listened, it was as if she herself had just spoken. She understood herself

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at last, and a great fear held her close, so that she could scarcely breathe. And again he spoke:

"I would not drag you through one of those hideous secret affairs that hold a new poison for each second of time; not even if I had the power to do it. And yet as I sit here saying that—and meaning it too, Heaven help me!—I know that this sort of thing in a man's heart does not stand still—does not recede. It grows—it must progress. And we are so near together, the life at the Yard is so close, and there is no escape. In another year where shall we be—you and I? Dear, you must be very strong, for my strength is going!"

He watched her with haggard eyes that seemed never to have known a smile. Then something that he saw in her white face brought the color to his, and he whispered, leaning over the shabby tea-cups and the bits of toasted bread:

"Do you—no, don't answer me that—*could* you have cared, cared as I do, if things had been different?"

She looked at him, and her eyes filled with tears. The blood rushed to his face and neck, and he turned his eyes away from her.

It was dark when they left the tea-room. They walked to the next corner and he put her in a Navy Yard car, saying that he would walk home, and try to get himself together.

AS SHE TURNED TO GO DOWN THE STEPS, A JOYOUS VOICE BEHIND HER STOPPED HER HEART'S BEATING.

It must have been quite ten minutes later before a tall, slight old man, with white mustache and imperial, finished drinking his cup of chocolate in one of the screened corners of the little green tea-room. Then he folded up his evening paper, which he had not looked at since the familiar voice on the other side of the screen had spoken his wife's name.

Outside the tea-room, the old man looked about sharply, and then went to the corner and took a car to the Navy Yard. His fine, keen face was rather paler than usual, his blue eyes were full of the unescapable sadness of initiated living, as he rode through the darkness to his home, trying to find the solution to it all.

Whispers of Horsfort's strange action at the Gosse dinner had reached Mrs. Bond that morning, and she had at once taken a stand, and laid down the law for the whole feminine portion of the Yard. The Cassier woman must be dropped, or at least be put where she belonged, and kept there with a strong arm. She had deceived them all for two years—they were beginning to find out why their husbands had always liked her from the very first!

"There's a certain charm about wickedness that no amount of mere physical beauty or intellect can ever hope to balance," the paymaster's wife had said, with a twinkle in her little green eyes; and then Mrs. Bond turned slowly, as a queen might on her throne, and fairly glared at her; and took up once more the thread of her discourse. The Cassier woman must be dropped. She was deliberately breaking up a happy home; she, Arabella Bond, was not the woman to

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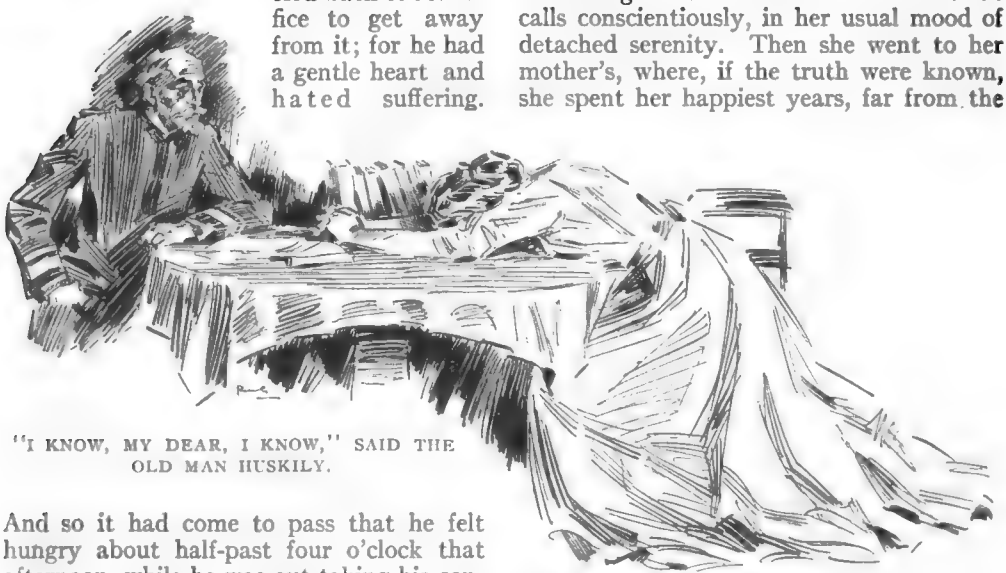
sit calmly by and see that done under her very eyes.

All of this had been repeated to the admiral at lunch that day, with such vindictive emphasis and so much repetition that he did not stop to finish his meal, but hurried back to his office to get away from it; for he had a gentle heart and hated suffering.



"I KNOW, MY DEAR, I KNOW," SAID THE OLD MAN HUSKILY.

And so it had come to pass that he felt hungry about half-past four o'clock that afternoon, while he was out taking his constitutional, and had slipped into a quiet place he happened to see in passing and ordered a cup of chocolate—a habit picked up in Havana—and so had unavoidably overheard it all, being hopelessly cornered by the screen.

As he rode home, he was busy with many thoughts: "If the women begin to snub that little woman—who is trying to do right—and her husband continues to give all his spare hours to that chess craze—between them they'll drive her straight into the arms of that man, who is trying even harder than she is to do right. And then there'll be the deuce to pay, and one more scandal on our hands to prejudice Congress against us!"

Just as he got off the car at the Navy Yard, and turned in at the commandant's private gate, the solution suddenly came to him. "I'll go on to Washington to-morrow evening! Perhaps a new deal will give us better cards all round!"

And so it came about that within a week Lieutenant Commander Horsfort was tendered orders to sea of such a complimentary character that there was no alternative but to accept gratefully over the wires. It was his first command, and, as the admiral very well knew, a naval officer would infinitely prefer that to any prospectus of heaven hitherto formulated.

Mrs. Horsfort patiently packed up their household goods, inured to many and sudden changes. She made all of her farewell calls conscientiously, in her usual mood of detached serenity. Then she went to her mother's, where, if the truth were known, she spent her happiest years, far from the unrest and bohemianism of her husband's chosen career, with which she had never been in sympathy.

The commandant had asked Horsfort to stay with him the two days that he remained at the Yard after seeing off his wife and storing his effects. Not until then had he found time to make his hurried calls from house to house, bantering and laughing to the last, flattering each of the women in turn in his usual fashion.

All eyes in the row saw that he went to House R the last of all; and one of the pairs of eyes timed him.

When the maid admitted him, he walked restlessly about Mrs. Cassier's pretty rooms till she entered. She was in a white housegown and was looking old and worn. He went up to her and took one of her listless hands, then the other, then started to draw her toward him. Then he turned suddenly away with something like a groan, and walked to the fireplace, digging his hands down deep into his pockets.

She sank into a chair. Neither of them had spoken.

Finally he said slowly, as if to the fire, at which he was staring: "It's the best ending."

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"Much the best," she whispered.

"You really see that?" he cried, whirling about quickly to face her. "We couldn't have stood still, you know—you and I—and the alternative would have been at first a little of heaven for me, and then a great deal of hell for you."

"Hush—sh!" she said gently, fearful of listening ears. Then she rose and wandered rapidly about in rising excitement. Presently, when she had got as far from him as possible, she said in a harsh tone, turning suddenly:

"My nature has not been anchored by any great needs—that's why I've gone adrift! John is very good to me, but he does not use, is not aware of, more than a fraction of me! And I gave to you only what he does not miss—can not miss. If only the children——"

He went to her and tried to quiet her, but she held him off, saying proudly:

"This is not an appeal—it is an effort at justification, that your memory of me might be fair to me!"

He smiled down at her and said very gently: "Such a good, earnest little woman, and proud, too, as I'd like to have her!"

"'Good?'" she repeated with a laugh, and turned away again.

His eyes followed her, and then he went back to the fireplace, and put his hands again down into his pockets, his profile pinched with determination.

Presently he felt a nervous hand on his arm, pressing it ever so lightly; but it seemed to burn to the bone, and he turned his head slowly, knowing that the test had come at last!

"This is how 'good' I am!" she whispered with closed eyes, her head drooping low, speaking slowly as if she were drugged. "I shall miss you so! And I do not want you to forget!"

"Men don't forget a woman like you!" he laughed the next instant, his face against her hair, whispering mad words.

And then the front door-bell rang.

In a moment the two were vested in their ordinary garb of dignity and smiling repose, and all the admiral apparently saw, when he entered, was a woman sitting quietly by an open fire, and an officer in uniform standing cap in hand, evidently just leaving, and crying gaily, for the commandant's ear:

"Well, good-by, till our next incarnation, Mrs. Cassier." His voice was loud and clear, his eyes laughing, but he staggered as he ran down the few steps, after he had closed the front door.

"Don't you want to have pity on an old fellow, and take him under your wing down to see the games among the men on the Receiving Ship?" asked the commandant, smiling down at Mrs. Cassier. "Mrs. Bond has gone to a lecture, so I'm left disconsolate."

"I—I can't to-day!" she stammered. "I mean I'm afraid I'm not dressed for it, Admiral."

"I'll wait for you to change. I particularly want you to go with me to-day," he replied gently, but with a certain firmness, seating himself.

His determination to shelter her from scandal, his obvious intention to have her seen with him that afternoon by all the Yard, to force them all into their old pleasant relationship with her, was as clear to her as day, and it went to her heart; that and his gentle voice. And she began to cry; at first only in fugitive gasps, then with her head down on the table, in terrible sobs that shook her from head to foot.

"I know, my dear, I know," went on the old man huskily. "I shouldn't have come if there had been a little child's hand to lead you—pardon me—to lead you out of possible danger—" He coughed gently, and the color flew to his face, then he hurried on:

"I'm an old man, and life is a book I've read over and over again, until it seems to me I know every word by heart. I turn over the pages just from habit; but there are no surprises left." There was a pause, and then he added, with a pathetic little laugh: "But I have an absurd liking for happy endings!"

Five minutes passed, during which the commandant leaned forward and poked the wood fire, the tiny brass Government tag marked "House R" on the poker tinkling as he used it.

The woman became very still, and presently she rose and said quietly: "It will not take me long, Admiral, if you will be good enough to wait for me."

"Thank you!" was all he said, eyes smiling into the fire, as he stood till she had left the room.

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The NEXT REFORM—Banking

Why we have Panics and How to Prevent them

BY
GEORGE E. ROBERTS
Director of the Mint

Editor's Note:—It is commonly admitted that this country has the worst banking system in the world. Almost every one—banker, economist, business man, and laborer—knows it, or feels it.

Three years ago a National Monetary Commission was appointed to study our banking structure, along with that of other countries, and devise, if possible, a way out. On January 9, 1912, the Commission reported its conclusions to Congress. These conclusions have been embodied in what is popularly known as the "Aldrich plan."

The article below discusses clearly and untechnically our present need for banking reform as evidenced by the panic of 1907, and outlines the main aspects of the Aldrich plan. The author, George E. Roberts, is a former journalist and banker, and now Director of the Mint. He is a writer of recognized authority on banking and financial topics, and is fully equipped by training and environment to handle the subject with the competence it demands. He favors the proposed bill.

In the next number we shall offer an article embodying the views of those who oppose the passage of the bill.

THERE is something fundamentally wrong with the banking system of the United States. This was demonstrated to the satisfaction of most people during the panic of 1907.

On Saturday, October 26th, of that year, the clearing-house banks of New York City agreed to restrict cash payments whenever possible; on Monday, the 28th, the banks of nearly all the commercial centers followed their example, and the same plan was promptly adopted in most of the smaller cities and towns.

This policy, although enforced with some discrimination and consideration for the necessities of customers, was generally maintained throughout the United States for a period of about two months, to the confusion and demoralization of trade and industry, causing hundreds of thousands of wage-earners to be thrown out of employment, and inflicting upon all classes of people losses aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars.

The restriction of cash payment meant that Ebenezer Smith, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, had to put off the construction of a new silo—although Ebenezer was convinced that he could not wait until the following spring to do it.

It meant also that Ebenezer couldn't get cash to pay off the extra hands he had employed to help with the harvest just over. Ebenezer's credit was all right. But that didn't count.

It meant, too, that all the employees of the box factory, down in the town, got no pay envelope on Saturday; because the

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"Old Man" couldn't get any cash from the bank—although he had plenty of it there.

The modern industrial system is a highly organized and delicate machine, very efficient when in perfect working order, with production nicely balanced in all branches, and exchanges flowing smoothly and settling themselves; but the more highly organized and efficient it is, the greater is the degree of interdependence throughout, and the more general the state of helplessness when disorganization occurs.

THE PARALYSIS OF PANICS

The banking business plays a very important part in this cooperative system. It performs the task of "clearing" the exchanges. So that when the banks suspended cash payments, paralysis fell upon the business community. Every branch of industry seemed to be suddenly cut off from its connections with the rest of the system. No one knew where he stood as regarded the collection of sums that were due him, or the fulfilment of contracts upon which he depended, or the sale of goods in the future, or the ability to discharge his own obligations.

And so every order for goods that could be canceled was canceled, every employee who could be dispensed with was cut off the pay-roll, and every plan for construction or expansion or improvement was laid aside. The annual crop movement which was under way came to a sudden standstill. There was a good demand abroad for our cotton, wheat, meats, and other staples, and their sale would enable farmers to pay merchants, and merchants to pay manufacturers and bankers, and thus relieve the entire situation. But a state of deadlock existed which involved everybody from producers to consumers, and entailed losses and hardships upon millions of people who had no degree of responsibility in it and were helpless to protect themselves.

Traffic on the railways fell off rapidly; and with a prospect of hard times ahead these companies, like the industrial and private concerns, cut their pay-rolls heavily and suspended plans for extensions and betterments. The Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, for example, laid off ten thousand men, the Harriman lines eighteen thousand, and other systems in proportion.

A manufacturing business which comes into the writer's mind, located in a small town, reduced its force within ten days from two thousand to eight hundred men. This is mentioned only as illustrating the demoralization which spread over the country, reaching even the remote communities.

Each industry directly affected was interlocked with others which were obliged to slow down with it, and each additional family in the widening circle of distress signified a loss of purchasing power in the markets. It is impossible to measure the harm done by such a disturbance of the industrial organization, or to have any adequate comprehension of all the unhappy consequences that follow in its train.

What does it mean to break up the habits of thrift and industry in tens of thousands of men, most of them heads of families, and turn them out to idleness at the beginning of winter and when prevailing conditions make other employment impossible? The whole story could not be told without looking into each of these homes. Who can tell how many families were broken up, how many men became tramps, how many lives were lost or wrecked as a result of the panic of 1907? The money losses to bankers, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and other classes doing business on their own account were enormous; but the loss of money to those who can spare it is not to be compared with the loss of employment to those who depend upon it for their daily bread.

ONLY ONE-FOURTH ENOUGH CASH

When the panic of 1907 began, the banks of the United States owed their depositors approximately $14,000,000,000, practically all payable on demand. The banks held in cash about $1,400,000,000, or about one dollar in cash for each ten dollars of deposit liabilities. The total stock of money in the United States on November 1, 1907, was estimated by the Treasury authorities at $3,148,776,911. A glance at these figures will show that if all the money in the country at that date had been in the possession of the banks, they would not have had enough to pay off one-fourth of their deposits.

Moreover, the laws of the United States provided no effective means by which the supply of lawful money could be increased,

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except by the coinage of gold. It is true that national banks are authorized to issue circulating notes based upon United States government bonds placed in the custody of the Treasury; but as most of these bonds draw only two per cent. interest, there is no market for them among investors—and they were nearly all in use as the basis for circulating notes when the panic began.

The most important reenforcement to our stock of money in the crisis came by the importation of gold. When the deadlock in the movement of the crops was finally broken, by means which will be described later, our products were hurried forward under great pressure in order to create credit balances against which gold could be obtained. The demoralization in trade circles had caused our importers to cancel purchases abroad, and this soon contributed to increase favorable balances.

The necessities of many people compelled them to sell standard securities at bargain prices which induced large purchases for foreign accounts; and the premium of several per cent. for cash in New York made it a further object to bring gold from all over the world to that market. The effect of all these conditions together was to bring something more than one hundred million dollars of gold to this country.

This process of relief required about two months of time—months of intense anxiety and strenuous effort, with demoralizing effects not only in the United States but in other countries. We were off the tracks upon which business usually runs, bumping over the ties and rough ground, everybody filled with apprehension as to the final outcome and ready to accept any losses that were necessary to get into a position of safety.

WHY THE SYSTEM PULLED APART

This extraordinary situation we have seen was developed as the result of an unusual demand on the banks for money—a demand which there was no means of meeting save by importing and coining gold.

It should be emphasized here that the supply of money in the country, and in the banks, was ample for ordinary needs.

When Ebenezer Smith wanted money in 1906, the bank easily accommodated him. As far as Ebenezer could see, things were just as they always had been. And the president of the bank told him that the bank's assets were unimpaired, that it carried the usual reserve, that there wasn't any reason on earth why the bank should fail.

The trouble, the president explained, was that Ebenezer and all his neighbors, and all the dealers in the town, wanted their money at once. Just a coincidence. Now the bank, as required by the law, never kept more than fifteen per cent. of its cash on hand. Ordinarily this was enough. Some of this, even, the bank was accustomed to send to banks in Chicago. Trade was always brisk there, and Chicago banks could use the money more profitably.

The president also explained that it was pretty difficult to get this money back from Chicago. The city banks, it seems, had also found that most of their depositors wanted their money back, all at the same time.

DEPOSITS WITHOUT MONEY

Ebenezer couldn't see why his bank should let its stock of cash get so low. He naturally didn't see, because he wasn't familiar with the technique of banking.

It is not desirable that the banks shall carry unnecessary and excessive amounts of gold in their vaults; it is so much idle capital upon which industry and trade must pay a return. This will be appreciated when it is understood that only a small portion of the so-called bank "deposits" are received by the banks in money. What we call "deposits" are usually book "credits" that arise in the exchanges.

For example: A shipment of flour is made from Minneapolis to New York and creates a credit or "deposit" on the books of a New York bank in favor of a Minneapolis bank; merchandise is shipped from New York to Minneapolis and is paid for by a draft against the flour credit. Again—when the cotton crop moves out of the Southern states, and the wheat crop from the Western and Northwestern states, large credits are created with New York banks in favor of the Southern and Western banks; and these "deposits" are eventually liquidated by the purchases which the cotton- and wheat-growing sections make from the rest of the world.

Thus the settlement of daily exchanges is largely a matter of bookkeeping in the

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banks. This is becoming true even in local transactions as the custom of keeping a bank-account and making payments by check spreads among farmers and wage-earners. It is apparent that this system is much more economical than the circulation of a costly medium of exchange like gold or any other form of money which represents an equal amount of capital.

On the other hand, this system creates an enormous volume of demand obligations, not ordinarily paid in cash, but all subject to be called in cash. The development of this plan has gone on in the United States without any adequate provision for supporting the banks in the event of sudden or unusual demands upon them for the liquidation of these liabilities.

The banks must carry, of course, a reasonable amount of money against the credits or "deposits" due their customers; they should—and do—always have enough to meet every demand under ordinary conditions.

In this country, as a matter of fact, each bank must not only provide for the ordinary demands, but also for the emergency demands which arise from panic.

Abroad—and this includes not only Europe but practically every important country of the world—the responsibility of carrying an adequate banking reserve for the whole country is definitely fixed upon what is known as a "central bank," and it is given certain special powers to issue notes and is made subject to various appropriate regulations. The other banks carry from day to day only as much money as they are likely to need for business purposes, depending upon the central institution for additional supplies.

THE "SIPHON" SYSTEM OF RESERVES

In other words, there is a central reserve fund for all, with responsible authorities in charge, just as there is a central reservoir for a city's water-supply.

Our own system approaches this only remotely.

The local banks are allowed to carry a share of their reserves in certain banks of larger cities—the "central reserve cities"—and the latter banks are required to carry larger reserves than the country banks. But, without going into the details, it may be said that there are so many reserve cities and reserve banks that there is no definite responsibility anywhere, and the reserves, although large enough in the aggregate, are so scattered that in every emergency they are useless. It is practically a system of individual reserves. At the first symptoms of trouble the system pulls apart. Each bank, prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, holds tightly to its own little supply of money and tries to get hold of every dollar it can.

THE BANKS INCREASED THE PANIC

The most striking fact in the 1907 situation, as in every currency panic, was the share that the banks themselves had in creating and aggravating it. There could be no more convincing proof of the inherent weakness of the banking organization than the timidity of the bankers.

Outside of New York City the general public was taken completely by surprise when the banks announced the restriction of cash payments. The suspension was a purely precautionary movement, prompted by newspaper reports of "runs" on banking institutions in New York City. The bankers of the country knew the weakness of the system; they knew that the banks of New York City might be obliged to suspend cash payments as in 1893, and they saw a probability that the panic might spread over the country. They wanted to get their own balances out of New York, where they might be tied up indefinitely. It was a perfectly natural impulse, but it was an act of panic, and the effect was to spread alarm throughout the country.

The Oskaloosa bank called back its money from Chicago; and the banks of that city, burdened with demands from all the small banks in the surrounding states, in turn called upon their correspondent banks in New York City. The siphon which sucks so much money from the whole country into New York, began to work the wrong way.

The whole situation was abnormal, illegal, and unreasonable, but inevitable under our system. It was due to the fact that everybody knew there was nowhere near enough money to meet a panic demand and no means for increasing the supply. It was like a panic on a sinking ship where the passengers know there are not boats enough for all.

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Before many days, however, the ingenuity of our people began to devise means of relief. The bankers had learned something in 1893 about dealing with a panic. Prior to that experience it had been accepted that there was nothing for a banker to do in the face of such demands for cash but pay as long as he had any money and then close his doors and go out of business in disgrace.

But in 1893 a few original spirits refused to follow precedents. They insisted that their banks were solvent; that they had been doing a legitimate banking business; that they had cash reserves sufficient to meet the actual requirements of their customers, and that they did not propose to liquidate their business to the injury of themselves and the community merely to please a few panic-stricken individuals who wanted to bury their money in the ground.

In 1907 this stand was taken generally, by agreement among the bankers, with the result that it was accepted by the public as a necessary policy.

At an early day the banks began to issue their own checks in denominations of money for use as local currency, and in the cities large enough to have clearing-house associations, a currency backed by these organizations was soon evolved.

This was the crowning achievement of the period, for it pointed the way to a lawful and permanent remedy for panics.

The process was simply this: A bank which desired to take out clearing-house currency would give its obligation to that organization, tender a given amount of its assets as security, receiving this improvised currency to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of such collateral.

IMPROMPTU MONEY

This currency, backed by all the banks in the clearing-house, passed readily in each community. It was after this policy had been adopted that the crops began to move, and bankers and business men to regain confidence and arrange for the importation of gold.

The situation was soon calmed, confidence restored, and banking functions resumed when the banks took action to support each other's credit and to provide a medium of exchange. The clearing-house currency was without legal sanction and its presence was in itself a symptom of disorder, but few people doubted that it was good. More than $500,000,000 of this and other forms of impromptu currency were put into circulation during the period of restriction, and were retired without the loss of a dollar to the public.

In this crude and unauthorized manner, under the pressure of necessity and accompanied by enormous losses and hardships to the public, our banks worked their way out of the disaster by voluntarily putting into effect the principles of the system in vogue in Germany.

AGAIN THE GERMANS EXCEL

A striking illustration of the resources and adaptability of this German system was afforded last fall when the strained political relations between Germany and France caused the withdrawal of large sums in French credits and loans from Germany. The Imperial Bank lost $60,000,000 in gold from its reserves between August 23 and September 30, 1911, and during the same period actually increased its discounts and advances by $240,000,000 and its note circulation by approximately $200,000,000. These are very large figures. No such ready response to an emergency is legally possible on the part of our banking system.

The majority of our people, however, are not seriously advocating an organization modeled after even so successful a foreign institution as the great Imperial Bank of Germany. It is generally recognized that any new factor here must be something additional to our present banking facilities and not in any sense a substitute for, or a menace to, our present system of independent, local banks. So long as these banks are undisturbed, and it is possible to start new banks with either state or national charters, under the free conditions existing to-day, there will be plenty of competition in the business.

The problem is to support and strengthen this system of local banks, or to provide an organization through which they will be enabled to support and cooperate with each other, by some such plan and facilities as they voluntarily adopted in 1907.

While the panic was on, Congress passed an avowedly temporary measure known as the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, intended simply to protect the country from a fresh

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outbreak until a more carefully considered measure could be passed. It was limited by its own terms to a life of six years and provided for a National Monetary Commission, to be composed of nine members of the Senate and nine members of the House of Representatives.

The National Monetary Commission, after more than three years of consideration, during which the monetary systems of all the important countries of the world were closely examined and the advice of experts in all the principal countries was taken, has now submitted its findings. The report is non-partisan, the ten Republican and six Democratic members (two members have died) all concurring in it.

The plan is modeled on the clearing-house idea, evolved by the banks themselves in the panic. The first principle adopted is that the individual local banks must be retained as the units of the system. Practically no business will be done with the public except through them. Ebenezer Smith will continue to do business with his local bank, as heretofore. But he will not come into personal contact with the new machinery at all.

No great overshadowing rival will be created to invite deposits or make loans. In this respect the proposed central organization is radically different from the "central banks" of other countries and from the old Bank of the United States with which Andrew Jackson locked horns.

THE NATIONAL RESERVE ASSOCIATION

The particular services which these central institutions perform elsewhere, as the custodians of a final banking reserve of money and credit, are, however, provided for by an organization to be known as the National Reserve Association of the United States. This Association is the agency through which the banks may cooperate to support one another in times of stress, as they did through the clearing-houses in 1907. It is also an agency which may be used to facilitate their daily relations with one another and their services to the public. It is calculated to give a cohesion, unity, strength, and efficiency to our banking system which it has never had before.

Moreover, it is an agency of the Government, with all of its operations under the immediate supervision of Government officials, and with its operations made public to the world.

The capital of the National Reserve Association is to be approximately two hundred million dollars, only one-half of which is to be called in at first, the other half remaining a liability of the subscribing banks. No subscriptions to the capital will be received except from banks, and no bank may subscribe except for an amount equal to twenty per cent. of its own capital. The ultimate capital of the Association will therefore be twenty per cent. of the aggregate capital of the subscribing banks, and will vary as new banks are added or old ones drop out. The stock is non-transferable, so that the holdings in this proportion are fixed.

HOW THE ASSOCIATION IS ORGANIZED

There are to be forty-six members on the board of directors, of whom thirty-nine shall be elected by the shareholding banks, and seven shall be *ex-officio* members. The latter will be the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Comptroller of the Currency, the Governor of the Association, and the two Deputy-Governors. The Governor of the Association shall be appointed by the President of the United States from a list of not less than three persons nominated by the board of directors; and the two Deputy-Governors shall be appointed by the board.

The banks are to be organized into local associations, which shall be composed of not less than ten banks with an aggregate capital and surplus of at least ten million dollars. Then the local associations shall be organized into district associations, of which there shall be fifteen in all, covering the United States, each district having a branch office of the National Reserve Association.

Each local association elects its own board of directors, and these boards in turn elect a district board composed of not less than twelve members. Each of the district boards elects two members of the board of the National Reserve Association.

Finally, the district boards, voting together, elect nine additional members of the national board, completing the elected membership of thirty-nine. But not more than one of the nine chosen at large shall be from any one district.

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The fifteen districts are provided for as follows: One branch shall be located in the New England states; two branches in the Eastern states, including the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; four branches in the Southern states, including the states of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and also the District of Columbia; four branches in the Middle Western states, including the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri; four branches in the Western and Pacific states, including the states of North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and Arizona.

In the choice of directors of the local associations, three-fifths of the directors are chosen by allowing one vote to each bank, regardless of its capital, and two-fifths are chosen by allowing one vote for each share of stock. *In case forty per cent. of the stock of one bank is owned or controlled directly or indirectly by another bank, or by the same persons who own forty per cent. of another bank, the two banks shall have the representation of one only.*

Of the two directors of the National Association elected by each district, one must not at the time of serving be an officer or director in any bank, trust company, or insurance company, and shall fairly represent the commercial, agricultural, industrial, and other interests of the district.

REALLY A GOVERNMENT AGENCY

It will be seen that the institution is semi-official in character. There are many people who stoutly maintain that the Government alone should have the authority to issue money, and of course the authority of the Government over all issues must be recognized. But it must exercise all powers through agencies of some kind; and this association is designed to be a public agency to supervise and support the bank credits of the country, supply the circulating medium, and maintain the convertibility of that medium into gold.

All this is a delicate and highly responsible task, much too difficult to be entrusted to any one Government official. The only way the banking system can be supported is by making re-discounts for the banks, taking over their commercial paper either by purchase or advancing currency upon it, much as the clearing-houses did for their members during the panic. This is not the kind of responsibility for public officials, and it would involve a dangerous use of the public credit.

That the Association is to be essentially a public agency is shown by the distribution of profits. All earnings above five per cent. on the stock, after accumulating a surplus of twenty per cent., shall be paid into the Government treasury.

This new institution thus will be a bankers' bank. As such, it seems hard for Ebenezer Smith to understand how he is affected. But he would have understood, had this central bank been in operation back there in 1907, when he couldn't draw out his money from his local bank.

WHAT RE-DISCOUNTING MEANS

It will be remembered that, at that time, all Ebenezer's neighbors wanted their money at the same time he wanted his. But the bank had only a certain percentage on hand. And it couldn't get any more. All the other banks were likewise wanting more; there wasn't enough in the country to go round, and there was no way of creating more.

Under the new scheme, the local bank would take out of its customers' notes on hand such as complied with the regulations of the National Reserve Association, endorse them, thus making itself responsible for their payment at maturity, and send them to the branch office of the Association in that district, and the branch office would forward lawful money (its own circulating notes, similar to our present national bank notes) for them.

In other words, the Reserve Association buys this paper from the bank. In cases where the bank can not supply customers' notes which comply with the most stringent regulations, it is allowed to forward its own note, endorsed by the local association and secured by assets placed in keeping of the local association. If this note is not paid when due, the members of the local association are assessed pro rata for it.

Under these conditions, any bank that

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has good assets can always get all the money it needs, while a bank that does not have good assets will have no excuse for refusing to meet its obligations and, of course, ought to be closed.

The National Reserve Association will receive no deposits except from banks, and lend no money except to banks. This restriction greatly simplifies and safeguards its conduct.

It will have the power to issue its circulating notes based on a gold reserve of fifty per cent., proper commercial paper, and obligations of the United States.

In other words, the Association will have the power to issue money just as the Government now has. This money will be legal tender, and will be backed, as stated above, partly by a huge gold reserve, and partly by commercial paper.

It will be expected to accumulate a great reserve and thus be in position to take over the assets of the banks in amounts sufficient to relieve any possible situation that may arise.

There is no experiment about this feature of the plan. It is precisely the service rendered in every other important country by a central banking institution.

A SAFEGUARD AGAINST WALL STREET

The country seems to have been afraid that Wall Street would find means to divert the new powers from the use for which they were intended, to serve its own ends. The framers of the bill have endeavored to satisfy this anxiety. They have planned not only to give every section of the country adequate representation in the control, but, besides the provisions in favor of the small banks, the West and South are given an advantage over the East, on the basis of banking capital. Of the thirty-nine elected directors to be chosen, each district will have two and no district can have more than three. The New England, Eastern, and Middle West states, taken together, with seventy-seven per cent. of the banking resources of the country, would have only twenty-one men on the board.

While this may seem to some people to be going so far in decentralization as to be unfair, the plan assures equal facilities to all legitimate banking interests. The business of the National Reserve Association will all be transacted through the branch offices, and the paper that is re-discounted will be accepted at the branches, subject only to the general restrictions and regulations adopted by the national board, which shall apply alike everywhere. In other words, the paper rediscounted for banks in the West and East will be passed on by the branch offices for those districts, so that there will be no conflict of interests or question as to one locality being favored at the expense of another.

Ebenezer Smith's note, first discounted by his local bank, will be passed upon by men who are from his district, and who are quite in sympathy with the needs of local borrowers and local bankers.

The rate of discount will be the same in all districts, and this rate will be fixed by the National Association.

NO SPECULATION ALLOWED

Even more important than the distribution of directors are the restrictions placed by the bill itself upon the character of business which the Association may do. It is forbidden to make loans upon stocks or bonds, except at times when, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury, the public interest requires that such loans be accepted; and then they must be guaranteed by the local associations. This condition in itself rules out Wall Street as a heavy borrower.

In order to be directly eligible for re-discount by the National Association without the endorsement of a local association, the paper must have not over twenty-eight days to run and must have been made not less than thirty days before it is tendered. Moreover, it must be genuine commercial paper. This is interpreted to mean paper discounted for commercial or industrial purposes as distinguished from investment or speculative purposes.

It is the policy of this bill that there shall always be money available to responsible borrowers to carry on the current business of the country, and at a uniform rate for all sections; and that there shall always be money for any solvent bank to meet the demands of its depositors. The management will control the volume of applications by means of the discount rate, but, subject to the legal restrictions, the branches will re-discount all the paper that is offered, at the uniform rate.

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Of course the National Association will have no control over the interest rates charged by local banks; but when these banks are applying for re-discounts, they will naturally follow the rate fixed by the Association.

The establishment of the National Reserve Association would make another general suspension of cash payments impossible. Individual bank failures there might be, as the result of bad management, but there would never be another agreement to suspend payments. A panic would be impossible because every good bank would know it could get cash on its bills-receivable to any amount required.

The Association will have authority to examine the member banks from which it is taking commercial paper, and the desire to stand well with the Association will be a powerful influence in favor of correct banking practises. In dealing with their customers, the local banks will endeavor to make their loans conform as nearly as possible to the requirements of the Association, in order that the paper may be readily cashed; and authoritative standards of banking practise will thus be established.

Finally, the fact that certain descriptions of commercial paper would always be cashed by the Reserve Association would make that class of paper current in all parts of the country. For example, if Ebenezer Smith was a dealer in barley and at a certain season was buying it faster than his local bank could supply the money or credit, his notes, secured by warehouse receipts for barley and endorsed by his local bank, could be sold to local banks in Pennsylvania or Maine, which happened to be low in loans, because they could be turned over to the Reserve Association at any time for cash. At present the Oskaloosa bank in such a situation would apply to a Chicago bank for a re-discount, and the banks in Maine or Pennsylvania with idle money would forward their surplus to New York.

Under the new plan the idle money or credits of one section will be available for other sections without being handled in the centers or even passing through the Reserve Association.

The plan would create no monopoly, because the banking business would remain open to all who desired to enter it, the same as to-day. The business with the public would continue to be conducted precisely as to-day, with the local banks owned and managed as to-day. Banks are not even required to join the Association.

As for the sinister influence of New York, it only remains to be said that the rest of the country will be less dependent upon New York, if the proposed system is established, than it is to-day. The great banks in the centers, with their relationships with one another and their foreign connections, and their ability to import gold in an emergency, now hold a more predominant position as compared with the scattered country banks than they would if the latter were all members of a common organization able to protect the entire situation. It is necessary now for every small bank to ally itself with some institution or group strong enough to take care of it in time of peril.

Under our present system, panics will come in the future as in the past, and bankers will live in fear of them. If means are not provided by which the thousands of local banks may cooperate for mutual support, they will instinctively group together around a few strong institutions, just as, before the reign of Law, the individual citizen had to attach himself to some feudal lord for protection. If no official leadership is provided, the country banks, helpless and timid in their isolation, will always accept the leadership of the New York banks, and vie with one another in their efforts to deserve well of them when trouble comes. The present system really accounts for the fact that many New York banks dominate scores of interior banks.

It will not do to say that necessary powers must not be created because they may be abused. The grant of powers to the Interstate Commerce Commission was an experiment, but the time had come when those powers had to be exercised by some authority. We have to rely to some extent upon our capacity for self-government in the future. We have to believe that we can do what we must, in order to assure our progress as a people.

To say that we can not manage a system, the essential principle of which is in successful operation in every other country of the world, is a serious reflection upon the intelligence of the American people and on their moral capacity to do business by the most advanced methods.

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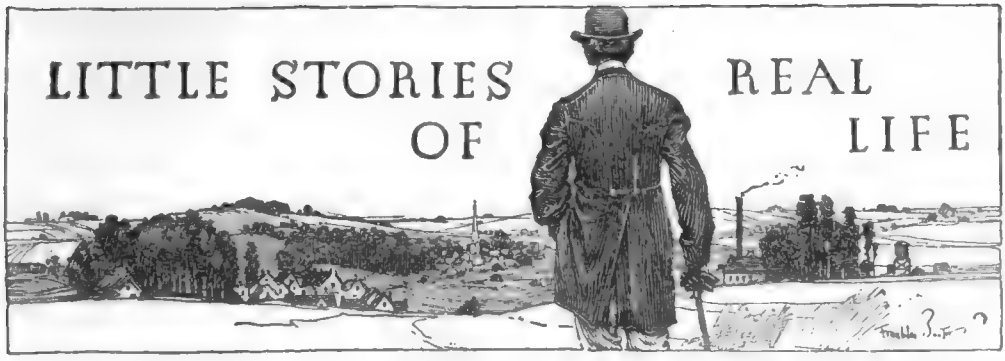

OLD MAJE DEPARTS

BY BEN BLOW

"JOHNNY!"

No answer.

"John-nee!"

Still no answer.

"You John, git up!"

Johnny Simmons writhed beneath the bed-clothes and evidenced returning consciousness with weary yawns.

"John!" An explosive quality in this utterance warned Johnny that a visit from his father was imminent. Not being anxious for this dénouement, he slid one leg out from the covers and answered sleepily:

"All right, I'm gittin' up."

Down-stairs his mother, bustling about the kitchen, reviewed the events of the day before. "My land!" she declared, in conclusion, "I jest can't understand boys at all."

"King Solomon couldn't neither," replied her husband, polishing his face with the roller-towel. "But I reckon it's natural for 'em to fight; every one o' them seems to need jist so much fightin', an' the sooner he gits it over with, the sooner it's done."

Presently Johnny appeared, yawned prodigiously, grunted an inarticulate "Good mornin'," gave his face a lick and a promise instead of a real washing, and then sat down at the table, where he engaged himself pleasantly with a huge bowl of mush and milk.

Mrs. Simmons regarded him with the usual fond indulgence of mothers, and commented upon an iridescent eye. "My land, Johnny!" she said. "Did your eye pain you any? It's all swelled up and black."

"Jest felt kind o' puffy," was the answer. "It couldn't hurt me none, becuz I plastered it with mud."

Mrs. Simmons was so busy meditating upon the need for war that she let this testimonial to the emollient properties of mud pass without comment.

"Land sakes," she continued, "why don't you quit your fightin'? What good does it do you, anyway?"

"Don't do him no good, and don't do but mighty little harm," interposed Johnny's father. "It's natural, under the circumstances; for any time a boy moves into a new town, he's bound to do considable fightin', an' he don't get settled till they's a general understanding all round."

This philosophic remark explained succinctly the conflict of the day before. Undoubtedly, the kingdom of boyhood is a tilting field, where the latest comer must measure and establish his prowess by dint of arms; and this was precisely what Johnny had been doing.

"I reckon he's a-goin' to leave me alone," he said, referring to his antagonist of the day before. "He found he'd bit off more than he could chaw."

"Maybe he did an' maybe he didn't," said Deacon Simmons, rising from the table. "But anyhow, you come on out an' do your chores."

Thus abjured, Johnny repaired to his task, making the buck-saw screech dismally to prove the heart-breaking nature of the toil. Back of the wood-shed his father, tinkering with a cultivator, heard the noise

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and exploded. "Dog rat it! John!" he yelled, "go git some bacon rind an' grease that saw up, an' quit your monkeyin'. It squalls like a cat with its tail caught in a door."

With utter promptitude, Johnny abandoned his labors with the buck-saw, and disappeared in search of bacon rind. When he came forth again, after what might well be designated an undue interval, he found Whitey Wilkins, perched upon the fence, awaiting him.

"Hey!" said Whitey. "I jest seen Fatty Peters. Old Maje is awful sick. Le's go an' see him die."

ENGAGED HIMSELF PLEASANTLY WITH A HUGE BOWL OF MUSH AND MILK

"I wisht I could," responded Johnny, yearningly, "but I reckon I can't. I got this wood to saw."

At this moment Johnny's father, made suspicious by the inactivity of the buck-saw and the sound of voices, came from behind the wood-shed with words of caution and advice. "Don't you sneak off no place, John," he said. "It's goin' to take considable elbow-grease to saw that wood up; an' the sooner you git at it, the sooner you're liable to git it done."

The truth of this was so apparent that Johnny fell upon the wood-pile with something approximating fervor, and developed an amazing burst of speed. Indeed, he sawed so furiously as to arouse a spirit of emulation within the breast of Whitey Wilkins, inciting him at length to ask if he couldn't saw "a while."

"Oh, I don't know," answered Johnny. "I reckon I'd better go ahead an' do it. I want to git it done."

"Can't nobody make a buck-saw zip any faster than I kin when I'm a mind to," avowed Whitey, somewhat indignant at the aspersion concealed in Johnny's speech. "You le'me try it an' jest set around an' watch, an' you'll see some sawin', you betcher life."

Influenced by this assurance of ability, Johnny passed the buck-saw over to Whitey, who grasped it and descended upon the wood-pile with tremendous fury, first spitting on his hands.

"That ain't so dog-goned fast," said Johnny, in derogation of Whitey's manful efforts. "You'd better let me take it an' git it done."

This suggestion made Whitey cling to the buck-saw with still more zeal. "Le'me alone," he protested. "I'm gittin' limbered up a little. Jest watch me bust things open now."

E.H.

And so, amid much debate, a speed contest was initiated, first one boy sawing and then the other, with the result that the wood-box was filled in quite unprecedented time.

The task completed, Whitey and Johnny withdrew, discreetly silent, lest Deacon Simmons should dig up other chores, and as they went, old Maje—his general biography, his vast prowess as a coon dog—

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WITH SPEED THE NEWCOMERS CAST OFF THE CURSE OF CLOTHING. A WATER-SPLASHING FIGHT ENSUED, AND MUD WAS "PASTED."

served Whitey as a subject for conversation.

Johnny was deeply interested. "I wonder if he knows he's a-goin' to die?" he inquired, finally. "I wonder what he thinks about it, if he does?"

"Knows he can't help it none, I reckon," asserted Whitey, "an' it stands to reason he ain't a-feelin' well if he is sick."

"I kind o' think that Fatty must be feelin' bad about it, too," declared Johnny, with a somewhat melancholy air.

"He ain't feelin' half as bad as Maje is, I betcher that," said Whitey. "An' as fur as I'm c'ncerned, I guess old Maje knows he's a-goin' to die. You take any dog when he gits sick. What does he do? He goes out an' hunts up some dog-grass, an' he eats it, an' he keeps on a-eatin' it till he gits well. If he knows he's sick enough to need some dog-grass, he's pretty likely to know he's goin' to die."

This conclusion, developed along the lines of pure deduction, was followed by a period of silence, as the boys trudged on, dwelling upon the mystery of life. Above them the sun was bright in the heavens. Drifting with majestic slowness, great fleecy clouds piled themselves into fantastic figures in the sky. The fragrance of flowers, the hum of bees, the minor monotone of distant bird-song blended to make the world a place where life was pleasant. But Johnny Simmons and Whitey Wilkins sensed no perfume from the flowers, felt no sunshine,

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heard no birds' songs—for old Maje was dying.

"Geewhillikins!" ejaculated Whitey, all of a sudden. "If there ain't Reddy Waters and Billy Day a-comin' down the road."

All memory of Maje promptly departed, and Johnny, looking up, beheld a sight that pleased his soul. Two urchins, one small and dark, one larger and red-headed, came slowly on, kicking up fluffy clouds of dust. And as they drew closer, the larger one—no other than Reddy Waters, the vanquished of the day before—held his right arm extended at full length above his head with the first and second fingers of his hand spread into a V, the while he produced a shrill, ear-splitting noise through his front teeth.

"Come on," said Whitey, forgetting the fidelity of dogs in general and the fact that old Maje was preparing to sail unknown seas. "Say, come on, Reddy Waters wants us to go in swimmin'. Say, why don't you an' him make friends?"

"I'd jest as lief as not," replied Johnny. "I kin lick him, an' he knows I kin lick him; ain't nothin' to keep us from bein' friends."

The truth of this remark became quite apparent when Reddy Waters and Billy Day arrived. With becoming modesty, due to the fact that he was the youngest member of the party, Billy mumbled an inarticulate salutation, while Reddy, his face set off by a scratched-up nose and an iridescent eye, regarded his late adversary with admiration and respect and said: "Hello!"

"Hullo y'rself, an' see how y' like it," responded Johnny cordially. "Say, come on, le's go in swimmin'. Is the water warm?"

Resigning at once from leadership, acknowledging defeat, but harboring no malice, Reddy replied: "Warm? It's hot enough to almost scald y'r skin off. Say, le's see who kin git there first."

No thoughts of Maje intruded to disturb—of Maje alone and hungering for the presence of his friends. The race began. Down the road, shoulder to shoulder, went Johnny Simmons and Reddy Waters, kicking up unheard-of quantities of dust, while in the ruck ploughed Billy Day and Whitey Wilkins, laboring beneath youth's limitations but howling and whooping with the very joy of life.

Strain as he might, neither racer could gain advantage until Reddy, swerving suddenly, disappeared into the by-path that led down to the swimming-hole. Crashing through bushes, Johnny followed, only to find his adversary waiting for him on the bank. His face was wet and streaming, his freckles fairly seemed to flame and crackle; but triumph filled his heart with joy.

"Je-ru-sa-lem!" said Johnny, gasping. "I never seen no feller could run like you."

"I kin git out and streak it some, can't I?" inquired Reddy, proudly. "But I ain't sure yet if I kin outrun you every time or not."

This admission, intended to bring about a definite conclusion of peace, was effective, and students of psychology may well devote a passing thought to the boy diplomacy displayed.

When Whitey Wilkins and Billy Day arrived upon the scene, both smeared with dust and panting, they saw a truly pleasing and satisfying sight. Middle deep in the ooze that fringed the swimming-hole sat Johnny Simmons and Reddy Waters, engaged in decorating each other's bodies with fanciful figures traced by muddy hands. With frenzied speed the newcomers cast off the curse of clothing, and splash! they too went bellywhacks into the water, as naked and unashamed as if newly born. A water-splashing fight ensued, and mud was "pasted;" and Reddy Waters—laboring vastly—constructed a slippery-bottom slide down the mud-bank, where the only toboggan needed was a wet and naked skin.

Fatty Peters, sitting on the horse-block, viewed the world darkly, pondering on the instability of terrestrial things. On a bed of sacks in one corner of the barn old Maje was dying, his eyes grown dim and bloodshot, his breath coming fitfully and slow. Now and then Fatty glanced wistfully down the empty vista of the road, until at length a horseman swung around a distant fence corner and cantered slowly up. Watching him with melancholy interest, Fatty started a trifle when he recognized Doc Henderson, his father's friend, perennial candidate for Congress.

"Howdy, Henery?" inquired Doc Henderson, with condescending familiarity. "Your paw about?"

"He's over at Warsaw, I reckon," answered Fatty. "Anyways he's off some place with the team—I don't know jest where."

"What's the matter? Been gittin' into

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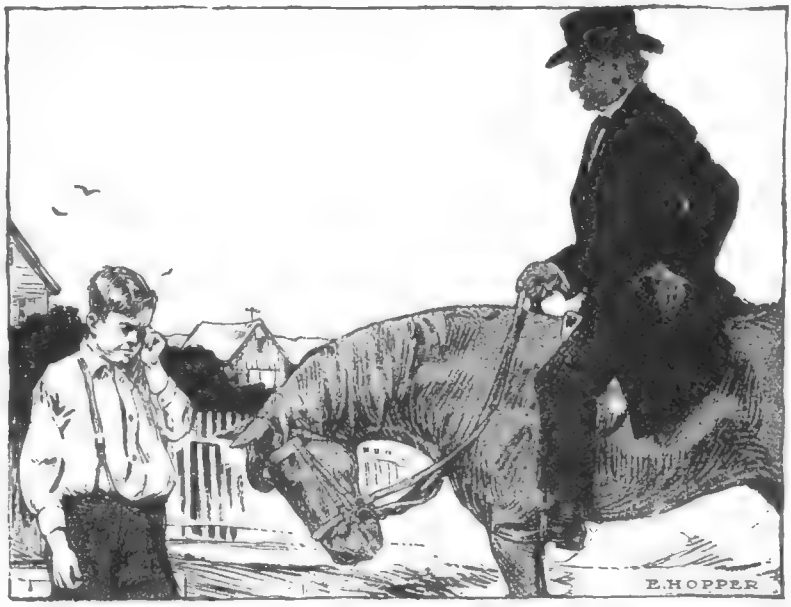
trouble, Henery?" Doc Henderson, astute observer, had noticed traces of tears on Fatty's cheeks.

"Old Maje is gittin' ready to kick the bucket," answered Fatty, in a tone of voice that showed the misery of his soul.

"Well, now, ain't that too bad!" said Doc Henderson, genuinely interested, as behooves every Congressman-t o-be, when the interests of even his humblest constituents are involved. "Maje was a mighty fine coon-dog, Henery, a ree-markable fine coon-dog; many a night I've been out with him an' your father. He seemed to have a sort of analytical mind for coons. An' now you say he's dyin'? Maybe he ain't as bad off as you believe."

"I wisht you'd take a look at him," suggested Fatty, "an' see if you think he can last awhile."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER? BEEN GETTIN' INTO TROUBLE, HENERY?" DOC HENDERSON, ASTUTE OBSERVER, HAD NOTICED TRACES OF TEARS ON FATTY'S CHEEKS.

Responding to this invitation, Doc Henderson dismounted, tethered his steed to the hitching rack, and accompanied Fatty to the barn, while Mrs. Peters, peeping from the window and appreciating true Congressional condescension, exclaimed fervently: "My land's sakes!"

Old Maje, upon his bed of sacks, was breathing very faintly; but none the less he recognized Doc Henderson as a co-enemy of coons, and feebly wagged his tail. Observing this proof of fidelity, Fatty became again the prey of melancholy, and even Doc Henderson was more than ordinarily solemn as he stooped and inquired, "Howdy, Maje?"

The old dog snuffled and tried to wag his tail once more, but seemed too far gone for the effort; and then a gurgling sounded—the sign of dissolution—and Fatty wailed outright.

"There's the death rattle, Doc! Can't you do nothin' for him? Please try an' see if they ain't somethin' you kin do!"

Vainly the old dog endeavored to fight off the inevitable; vainly he called upon his powers to beat back death. But when it came, it found him undaunted and unafraid. With the hair on his neck raised in a fringe of defiance, he lifted himself half up, uttered a short bark, and fell back lifeless.

Uncontrolled sobs shook Fatty, and even Doc Henderson was sincerely affected.

Mrs. Peters, looking from the kitchen window, saw Fatty weighed down by grief, approaching in the convoy of Doc Henderson, and ventured out upon the porch. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Henery?" she rebuked. "A big boy like you oughtn't to cry like that."

"Noble tears, madam! Noble tears!" declared Doc Henderson, with his best Congressional air. "Tears that spring from the deepest and holiest fountains of the human heart. Henery is grief-stricken over the demise of a noble canine friend."

"My land!" ejaculated Mrs. Peters. "So Maje is dead!"

"Dead as the Pyramid of Cheops, madam," declared Doc Henderson.

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"An' he knowed me, didn't he?" sniffled Fatty. "He reached up an' tried to lick my hand the minute before he died."

Doc Henderson vouched for this, and then Mrs. Peters invited him to dinner. As she did so, Mr. Peters arrived upon the scene. "Howdy, Doc?" he inquired. "Gittin' around to mend up some o' them fences? Politics beginnin' to git kind o' warm?"

"And Maje is dead," said Fatty. But the news passed without notice, for Doc Henderson and his father were already in debate.

Not interested, Fatty ate in gloomy silence, thinking about Maje, and wondering what had happened to Whitey Wilkins and the other boys. The din of discussion failed to rouse him. His soul was harassed with a sense of loneliness. Old Maje was dead, and there was none to listen to the news.

Mumbling an inarticulate "excuse me," he finally left the room and perched again upon the horse-block.

The sun swung low, the shadows lengthened, and little dust whirls danced to the whispers of the evening breeze. A timorous hen, preparing to retire for the night, gave earnest consideration to the perches afforded by an apple-tree, while the guinea-fowl raised a very bedlam of discordant cackling; but Fatty, undisturbed, still sat and drained the dregs from his cup of woe.

Finally, far down the road, he saw a homeward bound procession, kicking up the dust and generally enjoying life.

With much yelling and whistling the newcomers drew near and debouched before the horse-block, tired but happy, and fiercely hungry. And then Whitey Wilkins suddenly remembered that at last accounts old Maje was in a very precarious state of health.

"How's old Maje?" he asked.

"None of your durn business," answered Fatty, incensed at the general attitude of the newcomers and, climbing down from the horse-block, he went into the house.

"Well, I'll be blamed!" was Johnny Simmons's comment, as the visitors departed. "Who in the dickens cares if his durned old dog *is* dead?"

OTHERWHERE

BY LEON RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE

JUNE flaunted its banners high up between the gaunt skyscrapers that morning. There Nancy caught sight of the blue sky, as clear as sea-water, across which little boats of cloud went racing madly to the country, bearing fairy picnickers—excursion boats upside-down, and going so fast that they tore off parts of their own sails, and left them like breakers for the next craft to gather up and use for steam.

Nancy smiled at her tangled notions; and then sighed. It took courage to go into the "New Vienna Café" for breakfast lately. That window was always the same—except when sour-looking strawberries gave place to waxy gray raspberries, or the rolls and the buns changed sides.

Suddenly a dim masculine figure, wearing across its waist the startling legend—"Nice Ham Sandwich, 5 Cents"—appeared in the glass beside her own, and a mild deep voice chuckled: "D'you 'spose those roses'll ever fade, Miss Nancy? They haven't dropped a petal in two months."

"Why, they're tissue-paper—oh, John Goodin, you're such a fool! Come on in to breakfast."

They listlessly fingered the bill of fare. She hated the city more every day.

"These city folks make me tired," he broke in, echoing her thought. "They're always talking about the variety and excitement of their life—and nothing ever changes here. The same coffee stains on this program of horrors that were there the day I met you. Remember how I kept on saying 'Howdy,' because I used to speak to everybody I met back home?"

She smiled assent. "You see that air?" She squeezed an invisible something before her face. "Well, that air's an old friend of mine; I've breathed it five days straight. I know it, for it smells like dead gasoline. Oh, I hate this sameness of things!"

He nodded eagerly. "That's it—the sameness of things! D'you feel it too? Wouldn't you like to watch something change, like the leaves coming out? Here the Park Department sends a man around

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at night to pin 'em on the trees."

She pushed her eggs aside doubtfully. "I can tell time by the sounds at night now—learned it in four years. Nine o'clock, curfew—ten o'clock, the moving-picture crowd—eleven, the autos come back from the theatre—twelve, the police tries our back gate—one, the saloons close and they swear and sing—at two, the gardeners' wagons come in—and three——"

"Whoa! What do you mean by staying awake that late? Getting city nerves?"

"No. I can't sleep—it's too noisy and hot. And I don't want to go to work today. I want to go wading! I want to go wading!" She laughed wistfully.

"Let's go then; let's go right this day! I mean, let's go out in the country, any old place, and see something real. I was going to ask you soon—I mean, will you, Miss Nancy—please?"

Her eyes swept his face questioningly. It was honest, and still brown with boyhood tan. She had learned that he was good and pure and healthy like the country, even though he had been in the city six years and was making money. She had thought a lot about him lately. That was why she paused.

She had a glimpse of the blue sky with its fleet of clouds bent on finding fairyland. Her blue eyes held a hint of fairyland, too—John Goodin went to the telephone, whistling, to warn the Union Stationery Company and Consolidated Lumber of their loss this day.

Then he tucked the half-laughing, half-frightened Nancy under his arm, and they went to the station. She was very trim in spotless white and a big straw hat with nodding roses. Her eyes sparkled with the mischievous joy of a truant. They took a train for the west; for west was the rolling country, west was dreamland and happiness, and the clouds were going there.

John paid the fare for an hour and told the smiling conductor to put them off when that ran out. And when he gave them their slips, John cried suddenly: "Listen, listen to this, will you?" He read the name of the village an hour away:

"Rosedale."

"John Goodin, it isn't—it's too good to be true—Rosedale——" And Nancy became quiet, afraid of her happiness. And there was the country! fresh and green and sparkling, with the river curling between fields embroidered in corn-rows, and boys fishing, and all the good, sweet odor of the soil.

At Rosedale they descended, with no baggage save smiles. Nancy declared the town had the distinction, unique in history, of living up to its name. It was set in a valley that might well have been a dale, and it was mad with roses. They ran over the whole place, crimson and white and yellow, and even the gray court-house mitigated the severities of the law with the fragrance and color of roses.

"Let's go out in the real country. We'll let the breeze take us." She picked a gray-wigged dandelion from the courtyard and, blowing the feathery plumes into the air, hummed:

> "The wind blew east, the wind blew west,
> The wind blew over the cuckoo's nest . . .

"Come on, John Goodin, let's find the cuckoo's nest."

So they went south with a wilding breeze, full of June odors and warmth, drowsy and delicious.

The road danced up and down, between meadows and woodland and corn-field. A man on a wagon cried "Howdy, strangers," and they cried "Howdy" back, glad to be where folks spoke instead of pushing you off the sidewalk. Next they saw some fluffs of white wool blowing and rolling across a green hill.

"Oh, look, look, this year's lambs! On their stilts yet. Watch 'em bounce, stiff-legged and woodeny like toy lambs from a big Noah's Ark—I want one."

She was over the rail fence like a boy, and across the new green pied with buttercups. The lambs bounced away on springs, "baa-baa-ing" plaintively. Her hat fell off, making a cream-and-white flower against the turf, and an inquisitive lamb minced up sideways to investigate it. She couldn't catch one, so waved her arms and hallooed till mothers and children went galloping off with a fine pounding and tinkling of throat-bells. And the inquisitive one kicked up its heels and pelted in fright after the others.

"They hop like tiddledywinks on green felt," she called to John, laughing against the fence. He felt a sudden melting tenderness fill his heart when she came up, flushed from the run, and with eyes blue like the heavens at twilight. Their hands lingered over the fence-climbing, and he asked joyfully:

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"Not much sameness about this, eh? D'you think you'd ever get lonesome in the country?"

"Never! I want to stay here always."

They had dinner at a farmhouse—greens, earthy and tender, and curd and honey. Nancy helped with the dishes, bare-armed in a checked apron; while John smoked and gossiped about the money in small fruits.

In the afternoon, they struck across fields at his suggestion and so stumbled down a maple lane into the yard of the castle. This was a gray old farmhouse with columns, tucked away in a valley for a nap, wrapped in a gorgeous patchwork-quilt of flowers. The gate had a crooked "For Sale" sign on it, so they went in to rest and explore.

Everything seemed asleep in the soft sunlight, asleep as if waiting for some one to come and wake it into a swift and peaceful busy-ness. Morning-glories hung blue and white vases on the fences, and roses lurked everywhere; a snowball bush had burst like a white rocket, above flags and peonies flirting along the walk.

Beyond the barns were rows of ripe raspberries, and white-blossomed blackberries, a great strawberry patch, and an orchard, and a vineyard.

"A fruit-farm," cried Nancy. "Doesn't that sound pretty—a fruit-farm?"

"Yes, looks as if somebody might be right happy round here, and make a little money, too."

Nancy sighed. They entered the house through a broken window, laughing at the idea of ghosts. "They'd be nice, friendly ones who'd only ask the time of day." But she jumped when a cluster of roses fell suddenly through an opened shutter and showered petals in her hair.

They found one big white room, with wire screens on half the windows, of which they couldn't guess the use. He called her to look at a row of pencil marks on the doorpost, each marked with a name. There was "Alexander, eight years old," and "Margaret, aged ten."

"The children's measuring-place," Nancy whispered. "This was the nursery."

They closed the door softly, as if on a sacred place, and stole out to sit silent a long time in the sunshine.

When the shadows were growing old, and they had pruned some of the bushes, playing like children, she filled her hair with roses, and her arms with roses, and, waving a farewell kiss at the old house, followed him down the road. Her hair was blown round cheeks that bloomed with roses too. He laughed at the little thunder-clouds of dust that rose when their feet went *plop!* in the road; and she vowed the elder blossoms were fairies' lace hung on the hedge to dry.

"Oh, I don't want to go back—I don't want to go back! Everything's always different out here. And I have been *so* happy to-day."

When they loitered in the shady courthouse grove again, she must needs play out the game of the afternoon. "I'm going to find out what that lovely place is worth—somebody might leave me a fortune some day, and I could live there always."

A polite old negro guided them to the recorder's office. She asked the gray clerk: "Do you know who owns that fruit-farm on the South Road with the pillars and oaks and a spring-house, about three miles out? And what do they want for it?"

The clerk polished his glasses. "I reck'n you mean the old MacDonald place. I'm sorry that ain't for sale. Somebody bought it just a couple of weeks ago, Mrs.——"

"No, no—Miss! Oh, I'm so sorry! Do you know who bought it?"

The clerk nodded. "Yep. 'Twas a fellow from down to the city; stranger here—a Mr. Goodin—John Goodin."

A blush like the roses covered her face. Without a word she went out into the shadow of the old elms. He followed doubtfully.

"Nancy—I—forgive me!"

"Do you mean that our going west and happening to get off at Rosedale and all—you knew all the time?" She sank on a bench, and he stood over her, looming big and honest.

"Yes, I brought you here. I—I couldn't say it any other way. I love you, Nancy, and I want you—want to take you out of the town you hate, to live with me on the old MacDonald place. I've paid half on it, and you'll have to work, but—but—I love you, and——"

He bent over and took her hands. He bent lower, and a smile danced in and out. He kissed her under the roses.

After a long time, he whispered: "I guess everything's the same, Nancy, even in the country. This is the same old story."

She smiled. "It isn't. It's different from anything else in the world."

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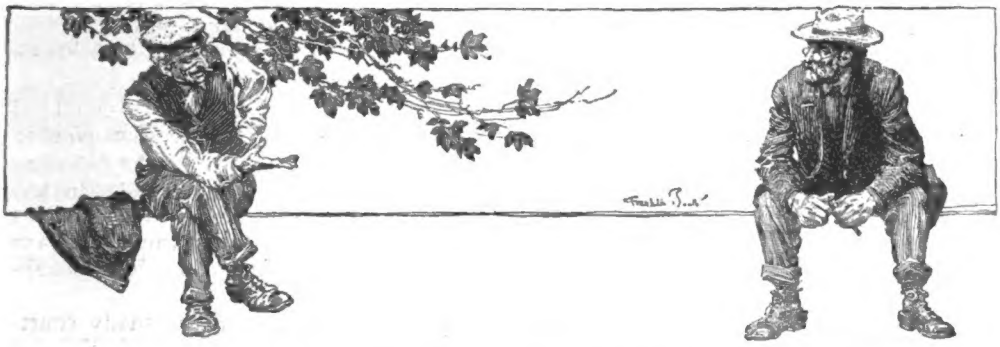

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A woman who had lived in hotels for ten years finally succumbed to neurasthenia and, at the advice of her physician, went into seclusion for three months on a little farm far removed from the turmoil of city life.

Upon her return to the hotel which she called "home," her many friends congratulated her on the recovery of her health and asked her how she had enjoyed life in the country.

"Well, it was quite an experience," she said, "and I saw and heard many queer things. But the most amusing thing was sitting on the veranda every evening and listening to the farmer paging the cows."

The colonel beckoned to his orderly. "Smith, I wish you'd ride into that town yonder and get the correct time."

"Why, sir," Smith hesitated, "I haven't got a watch."

"A watch, a watch!" the colonel bellowed. "What in the name of sense do you want of a watch? Write it down on a piece of paper, man!"

The late Judge Garey of Baltimore, who, in his younger days, was a member of the state legislature, was noted for his quickness at repartee. On one occasion he had introduced a bill that proved very obnoxious to several members of the opposing faction. After adjournment one of the discontented came rushing up to him in a great state of excitement.

"Look here, Garey," he exclaimed, "I'd rather blow my brains out than advocate such a measure!"

"My dear sir," replied Garey, with a twinkle in his eye, "you flatter yourself on your marksmanship."

Cohen, the clothier, followed a customer out to his buggy.

"Dot's a pretty fine horse you are driving," he commented approvingly.

"Yes, he's a good one."

"How much would you sell him for?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"*Mein Gott!* is he silk-lined?"

While Eugene Field was working on the Denver *Republican*, he was an earnest and ardent patron of Bob Stockton's bar, immediately across the street from the *Republican* office. He ran a bar bill of eighty dollars in one month. The proprietor dunned him for it frequently, but never cut off his credit, for the patronage of "Gene" was worth more to him than the eighty dollars. At last, despairing of ever getting his money, and thinking to make a strong hit with "Gene," he made out a receipted bill and, calling Field aside, presented it to him.

Then he waited. But Field merely stood in

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an expectant attitude, holding the bill.

"Well, why don't you say something?" Stockton demanded at last.

"Well, Bob," rejoined Field, "what does the house usually do when a man pays his bill?"

A cobbler had a sign on his door reading:

CLOSED ON ACT. SICKES IN FAMILY.

"Did you write that card yourself?" asked a customer.

"I no write," the cobbler answered. "I got a friend is a barber across the street; he been to college."

A farmer boy and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening in town, watching the people pass. Near by was a popcorn vender's stand.

Presently the lady remarked: "My! that popcorn smells good!"

"That's right," said the gallant. "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

Lew Morris, a Kansas City character of local renown, was standing on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Grand Avenue one Sunday morning, when a polite stranger accosted him:

"Would you kindly tell me, sir, how to find the Second Presbyterian Church?"

"God bless me, stranger," fervently responded Lew, "I don't even know where the *first* Presbyterian Church is!"

"Hans," said Gottlieb, as they reached a pause in the conversation, "dit you efer puy a golt brick?"

"*Nein, nein*," replied Gottlieb. "I nefer puyed a golt brick; but once I buyed vat I t'ought vas one."

A young man had taken his wife to a show; and as there was no one to look after the baby, they had brought it along. It cried lustily all through the first act. At the close of the act an usher came down the aisle and informed them that if they could not keep the baby quiet they would have to go to the box-office, get their money back, and go out.

They succeeded in squelching the baby, and all went well for a time.

Then, five minutes after the last act had commenced, the young father leaned over and said: "How do you like the show?"

"Rotten!" was the reply.

He was silent for a moment, and then, leaning over again, he whispered:

"Stick a pin in the baby!"

It is the custom for the stage-manager of all traveling theatrical companies to go to the theatre immediately upon the company's arrival in town and lay out on a sheet of paper a list of the dressing-rooms to be assigned to the various members of the company.

The stage-manager of this particular company repaired to the "opry house," as soon as the troupe had landed in town. He made inquiry of an old man whom he found sweeping off the stage, and who proved to be the manager, about the number of dressing-rooms, so that he could lay out the list for the actors.

"We have two dressing-rooms," said the old man.

"But," said the stage-manager, "I have a star and thirty ladies and gentlemen in my company. How can I put them into two rooms?"

"Well," replied the old man, "you can put the star in the little room and the thirty people in the big room."

"You don't seem to understand," said the stage-manager. "Besides the star there are thirty men and women. How can they dress together?"

"What's the matter?" asked the old man. "Ain't they speakin'?"

A wandering pedler stopped at a Southern cabin and opened his pack.

"Mammy, let me show you some self-raising umbrellas," he began.

"No use, man, no use," interrupted the old colored woman, as she busied herself about a boiler of clothes. "Cayn't use nothing lak dat."

"How about self-raising window-shades?"

"No good heah, kase dey ain't any windows wuff talkin' about."

"Self-raising buckwheat?"

"No good to me—we eat cohn-pone. But mister——"

"Well, mammy?"

"If you'll tell me how to tuhn dese heah fohteen bad chillun into self-raisin' pickaninnies, Ah'll be yo' frien' foh life, dat Ah will, sah."

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY
Erman J. Ridgway President
Ray Brown Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Brotherton Adv. Manager

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

HERE are a few letters out of the many received in answer to our request for your help in solving the problems presented by undesirable advertisements. We are gratified at the thought you have given to this subject, and especially encouraged to know that EVERYBODY'S readers do appreciate the publishers' efforts to make the magazine clean and wholesome.

We realize, of course, that a magazine must be more than clean and wholesome. That it must be alive and interesting if it would appeal to live and interesting people. Our ambition is to keep EVERYBODY'S the livest, cleanest, best magazine in America. Your frank criticisms will always be esteemed by us more precious than rubies.

UNDER TWO LABELS

There is only one way to settle this question of accepting advertisements, or any other; namely:

First—Get all the facts possible.

Second—Digest these facts with reason and intelligence.

Third—Having reached some conclusions, go boldly as far as you feel sure you are right; beyond that, do not move at all unless necessity drives; if necessity does drive, go boldly again, trusting a little to luck.

To myself, as a rational reader of advertisements, there would be nothing shocking in two classes of advertisements—one, guaranteed advertisements in the strict sense of the word; another, non-guaranteed advertisements, accompanied by the equally frank explanation that guarantee was impossible because investigation would be too expensive, but that a superficial investigation had shown no reason for distrust.

Guarantee can be carried only so far. There is no human thing perfect. Conscious fraud alone should be rigidly excluded, as should intrinsic undesirableness, as in the case of whisky and patent medicines.

Port Arthur, Texas. O. O.

WHY NOT ALL TOBACCO?

You say in your December "Publishers": "We decline cigarette advertising because we do not care even remotely to help any boy acquire the insidious habit which undermines his health and his morals."

Why go only part way? Nearly every smoker will admit that tobacco in any form is injurious, therefore why not cease advertising all forms of tobacco? Moreover, the injurious effect of cigarettes over that of other forms of tobacco is to-day questioned by many people qualified to voice intelligent opinions.

As a whole, however, I think your method of accepting or rejecting advertisements is just.

New York, N. Y. W. R. D.

APPROVAL

It seems to me that there is no need for any sort of apology in connection with the stand you have taken in discriminating against advertisers of harmful products and misleading schemes. Evidence that a man is actuated by a worthy principle will never be mistaken by right-minded persons for Phariseeism.

It was the announcement by the Chicago *Tribune* of your determination in this matter of advertisements that led me to subscribe for your magazine for the coming year, rather than for one of the other literary monthlies.

Aurora, Ill. A. F.

"IN EVERYBODY'S—IT'S SAFE!"

There is this to consider: We readers are "from Missouri and have to be shown!" for we've been bit pretty often and pretty deeply

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in magazines and in magazine advertisements. "Show us" that you continuously, consistently, and as completely as is possible "safeguard our interests" in the matter of excluding advertisements "harmful to our," etc., etc., and you will not have to write any more editorials like the one in December.

A great newspaper added to its already great reputation because it could truthfully print at its head: "If you see it in the *Sun*, it's *so!*" What would it mean to you—and to your advertisers—if you could print at the head of every one of your advertising pages: "If you see it in EVERYBODY'S, it's *safe!*"? Wouldn't it add to your readers, to your stable circulation, to your advertisers' prestige and their sales? Wouldn't it add—not only to your "potential," but to your "actual," profits? You know it would!

I have used the words "continuously, consistently, and as completely as is possible" advisedly. You will have to "hew to the line" much closer in one particular than you do now, if you desire to use that "slogan" which I have suggested. It is not enough that you reject a "class" or "classes" of advertising—you will have to supervise the "matter" of the advertisement as well as the character of the goods offered.

THE "SPECIOUS" ADVERTISEMENT

There are plenty of advertisements that advertise honest goods or projects, but that are so speciously worded or illustrated as greatly to mislead with reference to their character or qualities. You have not many of such advertisements, but you have enough to mar your advertising pages.

Now, by such "specious" wording I do not mean the ordinary hyperbole whereby Smith seeks to prove his shoes much better than Jones's equally good ones; in either case the purchaser of shoes will very probably get his money's worth. That is mere "trade buncombe," the "patter" of the old "Cheap Jack" modernized, and it deceives no one—not even the "Rubes" of either Squodunk or Broadway. But there *is* a "patter" that easily deceives the ordinary, un-business man or woman—and especially the latter, and especially if she be near the bottom of the cruse and there be little ones to care for. To her—whose unit of currency is the nickel—the loss of a quarter or a half dollar or a dollar is a financial catastrophe, and here is where the "come-along" advertisement—which you freely admit to your columns*—gets in its work.

To supervise such advertisements does not need an expert, nor does it necessitate any expense or much time; any intelligent man of good, general business experience can "spot" such advertisements instantly. He must be specifically for this purpose and must *not* be financially interested in the advertising income—either directly or indirectly.

See what Kansas has done with reference to "investment-security-selling," and not a single *legitimate* investment or security-selling concern has objected. On the contrary, they have backed up the state by giving full, complete, and detailed descriptions of their securities, the properties they represent, and the men back of them, and have found it greatly to their advantage to do so. You will say: "Well, the state of Kansas is able to *force* this to be done, while *we* have no such power." That is true only in kind: there is no more potent *force* than the dollar, and if any honest advertiser desires to advertise in magazines of the class of EVERYBODY'S he will dig up the information quickly if you make it a *sine qua non* that he do so. He *has* to do it with his banks or with Dun or Bradstreet if he wishes a "standing" with them, and if you get so that you can print on *every* page of your advertising section the slogan that I suggested, he will be glad to do the right thing and get a "standing" in EVERYBODY'S.

Don't worry about "depriving your readers of safe opportunities to make money." We like EVERYBODY'S, we think it is a fine magazine; we are—or should be—grateful to it for "safeguarding" us so far as *not* "leading us into temptation," but we don't ask that—for fifteen cents—it play special Financial-Providence to us each month and "give us our daily bread"!

Galveston, Tex. H. S. C.

THE PATENT-MEDICINE HABIT

To-day I spare a moment to write in praise of your policy of discrimination in advertising. No commercial promoter abuses the confidence of the public worse than the patent-medicine companies. If the medicines they advertise were harmless, the injustice would be little, but the use of many of them forms a habit hard to break, and often can not be broken. Fortunately I have never come under their influence, but speak for others not so fortunate.

Lancaster, Pa. B. S.

CREDIT

Through inadvertence, several of the photographs illustrating the "American Mountaineers," in the January number, were published without credit to the photographer, Asahel Curtis of Seattle. The pictures were of such unusual distinction and secured under conditions of such exceptional difficulty that we especially regret the omission.

*We do not.

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